

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 950,803

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

FOOTE's LIFE

AND

Dramatic Works

IN TWO VOLUMES

Digitized by Google





Digitized by Google

FOOTE's LIFE

AND

Dramatic Works

IN TWO VOLUMES

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

CONTAINING

TASTE
THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS
THE AUTHOR
THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS
THE KNIGHTS
THE MAYOR OF GARRAT
THE ORATORS
THE MINOR
THE LYAR
AND
THE PATRON

BENJAMIN BLOM New York/London

Digitized by Google

822.5
F69
1968
v.1

First Published London, 1809
by Benjamin Blom, Inc., Bronx, New York 10452
and 56 Doughty Street, London W.C. 1

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 68-20223
Printed in the United States of America

Digitized by Google

7220.12-14

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

THIS ingenious comic writer was born at Truro in Cornwall, but at what period of time we cannot take upon ourselves to say. His father, John Foote, was member of parliament for Tiverton in Devonshire, and enjoyed the posts of commissioner of the prize-office and fine-contract. His mother was heiress of the Dinely and Goodere families. The dreadful consequence of the misunderstanding between her two brothers, Sir John Dinely Goodere, bart. and Samuel Goodere, esq. captain of his majesty's ship the Ruby, is well known; on which a considerable part of the Goodere estate, which was better than fifty thousand pounds per annum, descended to Mr. Foote, her husband.

Our author was educated at Worcester college, in the university of Oxford, which owed its foundation to Sir Thomas Cockes Winford, Bart. a second cousin of our author. On his quitting the university, he commenced student

Digitized by Google

of law in the Temple; but, as the dullneſs and gravity of this ſtudy did not ſuit the volatile vivacity of his temper and genius, he ſoon quitted it.

He married a young lady of a good family and ſome fortune; but, their tempers being very oppoſite to each other, a perfect harmony did not long ſubſiſt between them. He now launched into all the faſhionable foibles of the age, gaming not excepted, and in a few years ſpent his whole fortune. As he had long taken a diſguſt to the ſtudy of the law, he was obliged to have recourſe to the ſtage, and made his firſt appearance in the character of Othello, but with no great ſucceſs. He afterwards performed Fondlewife, in which he ſucceeded much better; and, indeed, it was one of his favourite characters ever after. He next attempted Lord Foppington, but he liſtened to the advice of his friends, and prudently gave it up. As Mr. Foote was never a capital actor in the plays of others, his ſalary of courſe could not be equal to his gay and extravagant mode of living: he at laſt contracted ſo many debts, that he was obliged to take refuge in the verge of the court, to ſecure himſelf from the reſentment of his creditors.

A very laughable ſtratagem at length relieved him from his neceſſities. Sir Francis Delaval had

Digitized by Google

had long been his intimate friend, and had diſſipated his fortune by ſimilar extravagance. A rich lady, an intimate acquaintance of Foote, was fortunately at that time bent upon a matrimonial ſcheme. Foote ſtrongly recommended to her to conſult, on this momentous affair, the conjuror in the Old Bailey, whom he repreſented as a man of ſuriprſing ſkill and penetration. He employed an acquaintance of his own to perſonate the conjuror, who depicted Sir Francis Delaval at full length, deſcribed the time when, the place where, and the dreſs in which ſhe ſhould ſee him. The lady was ſo ſtruck with the coincidence of every circumſtance, that ſhe married the knight in a few days after. For this ſervice Sir Francis ſettled an annuity upon Foote, which enabled him once more to appear upon the buſy ſtage of life.

Mr. Foote now aſſuming the double character of author and performer, in 1747 opened his Little Theatre in the Haymarket, with a dramatic piece of his own writing, called *The Diverſions of the Morning*. This piece conſiſted of nothing more than the introduction of ſeveral well-known characters in real life, whoſe manner of converſation and expreſſion our author had very happily hit off in the diction of his drama, and ſtill more happily repreſented on the ſtage,

Digitized by Google

ſtage, by an exact and moſt amazing imitation, not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very perſons, whom he intended to *take off*. Among theſe characters there was in particular a certain phyſician, who was much better known from the oddity and ſingularity of his appearance and converſation, than from his eminence in the practice of his profeſſion. The celebrated Chevalier Taylor, the oculiſt, who was at that time in the height of his vogue and popularity, was alſo another object, and indeed deſervedly ſo, of Mr. Foote's mimicry and ridicule. In the latter part of this piece, under the character of a theatrical director, our author took off, with great humour and accuracy, the ſeveral ſtiles of acting of every principal performer on the Engliſh ſtage.

Among thoſe players, with whom Mr. Foote made free, was the facetious Harry Woodward, who returned the compliment in a little piece, called Tit for Tat, of which the following was the beginning:

" Call'd forth to battle, ſee poor I appear,
" To try one fall with this fam'd auctioneer."

In the very ſame piece Mr. Woodward, in the character of Foote, ſays,

" But when I play'd Othello, thouſands ſwore
" They never ſaw *ſuch tragedy* before."

The

Digitized by Google

The Diverſions of the Morning at firſt met with ſome little oppoſition from the civil magiſtrates of Weſtminſter, under the ſanction of the act of parliament for limiting the number of play-houſes; but our author being patroniſed by many of the principal nobility and gentry, the oppoſition was over-ruled; and, after altering the title to that of *Giving Tea*, he proceeded without farther moleſtation, repreſenting it through a run of upwards of forty mornings to crowded and ſplendid audiences.

The enſuing ſeaſon he produced another piece of the ſame kind, which he called *An Auction of Pictures*. In this he introduced new and popular characters, all well known, particularly Sir Thomas de Veil, then the acting juſtice of peace for Weſtminſter; alſo Mr. Cock, the celebrated auctioneer, and the equally famous orator Henley. This piece was alſo well received by the public.

Notwithſtanding the favourable reception theſe pieces met with, they have never yet appeared in print, nor would they perhaps give any great pleaſure in the peruſal; for, conſiſting principally of characters, whoſe peculiar ſingularities could never be perfectly repreſented in black and white, they might probably appear flat and inſipid, when diveſted of the ſtrong colourings which

Digitized by Google

which Mr. Foote had given them in his perſonal repreſentations. It may not be improper here to obſerve, that he himſelf repreſented all the principal characters in each piece, which ſtood in need of his mimic powers to execute, ſhifting from one to the other with all the dexterity of a Proteus, to the wonder and aſtoniſhment of his genteel and numerous auditors.

However, he now proceeded to write pieces with more dramatic accuracy and regularity, his *Knights* being the produce of an enſuing ſeaſon; yet in this alſo, though his plot and characters ſeemed leſs immediately perſonal, it was apparent, that he kept ſome particular real perſonages ſtrongly in his eye in the performance, and the town took on themſelves to fix them where the reſemblance appeared to be the moſt ſtriking.

Mr. Foote continued from time to time to entertain the public, by ſelecting for their uſe ſuch characters, as well general as individual, as ſeemed moſt likely to contribute to the exciting our laughter, and beſt anſwer the principal end of dramatic writings of the comic kind, ſuch as relax the mind from the fatigue of buſineſs or anxiety.

The

Digitized by Google

The following is a catalogue of his performances.

1. *Taſte*, a comedy of two acts, acted at Drury-Lane, 8vo. 1752. This piece and its profits were given by its author to Mr. Worſdale the painter, who acted the part of Lady Pentweazle in it with great applauſe. The general intention of it is, to point out the numerous impoſitions that perſons of fortune and faſhion daily ſuffer in the purſuit of what is called *taſte*, or a love of Vertù, from the tricks and confederacies of painters, auctioneers, medal dealers, &c. and to ſhew the abſurdity of placing an ineſtimable value on, and giving immenſe prices for a parcel of maimed buſts, erazed pictures, and inexplicable coins, only becauſe they have the mere name and appearance of antiquity, while the more perfect and really valuable performances of the moſt capital artiſts of our own age and country, if known to be ſuch, are totally deſpiſed and neglected, and the artiſts themſelves ſuffered to paſs through life unnoticed and diſcouraged. Theſe points our author has in this farce ſet forth in a very juſt, and at the ſame time in a very humorous light; but whether the generality of the audience did not reliſh, or perhaps did not underſtand this refined ſatire, or that, underſtanding it, they were ſo wedded to the infatuation

Digitized by Google

infatuation of being impoſed upon, that they were unwilling to ſubſcribe to the juſtice of it, are points we cannot determine; but it met with ſome oppoſition for a night or two, and during the whole run of it, which was not a long one, it found at beſt but a cold and diſtaſteful reception.

2. *The Engliſhman in Paris*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1753, performed at Covent-Garden theatre. This piece met with great ſucceſs; its firſt appearance was for Macklin's benefit, when that performer acted the part of Buck, and Miſs Macklin Lucinda, which ſeemed written entirely to give her an opportunity of diſplaying her various qualifications of muſic, ſinging, and dancing, in all which ſhe obtained univerſal applauſe. The author himſelf afterwards repeatedly performed the part of Buck; yet it is difficult to ſay, which of the two did the character the greateſt juſtice. This piece ſeems deſigned to expoſe the abſurdity of ſending our youth abroad, to catch the vices and follies of our neigbouring nations; yet there is ſomewhat of an inconſiſtency in the portrait of the Engliſhman, that ſcarcely renders the execution anſwerable to the intention. This little comedy was imagined to be a burleſque on M. de Boiſſy's *François à Londres*. On a compariſon, however, there

Digitized by Google

there does not appear to be the ſlighteſt reſemblance.

3. *The Knights*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1754. This piece made its firſt appearance at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, about the year 1747, and at that time terminated with a droll concert of vocal muſic between two cats, in burleſque of the Italian comic operas. As this, however, was only temporary, the author, to adapt it more properly to dramatic taſte, and render it a more perfect farce, has wound up a concluſion for it, which however, even as it now ſtands, is ſcarcely ſo concluſive or ſo natural as it could be wiſhed; but this fault is amply made amends for by its poſſeſſing, in the higheſt degree, a much more eſſential excellence of comedy, which is great ſtrength of character, and the moſt accurate and lively colouring of nature. His two knights, Sir Penurious Trifle, and Sir Gregory Gazette, the firſt of which has the ſtrongeſt paſſion for perpetually entertaining his friends with a parcel of ſtale, trite, inſignificant ſtories, and the latter, who is poſſeſſed with a moſt inſatiable thirſt for news, without even capacity ſufficient to comprehend the full meaning of the moſt familiar paragraph in a public journal, are very ſtrongly painted. The firſt of them received additional life from the admirable execution of the author in

Digitized by Google

in his repreſentation of the character, in which indeed it has been reported, that he mimicked the manners of a certain gentleman in the weſt of England; and the other ſeems to have afforded a hint to Mr. Murphy in his Upholſterer, to expatiate ſtill more largely on this extravagant and abſurd kind of folly. His other characters Tim and Miſs Suck, with the ſcene of courtſhip introduced between them, though not abſolutely new in the firſt conception, yet are managed after a new manner, and always give great entertainment in their repreſentation. It was afterwards acted at Drury-Lane.

4. *The Engliſhman returned from Paris*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1756. Acted at Covent-Garden. This is a ſequel to *The Engliſhman in Paris*, wherein the Engliſhman, who before was a brute, is now become a coxcomb; from being abſurdly averſe to every thing foreign, he is grown into a deteſtation of every thing domeſtic; and rejects the very woman, now poſſeſſed of every advantage, whom he before was ruſhing headlong into marriage with, when deſtitute of any. This piece is much more dramatic and complete than the other, and has a greater variety of characters in it, two more eſpecially, Crab and Macruthen, which are finely drawn; but the circumſtance of the

cataſtrophe

Digitized by Google

cataſtrophe being brought about by Lucinda's pretending to have poïſoned Sir John Buck in a diſh of tea, is taken from Mrs. Centlivre's *Artifice.*

5. *The Author*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1757. Acted at Drury-Lane. This piece was written only for the ſake of affording to the writer of it an opportunity of exerting his talents of mimickry, at the expence of a gentleman of family and fortune, Mr. Aprice, whoſe particularities of character, although entirely inoffenſive, were rendered the butt of public ridicule in the part of Cadwallader. The eager fondneſs which the world ever ſhew to perſonal ſlander, added to the inimitable humour of this writer and performer in the repreſentation, for ſome time, brought crowded houſes to it; till at length the reſemblance appearing too ſtrong, and the ridicule too pungent, not to be ſeen and felt by the gentleman thus pointed out, occaſioned an application for the ſuppreſſion of the piece, which was therefore forbidden to be any more performed.

6. *The Diverſions of the Morning*, a farce, acted at Drury-Lane in 1768, but not printed. This was partly compiled from *Taſte* and Mr. Whitehead's *Fatal Conſtancy.*

Digitized by Google

7. *The Minor*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1760. This piece was firſt repreſented in the ſummer ſeaſon, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and though it was performed by an entirely young and unexperienced company, it brought full houſes for thirty-eight nights in that time of the year. As the principal merit of all our anthor's writings conſiſts in the drawing of peculiar characters well known in real life, which he heightened by his own manner of perſonating the originals on the ſtage, it will be neceſſary to inform poſterity, that in the characters of Mrs. Cole and Mr. Smirk, the author repreſented thoſe of the celebrated Mother Douglas, and Mr. Langford, the auctioneer; and that in the concluſion, or rather epilogue to the piece, ſpoken by Shift, which the author performed together with the other two characters, he took off, to a great degree of exactneſs, the manner and even perſon of that noted preacher, and chief of the Methodiſts, Mr. George Whitefield. Indeed, ſo happy was the ſucceſs of this piece, in one reſpect, that it ſeemed more effectually to open our eyes, thoſe of the populace eſpecially, in regard to the abſurdities of that ſet of enthuſiaſts, than all the more ſerious writings that had ever been publiſhed againſt them.

8. *The*

Digitized by Google

8. *The Lyar*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1764. This comedy was originally intended to have been performed during the ſummer partnerſhip between Mr. Murphy and the author; but the run of thoſe pieces they had before brought on, and the unexpected neceſſity of playing the *Wiſhes*, having exhauſted the time limitted for their repreſentation, this was obliged to be deferred till the enſuing winter, when it was repreſented, for the firſt time, at the theatre in Covent-Garden. Its ſucceſs was very indifferent; and indeed it muſt be confeſſed, that it was in itſelf far from equal to the generality of our author's works. Though there were here and there ſome ſtrokes of humour in it, which were not unworthy of their author, and ſome few touches of temporary ſatire, yet the character of the Lyar had certainly neither native originality enough in it to pleaſe as a novelty, nor additional beauties ſufficient either in his dreſs or demeanour, to excite a freſh attention to him as a new acquaintance. In ſhort, on the whole, it was rather tedious and unentertaining, having neither enough of the *vis comica* to keep up the attention of an audience through ſo many acts as a farce, nor a ſufficiency of incident and ſentiment to engage their hearts, if conſidered under the denomination of a comedy, yet it has ſince been often acted as a farce.

9. *The*

Digitized by Google

9. *The Orators*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1762. This piece, which met with very good ſucceſs, was performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, in the middle of the day, during ſome part of the ſummer of 1762. Our author has thrown into the deſign of this piece a great variety of characters, ſome of which have been ſuppoſed to be drawn from real life, particularly one of a late printer of Ireland, who, with all the diſadvantages of age, perſon, and addreſs, and even the deficiency of a leg, was perpetually giving himſelf airs of the greateſt importance, continually repeating ſtories of his wit, and boaſting of being a favourite of the fair ſex. Such a character is ſurely a genuine object of ridicule, and the ſtage ſeems to demand it as a ſacrifice at the ſhrine of common ſenſe.

10. *The Mayor of Garrat*, a comedy of two acts, performed at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1763, and printed in 8vo. in 1769. In this very humorous and entertaining piece, the character of Major Sturgeon, a city militia officer, is entirely new, highly wrought up, and was performed in a moſt capital ſtile by Mr. Foote himſelf.

11. *The Patron*, a comedy of three acts, performed at the Haymarket in 1764. The hint is borrowed

Digitized by Google

borrowed from one of Marmontel's Tales. The character of the Patron, ſaid to be Lord Melcombe, is that of a ſuperficial pretender to wit and learning, who, being a man of faſhion and fortune, affords his countenance and protection to a ſet of contemptible writings, for the ſake of the incenſe offered by them to his vanity. The character of a mere antiquarian, a favourite object of ridicule with Mr. Foote, is here introduced with great pleaſantry, Mr. Ruſt having fallen in love with a fine young lady, becauſe he thought the tip of her ear reſembled the Princeſs Popœa. Sir Peter Pepperpot, a rich Weſt India merchant, comes in likewiſe, with his account of barbecues and turtle feaſts; and a miſerable poet, with a low Moorfields bookſeller, ſerve to complete the entertainment.

12. *The Commiſſary*, a comedy, acted with great ſucceſs, at the Haymarket in 1765. Among other real characters drawn from life, the late celebrated Dr. Arne was ridiculed in this comedy.

13. *Prelude* on opening the Theatre, 1767.

14. *The Devil upon two Sticks*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1768, printed in 8vo. in 1778. This was one of the moſt ſucceſsful of our author's performances; but though it abounds with wit, humour, and ſatire of the moſt pleaſant and

Digitized by Google

and inoffenſive kind, yet it ſeems to have loſt its exiſtence with its parent.

15. *The Lame Lover*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1770. Though this piece was by no means inferior to any other of his writing, yet it did not meet with the deſerved ſucceſs. Sir Luke Limp, the Serjeant, and his ſon, are admirably drawn characters.

16. *The Maid of Bath*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1771, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The ground-work of this very intereſting performance is taken from a tranſaction which happened at Bath, in which a perſon of fortune was ſaid to have treated a young lady celebrated for her muſical talents in a very ungenerous manner. The delinquent is here held up to ridicule under the name of Hint, and it will be difficult to point out a character drawn with more truth and accuracy than this, eſpecially in the ſecond act. The parts of Lady Catherine Coldſtream, Sir Chriſtopher Cripple, and Billy Button, are all highly finiſhed, and render this piece one of the moſt pleaſing of all our author wrote.

17. *The Nabob*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1772, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. This piece is a ſevere ſatire on the greater part of

Digitized by Google

of thoſe gentlemen who have acquired wealth in the Eaſt Indies. At the time this play was produced. a general odium had been excited againſt the members of the Eaſt India company, which was kept alive by every art that virulence and party could ſuggeſt. Mr. Foote, ever attentive to avail himſelf of popular ſubjects, ſeized the preſent occaſion to entertain the town at the ex-expence of ſome individuals. The character of Sir Matthew Mite was intended for a gentleman who had riſen from the low ſituation of a cheeſe-monger.

18. *Piety in Pattens*, a farce, acted at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1773; but never printed.

19. *The Bankrupt*, acted at the Haymarket in 1776. This piece, like moſt others written by our author, contains little elſe than detached ſcenes without any plot. It exhibits, however, ſome ſtrong delineations of character, and is by no means a bad performance.

20. *The Cozeners*, a comedy of three acts, acted at the Haymarket in 1774, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The character of Simony in this piece was deſigned as a vehicle for ſatire on the late Dr. Dodd. It may be obſerved, as ſome apology for our author's ſtage ridicule, that he rarely pointed

Digitized by Google

pointed it at any perſons who met with public reſpect, or deſerved to meet with it.

21. *The Capuchin*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1776, and printed in 8vo. in 1778.

22. *A Trip to Calais*, a comedy, intended for repreſentation in 1776, at the Haymarket; but containing a character deſigned for a lady of quality, ſhe had intereſt enough to prevent its obtaining a licence.

Mr. Foote, after having written theſe pieces, ſuffered his name to be put to a work, entitled, The Comic Theatre, in five volumes, 12mo. being a tranſlation of a number of French comedies. Of theſe, however, we are aſſured, the firſt only, The Young Hypocrite, is to be attributed to him.

All Mr. Foote's works are to be ranked only among the *petites piéces* of the theatre. In the execution they are ſomewhat looſe, negligent, and unfiniſhed; the plans are often irregular, and the cataſtrophes not always concluſive; but, with all theſe deficiencies, they contain more ſtrength of character, more ſtrokes of keen ſatire, and more touches of temporary humour, than are to be found in the writings of any other modern dramatiſt. Even the language ſpoken by his

Digitized by Google

his characters, incorrect as it may sometimes appear, will, on a close examination, be found entirely dramatical, as it abounds with those natural minutiæ of expression, which frequently form the very basis of character, and which render it the truest mirror of the conversation of the times in which he wrote and published them.

Being on a party of pleasure, in the year 1766, with the late Duke of York, Lord Mexborough, and Sir Francis Delaval, Mr. Foote had the misfortune to break his leg, by a fall from his horse, in consequence of which he was obliged to undergo an amputation. This accident so sensibly affected the Duke, that he made a point of obtaining for Mr. Foote a patent for life, whereby he was allowed to perform, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, from the 15th of May to the 15th of September every year.

Our author now became a greater favourite of the town than ever; his very laughable pieces, with his more laughable performances, constantly filled his house, and his receipts were some seasons almost incredible. Parsimony was never a vice to be ascribed to Mr. Foote; his hospitality and generosity were ever conspicuous; he was visited by the first nobility, and he was sometimes honoured even by royal guests.

In

Digitized by Google

In 1766, the Ducheſs of K——, who had long been a general topic of converſation, our wit thought would furniſh a good ſubject for a three-act piece; he ſet about it, and during the time of writing it, often mentioned it to his friends, to ſome of whom he read the chaarcter of Lady Kitty Crocodile, which was intended for her grace. We are told, that the ſatire was highly ſeaſoned, and the play one of the beſt he ever wrote. Her grace hearing of her being intended as a principal character in Foote's piece preparing for repreſentation, applied by her friends to the Lord Chamberlain; and when the play came before his lordſhip for his approbation, it was critically ſcanned, and a permiſſion refuſed. Mr. Foote, however, certain that no objection could be laid to it on her grace's part, ſent her the manuſcript to read; but ſhe was inexorable. Upon this, a paper war commenced between her grace and the wit, to the no ſmall entertainment of the town.

The attack made upon his character by one of his domeſtics, whom he had diſmiſſed for his miſbehaviour, is too well known to need being mentioned here. It may be ſufficient to ſay he was honourably acquitted of that charge. It is, however, believed by ſome, that the ſhock he received from it accelerated his death, particularly the

Digitized by Google

the very active part the agents of a certain duchess took in that criminal prosecution. It is more probable, that his natural volatility of spirits would support him against all impressions from attacks of that nature.

Our author, finding his health decline, entered into an agreement with Mr. Colman for his patent of the theatre, according to which he was to receive from that gentleman 1600l. per annum, besides a stipulated sum whenever he chose to perform. Mr. Foote, afterwards made his appearance in two or three of his most admired characters; but being suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke one night whilst upon the stage, he was compelled to retire, and from that time the public lost their justly-admired Aristophanes. He was advised to bathe, and accordingly went down to Brighthelmstone, where he seemed to recover his former health and spirits.

A few weeks before his death he returned to London; but, with the advice of his physicians, set out with an intention to spend the winter at Paris, and in the south of France. He had got no farther than Dover, when he was suddenly attacked by another stroke of the palsy, which in a few hours terminated his existence. He died on the 21st of October, 1777, about the 56th year

Digitized by Google

year of his age, and was privately interred in the cloiſters of Weſtminſter-abbey. He left a natural ſon, a minor, to whom he bequeathed moſt of his fortune.

We have very good authority for ſaying, that the day on which Mr. Foote ſet out for Dover, about an hour before he went into his chaiſe, he walked into every room in his houſe, and examined, with an accuracy not uſual to him, every article of furniture he had, but more particularly his pictures, of which he had a large and elegant collection. When he came to the portrait of Weſton, he made a full ſtop, as if by ſome ſecret impulſe, and rivetted his eyes upon the countenance of his old acquaintance for above ten minutes, without uttering a ſyllable. Then turning away, with a tear in his eye, he exclaimed, "Poor Weſton." But the words had ſcarce dropped from his lips, when, with a tone as it were of reproach for his ſeeming ſecurity, he repeated, "Poor Weſton! It will be very "ſhortly, Poor Foote, or the intelligence of "my ſpirits deceive me!"

As a private man, Mr. Foote was ſincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, ſo no man oftener made the minds of his companions

Digitized by Google

panions expand with mirth and good humour; and, in the company of men of high rank and ſuperior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preſerved an eaſy and noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices, no one will pretend to deny; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merit and abilities, which will tranſmit his name to poſterity with diſtinguiſhed reputation.

There are in print many ſmart ſayings and repartees attributed to Mr. Foote; but, as we cannot vouch for their authority, we ſhall not inſert them here. The two following lines are among the verſes that have been written on his death:

> Foote from his earthly ſtage, alas! is hurl'd;
> Death *took him off*, who *took off* all the world.

Digitized by Google



1 *Head from* Herculaneum, *whether* Jupiter Tonans, *or* Venus *of* Paphos, *doubted*.
2 *The Foot with the Toes entire, of* Juno Lucina.
3 *The Hand of the* Apollo *of* Delphos
4 *The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant* Hercules.
5 *The* Caduceus *of* Mercurius Infernals.

Digitized by Google

TASTE

A

COMEDY

IN TWO ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Be rich in ancient Braſs, tho not in Gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his Houſe be ſold;
To heedleſs Phœbe his fair Bride poſtpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, If I vouch it true,
Bleſt in one Niger, till he knows of two.

POPES'S DUNCIAD.

LONDON:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, J. BAKKER and H. LOWNDES.

1799.

Price One Shilling.

Digitized by Google



1 *Head from* Herculaneum, *whether* Jupiter Tonans
of Paphos, *doubted*.
2 *The Foot, with the Toes entire, of* Juno Lu
3 *The Hand of the* Apollo *of* Delphos
4 *The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant*
5 *The* Caduceus *of* Mercurius Infernals.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

TO

Francis Delaval, Eſq.

SIR,

WHEN I conſider the long Intimacy that has ſubſiſted betwixt us, the obligations I owe to your generous, diſintereſted Friendſhip, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Neceſſity liſted me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleaſure I can addreſs the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, where I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconſiderableneſs of the preſent. I thought it worthy their Attention, and conſequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-plot I could have ſpun out the Piece to the extent of Five Acts; but beſides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the ſingle object of my Satire, I declare myſelf a Rebel

Digitized by Google

Rebel to this univerſal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claimed the privilege of occaſioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject Submiſſion of our dramatic *Poets*, is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* ſubjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought preſumptuous in me to have dignified ſo ſhort a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy*; but when my Reaſons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are conſidered, the Critics muſt indulge me with the Uſe of that Title; at leaſt till they can furniſh me with a better. As the Follies and Abſurdities of Men are the ſole Objects of *Comedy*, ſo the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this Kind of Writing greatly reſtrained. No unnatural Aſſemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the *Comic* Muſe; Men and Things muſt appear as they are. It is employed either in debaſing lofty Subjects, or in raiſing humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. *F*—, and a Traveſtie of the *Ulyſſes*, where *Penelope* keeps an Ale-houſe, *Telemachus* is a Tapſter, and the *Heroe* a Recruiting Serjeant. In both theſe Inſtances you ſee Nature is reverſed; but as I flatter myſelf in the following Sheets her Steps have been trod with

Digitized by Google

with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave to hope, that though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Addreſs, the Contents of many of our Converſations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Diſſipations the World may ſuppoſe our Days to have been conſumed, many, many Hours have been conſecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the preſent Occaſion will demonſtrate, that pleaſure has not been always my Purſuit; and unleſs I am greatly miſtaken, it will ſoon be diſcovered, that, joined to the acknowledged beſt Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgement of theſe Qualities, in the Perſon of a Man who has honoured me with his Friendſhip, is the ſole Cauſe of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demoliſhes all ſublunary Connections, ſhall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

I Was always apprehenſive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abſtracted and ſingular for the Comprehenſion of a mix'd Aſſembly. Juno, Lucina, Jupiter, Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, *with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare ſay, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to ſpeak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the Houſe. But tho' I deſpair of gratifying the* Populum Tributim *of the* THEATRE, *yet I flatter myſelf the* Primores Populi *will find me no diſagreeable Companion in the Cloſet,* et ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Deſign was to ſerve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of ſome late Tranſactions, I think the Public vaſtly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORSDALE *have proved ſucceſsful, is entirely owing to the Generoſity and Humanity of the Managers of* Drury-Lane THEATRE; *they have given him a Benefit,*

and

Digitized by Google

and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, *I have more perſonal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of aſſuring him, that I ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful Remembrance of his Aſſiſtance, Aſſiduity, and kind Concerns, at the Birth, Progreſs, and untimely End of this my laſt and favourite offſpring.*

The Objects of my Satire were ſuch as I thought, whether they were conſidered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deſerved the Notice of the Comic *Muſe. I was determined to brand thoſe* Goths *in Science, who had proſtituted the uſeful Study of Antiquity to trifling ſuperficial Purpoſes; who had blaſted the Progreſs of the elegant Arts amongſt us, by unpardonable Frauds and abſurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by perſuading them, that what only ſerves to illuſtrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleneſs real Buſineſs. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally ſubmitted to the Public.*

PROLOGUE.

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And ſpoken by him in the Character of an *Auctioneer.*

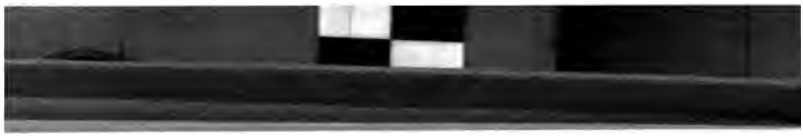
BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF *appear,*
A Briton *born, and bred an* Auctioneer;
Who for myſelf, and eke a hundred others,
My uſeful, honeſt, learned bawling Brothers,
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
To lay our preſent deſp'rate Caſe before ye.—
'Tis ſaid this Night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and ſuch dainty Folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes!
Should this odd Doctrine ſpread throughout the Land,
Before you buy, be ſure to underſtand.
Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,
When great Ones only purchaſe—what the know.
Why laugh at TASTE? *It is a harmleſs Faſhion,*
And quite ſubdues each detrimental Paſſion;
The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The Virtuoſo, *too, and* Connoiſſeur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The ſmalleſt Hair their looſer Thoughts might hold,
Juſt

Digitized by Google

Juſt warm when ſingle, and when married cold:
Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;
Their Venus *muſt be old, and want a Noſe!*
No am'rous Paſſion with deep Knowledge thrives;
'Tis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives!
'Tis ſaid Virtù *to ſuch a height is grown,*
All Artiſts are encourag'd——but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,
I never yet ſold Goods *of* foreign *growth:*
Ne'er ſent Commiſſions out to Greece *or* Rome;
My beſt Antiquities are made at Home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians *near at hand,*
True Britons *all—and living in the* Strand.
I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
They furniſh out my Room from Herculaneum.
But huſh——
Should it be known that Engliſh *are employ'd,*
Our Manufacture is at once deſtroy'd;
No matter what our Countrymen deſerve,
They'll thrive as Ancients, but as Moderns ſtarve
If we ſhould fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewell to Arts—*they're* going, going, going;
The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!
Then ſet Us *up—and knock the* POET *down.*

Dramatis

Digitized by Google



Dramatis Perſonæ.

Carmine,	*Mr.* Palmer.
Puff,	*Mr.* Yates.
Bruſh,	*Mr.* Croſs.
Novice,	*Mr.* Blake.
Lord Dupe.	*Mr.* Shuter.
Alderman Pentweazle,	*Mr.* Taſwell.
Caleb,	*Mr.* Coſtollo.
Boy,	*Maſter* Croſs.
Lady Pentweazle,	*Mr.* Worſdale.

Digitized by Google

TASTE.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, *followed by the Boy.*

CARMINE. LAY theſe Colours in the Window, by the Pallet. Any Viſitors or Meſſages?

Boy. 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and inſiſts upon Miſs *Racket's* Pictures being immediately finiſh'd, and carry'd Home——As to his Wife and Children, he ſays, you may take your own Time.

Carm. Well——

Boy. Here has been a Meſſage-too, from my Lady *Pen*——— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She deſires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it. (*Exit.* Boy. Was the Whole of our Profeſſion confined to the mere Buſineſs of it, the Employment would be pleaſing as well as profitable; but as matters are now

Digitized by Google

now managed, the Art is the laſt Thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an eaſy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to ſupply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the colouring of a *Rubens*, and the Deſign of a *Raphael*—all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the firſt Requiſites, would be uſeleſs; and with theſe, one of them is neceſſary.

Enter Boy *with the Slate.*

Carm. Let's ſee———Oh! Lady *Pentweazel* from *Blowbladder-ſtreet*———Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varniſh* ſhould come, I am at home. (*Exit* Boy. Lady *Pentweazel!* ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or laſt Paſſion old Age is ſubject to——this ſuperannuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like a Neſt of unfledged Crows for Food; and with them, too, gulps down every Thing that's offer'd her—no Matter how coarſe; well, ſhe ſhall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Aldermen.*

Enter Boy *with* Puff.

Boy. Mr. *Puff*, Sir.

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of *Rembrandt's* Etching by *Scrape*, in *May's Buildings*; a paltry Affair, a Poor Ten Guinea Job; however, a ſmall game——you know the Proverb——What became of you Yeſterday?

Carm. I was detained by Sir *Poſitive Bubble.* How went the Pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

Puff.

Digitized by Google

Puff. One Hundred and Thirty.

Carm. Hum! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting; then we divide juſt One Hundred and Twenty-three.

Puff. Hold——not altogether ſo faſt——*Varniſh* had Two Pieces for bidding againſt *Squander*; and *Bruſh* Five for bringing Sir *Tawdry Triſle*.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if theſe people are eternally quarter'd upon us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Bruſh*——but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Conſequence? He clandeſtinely ſold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, *Carmine*, you are no great Loſer by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of repair, is the beſt conditioned Eſtate in the County of *Middleſex*. Why now there's your *Suſannah*; it could not have produced you above Twenty at moſt, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the ſalutary Application of the Spaltam Pot, it became a *Guido*, worth a Hundred and Thirty Pounds; beſides, in all Traffic of this Kind, there muſt be Combinations.—*Varniſh* and *Bruſh* are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they ſhould partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear! Praiſe be to Folly and Faſhion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant and Scurrilous, and very impertinent Mr. *Puff*; and Mr. *Puff*, I have a ſtrange Mind to leave you to yourſelves, and

Digitized by Google

and then ſee what a Hand you would make of it—Sir, if I do now and then add ſome Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condeſcenſion to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Maſters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you Sir, he that took my *Suſannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

Puff. Why, thou Poſt-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-waſher, thou—Sirrah, have you ſo ſoon forgot the wretched State from whence I dragg'd you. The firſt Time I ſet eyes on you, Raſcal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in ſcarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate on a Bawdy-houſe Window in *Goodman's Fields*.

Carm. The Meanneſs of my Original demonſtrates the greatneſs of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius ſoar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouſes, Dogs with Chains for Tanner's Yards, Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs for Porridge Iſland.

Carm. *Hanibal Scratchi* did the ſame.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raiſe you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-lane*; the *Gooſe* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's Church-yard*; the firſt five Things you ever drew, Dog?

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff*—you are ſo—

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who Sirrah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill*; how came you to paint the *Queen* there?

(Loud Knocks at the Door.

Carm.

Digitized by Google

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's ſake! dear Sir, you are ſo warm, we ſhall be blown——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Pen*——

Carm. Send her to the—Show her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*——

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you ſee I had not forgot, though perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a ſmall Time —Lady *Pentweazel* ſits for her Picture, and ſhe's—

Puff. I have ſome Buſineſs at next Door; I ſuppoſe in half an Hour's Time——

Carm. I ſhall be at Leiſure. Dear *Puff*—

Puff. Dear *Carmine*—— (*Exit* Puff.

Carm. Son of a Whore——Boy, ſhew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces!—very likely Pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady *Fuſſock*—and, ha! ha! ha! Lady *Glumſtead*, by all that's ugly—Pray now, Mr. *Carmine*, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Uglineſs, and preſerve the Likeneſs?

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two words; where nature has been ſevere, we ſoften; where ſhe has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very *ingenus*, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the whole of the firſt Part of your Skill; and if you are at Leiſure, you may begin directly.

Carm.

Digitized by Google

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourſelf; even Lady *Pentweazel's* Enemies (if ſuch there be) muſt allow ſhe is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmine*; I have had my Day.

Carm. And have ſtill, Madam. The only Difference I ſhall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has diſtinguiſhed between *Mary de Medicis*, a Virgin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. *Carmine*, I vow you are a very judicious Perſon. I was always ſaid to be like that Family. When my Piece was firſt done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I ſuppoſe might be one of *Mary's* Siſters; but Things muſt change; to be ſitting for my Picture at this Time of Day; ha! ha! but my Daughter *Sukey*, you muſt know, is juſt married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping* of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be ſaid nay; ſo it is not ſo much for the Beauty as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeneſs, I muſt preſerve the Beauty,—Will your Ladyſhip be ſeated? *(She ſits.*

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worſerer Side of the Face than the other—now which will you chuſe?

Carm. The Right Side, Madam—the Left—now, if you pleaſe, the Full—Your Ladyſhip's Countenance is ſo exactly proportion'd, that I muſt have it all; no Feature can be ſpared?

Lady.

Digitized by Google

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmine*, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam——Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me—yonr Head more up—Shoulders back—and Cheſt forward.

Lady. Bleſs me, Mr. *Carmine*, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I am only in Jumps.——Shall I ſend for my Tabbys?

Carm. No, Madam, we'll ſupply that for the preſent—Your Ladyſhip was juſt now mentioning a Daughter—Is ſhe—your Face a little more towards me—Is ſhe the ſole Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty; Or——have you——

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha!—why that's my youngeſt of all, except *Caleb*. I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live born, and chriſten'd—ſtay—don't let me lye now—One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Then I lay fallow——but the Year after I had Twins——they came in Mr. *Pentweazel's* Sheriffalty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben*——in ſhort, I have had Twenty as fine Babes as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyſhip is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thouſand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not ſome Honours to reward ſuch diſtinguiſhed Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if Breeding amongſt *Chriſtians* was as much encouraged as amongſt Dogs and Horſes, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandiſh Locuſts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for ſome ſuch Purpoſe is about to paſs, and that we begin now to

Digitized by Google

to have almoſt as much Regard for the Propogation of the Species, as the Preſervation of the Game in theſe Kingdoms—Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes—Oh! that Look, that, that, I muſt deſpair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! Oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes: I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at *Windſor*; ſhe has a Siſter at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman—ſhe had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer; that one Eye got her three Huſbands—we were called the gimlet-eyed Family. Oh! Mr. *Carmine*, you need not mind theſe Heats in my Face; they always diſcharge themſelves about *Chriſtmas*—my true Carnation is not ſeen in my Countenance. Thats Carnation! here's your Fleſh and Blood!

(ſhewing her Arm.

Carm. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour.

Lady. And yet it has been employed enough to ſpoil the beſt Hand and Arm in the World.—— Even before Marriage never idle; none of your galloping, goſſiping, *Ranelagh* Romps, like the forward Minxes of the preſent Age. I was always employed either in painting your *Lamſkips*, playing upon the *Haſpicols*, making Paſte, or ſomething or other——All our family had a *Geno*; and then I ſung! Every Body ſaid I had a monſtrous fine Voice for Muſic.

Carm. That may be diſcern'd by your Ladyſhip's Tones in Converſation.

Lady. Tones—you are right, Mr. *Carmine*; that was Mr. *Purcel's* Word. Miſs *Molly Griſkin*, ſaid he (my maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm.

Digitized by Google

Carm. As your Ladyſhip has preſerved every Thing elſe ſo well, I dare ſwear you have not loſt your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air!

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are ſo polite, that it's impoſſible——But I have none of your new Playhouſe Songs——I can give you one that was made on myſelf by *Lawrence Luteſtring*, a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady.

As I was a walking by the Side of a River,
I met a young Damſel ſo charming and clever;
Her Voice to pleaſe could not fail,
She ſung like any Nightingale.
Fal de rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bleſs me! I have ſuch a Cough; but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. *Carmine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men—you ſing.

Carm. A Ballad, or ſo, Madam; Muſic is a Siſter Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be aſhamed of our Relations, unleſs they are poor; and then, you know——

Enter Boy.

Boy Alderman *Pentweazle* and Mr. *Puff.*

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Deſire him to walk up—Mr. *Pentweazle*, you muſt know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngeſt Boy, at the *Bull* and *Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters

Digitized by Google

Quarters at School with Dr. *Jerk*, near *Doncaſter*, and comes To-day by the *York* Waggon; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

When Houſe and Land are gone and ſpent,
Then Learning is moſt excellent.

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in ſo material an Article.

Lady. Nay, the Coſt is but ſmall; but poor fourteen Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they ſay the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as Pigs ——Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You ſee, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your beſt Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm ſure my Family were none ſo awkward. There was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danced, Lud! But come, all in good Time—Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

Ald. Pr'ythee, ſweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Maſter ſays he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them faſt enough at Home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well ſaid—We now—If he does, I know who muſt teach him. Well, Child, and doſt remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon!

Lady. Doſt know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady.

Digitized by Google

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what haſt learnt, *Caleb*, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æſop's Fables*, and can ſay all *As in præſenti* by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word—that's more than ever thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been loſt; I queſtioned the Lad as we came along; I aſk'd him himſelf———

Lady. Well, well, ſpeak when you are ſpoken to, Mr Alderman. How often muſt I———Well, *Caleb*, and hadſt a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company. Mother. There was Lord *Gorman's* fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People, a Recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey and I:

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the———the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and ſo fell out at the tail of the Waggon; ſo we left ſhe behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; ſo only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, he's all over the blood of the *Griſkins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings—Now, Mr. *Carmine*, let us ſee if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profeſs they are all ſo handſome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff.

Digitized by Google

Puff. I am ſurprized at your Want of Diſcernment, Mr. Alderman; but the poſſeſſion of a Jewel deſtroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it ſeems impoſſible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmine* is generally ſucceſsful, in this Inſtance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softneſs, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazle?*

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff. That Clearneſs and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddineſs and Health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, ſet on Head, full Cheſt, taper Waiſt, plump—

Lady. Spare me, ſweet Sir!——You ſee Mr. *Pentweazle*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them—Well, I profeſs, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Diſcernment; and if Buſineſs ſhould bring you into the City; for alas! what Pleaſure can bring a Man of your refined Taſte there?——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

Lady I ſay, Sir, if ſuch an Accident ſhould happen, and *Blowbladder-ſtreet* has any Charms—

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am—

Lady. It is not impoſſible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in ſuch a Manner as to ſhew our Senſe of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyſhip's moſt———

Lady. Not a Step.

Puff. Ma'am.

Lady.

Digitized by Google

Lady. Sir———Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentlemen. The very fineſt.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Sir——Your moſt obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. (*Ex.* Ald. *and* Wife.

Carm. Ha! ha! Well ſaid, *Puff.* What a Calamity thou haſt drawn upon the Knight! Thou haſt ſo tickled the Vanity of the Haradan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double portion of her Contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, *Puff*, a matrimonial Aſſiſtant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *Sine-cure.*

Carm. No, that you muſt not expect; but unleſs I am greatly miſtaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyſhip's were addreſs'd to you with moſt perſuaſive Tenderneſs.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter———But to our Buſineſs. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promiſed to meet Mr. *David Duſtedorpe*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, and Lord Dupe, to examine the Pictures, and fix on thoſe for which they are to bid—But ſince we have ſettled the *German* Plan; ſo *Varniſh* or *Bruſh* muſt attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all means purſue that. You have no Conception how the dear Foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoſo; it announces Taſte, Knowledge, Veracity, and in ſhort, every Thing—But can you enough diſguiſe the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? a Diſcovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynheer Groningen* blaſts us at once.

Puff. Never fear me. I wiſh you may have equal Succeſs in the Part of *Canto.*

Carm.

Digitized by Google

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A man muſt have very ſlender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that he has been Witneſs to for ten Years.

Puff. But you muſt get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis eaſy enough. Come, hand up here that there *Corregio*; an inimitable Piece. Gentlemen and Ladies: the very beſt Work of the beſt Maſter, Subject agreeable, highly finiſhed, and well preſerved;—a Seat for the Ladies;—hand it to Sir *Poſitive*: a going for Fifty: ſpeak, or it's gone for Fifty: Joy to your Ladyſhip. Come the next; but remember, let your Bob be buſhy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Abſolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Cana* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackſon's Teniers*; and for Buſts, *Taylor's* Head without a Noſe from *Herculaneum*.

Puff. Are the Antique Seals come Home?

Carm. No; but they will be finiſh'd by next Week.

Puff. You muſt take care of *Novice's* Collection of Medals he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm. The Coins of the firſt Emperor are now ſleeping in Copperas; and I have an *Otho*, a *Galba*, *Nero*, and two *Domitians* reeking from the Dunghill---The Reſt we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never failing Chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu

Carm.

Digitized by Google

Carm. Yours, Sir——a troubleſome Fellow, this—confounded Memory-----uſeful, tho'----- Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs !---muſt get rid of him------Ay, but when ?----Why when ?---- when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then ?---Oh, then it does not ſignify Two Pence.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Puff, *as* Monſieur Baron de Groningen, Carmine *as* Canto, *and* Bruſh.

CANTO. COME, buſtle, buſtle. *Bruſh* you introduce *Puff*, *Puff*, how are you in your *German?*

Puff. I canno ſpeak for *Englandt*, but I can mak underſtand very mightily. Will that do?

Bruſh. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchaſe Pictures for the Elector of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you muſt clap Lord *Dupe's* Coat of Arms on that Half Length of *Eraſmus*; I have ſold it him, as his Great Grandfather's third Brother, for Fifty Guineas.

Canto. It ſhall be done---Be it my Province to eſtabliſh the Baron's Reputation as a Connoiſſeur.--

Bruſh

Digitized by Google

Bruſh has ſeen you Abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

Puff. Yes; I was do Buſineſs mightily for Prince *Blantin*.

Bruſh. Your Portraits go firſt, *Carmine*, *Novice*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*, Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus*, the *Jew* Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the Hiſtory Pieces.---Which are moſt likely to ſtick?

Canto. Here's a Liſt.

Bruſh. Huſh, hide the *Eraſmus*, I hear the Company on the Stairs,

(*Exit* Carmine, *and re-enters anon.*

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, *&c.*

Lord. Mr. *Bruſh.* I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Anceſtor.

Bruſh. It is in my Poſſeſſion, my Lord; and I have the Honor to aſſure your Lordſhip, that the Family Features are very diſcernable; and allowing for the Difference of Dreſs, there's a ſtrong likeneſs between you and your Predeceſſor.

Lord. Sir, you have obliged me. All theſe you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Bruſh. Undoubted. But my Lord, you need not depend ſolely on my Judgement; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to ſurvey, and purchaſe for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indiſputable Connoiſſeur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordſhip. 'Tis a Thouſand Pities that any of theſe Maſters ſhould quit *England*. They were conducted hither at an immenſe Expence. and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public

Digitized by Google

public Declaration, that all Taſte and liberal knowledge is vaniſh'd from amongſt us?

Lord. Sir---leave the Support of the National Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?---Does he ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bruſh. Not fluently, but ſo as to be underſtood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe*—the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taſte, and for well-timed Generoſity, the *Leo*—and the *Mecænas*—of the preſent Age, deſires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was hear of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuſe, one Precieuſe of his Country.

Lord. The *Dutch* are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty Kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occaſions us the Honour of a Viſit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria.*

Lord. Are there any here that deſerve your Attention?

Puff. O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and Home Track is fine, and the Maiſter is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. *Canto,* what is the Subject?

Canto. It is, my Lord St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exerciſing the Devil out of a Ram-cat; it has a Companion ſomewhere---Oh! here, which is the ſame Saint in a Wilderneſs, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Bruſh.

Digitized by Google

Bruſh. Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordſhip's *Corregio* in the Saloon.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are thoſe, Mr. *Canto?*

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordſhip.

Lord. This, I preſume, might have been a Landſkip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are obliterated, all gone.

Bruſh. An indiſputable Mark of its Antiquity; its very Merit; beſides a little Varniſh will fetch the Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—The next.

Canto. That is a *Moſes* in the Bulruſhes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Siſter in the Corner, the Diſtreſs and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharoah's* Daughter, are Circumſtances happily imagined, and boldly expreſs'd.

Bruſh. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the maſter is alive, and an *Engliſhman.*

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it Houſe-room.

Puff. Here is a pretty Piece I find ſtick up here in de Corner: I was ſee in *Holandt,* at *Loo,* a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurcis all with Bruſh tails ran up the trees; and there was great things vat you call—Pſhaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

Bruſh. What Goats;

Puff. Ay, dat was de name.

Lord. I ſhould think, by the Cheeſe and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a *Welch* Piece, inſtead of a *Dutch.*

Puff.

Digitized by Google

Puff. Ah, 'twas good Piece. I wiſh to my Heart Lord *Dupes* was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. *Bruſh?* My dear *Bruſh*, am I too late?

Bruſh. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I loſe my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the firſt Time I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haſte than a young Surgeon to his firſt Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Bruſh*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I ſee them, and in a Fever of Deſire till I poſſeſs them.

Bruſh. Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to ſee the Buſts, Medals, and precious Reliques of *Greece* and ancient *Rome*.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may ſhow him ſom thing of greater Antiquity—Bring them forward The firſt Lot conſiſts of a Hand without an Arm, the firſt joint of the Fore-Finger gone, ſuppoſed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos*—The ſecond, Half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina*—The third, the *Caduceus* of the *Mercurius Infernalis*—The fourth, the Half of the Leg of the Infant *Hercules*—all indiſputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

Puff. Let me ſee *Juno's* Half Foot. All the Toes entire?

Canton. All.

Puff. Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff.

Digitized by Google

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pſhaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maiſter is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de *Hercules'* Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. believe this *Hercules* was an *Iriſh* Man.

Nov. But where are your Buſts? Here, here, Gentlemen; here's a Curioſity; a Medal of *Oriuna*, got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the viſible World; there may be ſome under Ground!

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taſte it? It has the Reliſh. *(All taſte.*

Nov. The Reliſh! 'Zooks it coſt me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By Gar, it is a dear Bit tho'.

Nov. So you may think; but three Times the Money ſhould not purchaſe it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whoſe Buſt is it that dignifies this Coin?

Nov. The Empreſs *Oriuna*, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might ſhe be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! ſhe was a kind of a What-dy'e-call'em—a Sort of a Queen, or Wife, or ſomething or other to ſomebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago—*Mummy* told me the whole Story; but before Gad, I've forgot it. But come, the Buſts.

Canto.

Digitized by Google

Canto. Bring forward the Head from *Herculaneum.* Now Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's ſee.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir—the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the moſt perfect Performances of modern Artiſts—Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchſtone for your Taſte!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov. Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear diſmember'd Buſt! a little farther off. I'm raviſhed! I am tranſported! What an Attitude! But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike, the preſent priggiſh, prick-ear'd Puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! ſo decent, and ſo grave, and—Who the Devil do you think it is, *Bruſh?* Is it a Man or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoiſſeurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Phidias*, and others the *Venus* of *Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the firſt, nor handſome enough for the laſt.

Nov. Yes, handſome enough.

All. Very handſome; handſome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who, in a Treatiſe dedicated to the King of the *Two Sicilies*, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and ſuppoſes it to have been fabricated about Eleven Hundred and Three Years before the Moſaic Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare ſwear true.

All.

Digitized by Google

All. Oh, true, very true.

Puff. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Buſt; But where is de Noſe?

Nov. The Noſe, what care I for the Noſe; Where is de Noſe? Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe I would not give Sixpence for it—How the Devil ſhould we diſtinguiſh the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?——The Noſe, indeed! Why I don't ſuppoſe now, but, barring the Noſe, *Roubiliac* could cut as good a Head every Whit—— *Bruſh*, who is this man with his Noſe? The Fellow ſhould know ſomething of ſomething too, for he ſpeaks broken *Engliſh*.

Bruſh. It is Mynheer *Groningen*, a great Connoiſſeur in Painting.

Nov. That may be, but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man muſt know damn'd little of Statuary, that diſlikes a Buſt for want of a Noſe.

Canto. Right, Sir—The Noſe itſelf without the Head, nay, in another's Poſſeſſion, would be an Eſtate—But here are behind Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelus* without the Horſe; and a complete Statue of the Emperor *Trajan*, with only the Head and Legs miſſing; both from *Herculaneum*.———This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, *and* Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr. *Pentweazel*, let us have none of your *Blowbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court end of the Town. This is a Quality Auction.

Ald. Where ot Courſe nothing is ſold that is uſeful——I am tutor'd, ſweet Honey.

Lady.

Digitized by Google

Lady. Caleb, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir——— (*To Bruſh.*

Bruſh. Your Pleaſure, Ma'am.

Lady. I ſhould be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to ſhow the World, that we in the City have Taſte.

Bruſh. 'Tis a laudable Reſolution, Ma'am, and, I dare ſay, Mr. *Canto* can ſupport—Bleſs me what's that? (Caleb *throws down a china Diſh.*

Lady. That Boy, I ſuppoſe! Well, if the miſchievous Brat has not broke a—and look how he ſtands—Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle?———Leave ſucking your Thumbs. What, I ſuppoſe you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, ſweet Honey, don't be ſo paſſionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loſs is not great; come, come.

Bruſh. Mr. Alderman is in the Right. The Affair is a Trifle, but a Twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas! You ſhould have twenty of my Teeth as———

Canto. You mean if you had them—Your Ladyſhip does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the Peagreen Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, Fourſcore Guineas for the Pair.

Lady. A fine Piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine.

Caleb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and ſo fell a two in my Hand.

Lady

Digitized by Google

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen!

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly ſet you right in this Affair; you don't ſeem acquainted with theſe Kind of Things; therefore I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of its Antiquity, and enhances its Value; and theſe Gentlemen are, I dare ſay, of the ſame Opinion.

All. Oh, entirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one.

Lord. Ma'am, I never diſpute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taſte; he is a Foreigner, and ſo can't be be thought prejudiced; refer it to him: the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

All. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir?

Puff. Ma'am, I love to ſerve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was ſee ſuch another Piece ſell at *Amſterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother!—Father! Never ſtir if that Gentleman ben't the ſame that we ſaw at the Painting Man's, that was ſo zivil to Mother only he has got a black Wig on, and ſpeaks outlandiſh. I'll be ſur enough if it e'nt a May-game.

Lady. Let me die but the Boy's in the Right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. *Puff*, that we ſaw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever ſaw. *Caleb* is right; ſome Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wiſh it was. *(Aſide.)* I no underſtand.

Canto.

Digitized by Google

Canto. So, Maſter *Puff*, you are caught. (*Aſide.*

Lord. This is a moſt unfortunate old Lady.—Ma'am, you are here under another miſtake. This is Mynheer Baron *de*———

Lady. Mynheer Figs-ends. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, becauſe we live in the City, we can't ſee?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can gueſs. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was now maiſter *Canto* mightily.

Nov. Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I ſee the Dog will be detected, and now is my time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roaſting Pigs. (*Aſide.*) I can't ſay I ever ſaw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh! oh!

Lord. The Fellow is an Impoſtor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the *Rhine*; pray, how ſhould you like walking into the *Thames?*

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The Raſcal complain'd but now that the Buſt wanted a Noſe; ſuppoſe we were to ſupply the Deficiency with his?

Lord. But Juſtice, Mr. *Novice.*

Canto. Great Raſcal, indeed, Gentlemen. If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in theſe Aſſemblies, adieu to all moral Honeſty. I think an Example ſhould be made of him. But, were I to adviſe, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the preſent Company.

All. Away with him———

Puff.

Digitized by Google

Puff. Hands off. If I muſt ſuffer, it ſhall not be ſingly. Here is the obſequious Mr. *Bruſh*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, ſhall be the Partners of my Diſtreſs. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Abſurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuoſi, you Connoiſſeurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publiſhing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchleſs Impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here the *Dilettanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what Infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mecænas*, the *Petronius*, notwithſtanding his exquiſite Taſte, has been drawn in to purchaſe, at an immenſe Expence, a Cart-load of—Rubbiſh!

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies—I have the Honour to take my leave.

Puff. Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient—When ſhall I ſend your *Corregio*, your St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

Lord. Raſcal! *(Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Tho, my Lord has not Spirit enough. damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my ſprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna*.—It has the Reliſh; an Indiſputable Antique; being a *Briſtol* Fathing, coin'd by a Soap-boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Caſh, and purchaſed for Two-pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff.* Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My *Oriuna* a *Briſtol* Farthing!

Puff. Moſt aſſuredly.

Nov.

Digitized by Google

Nov. I'll be reveng'd *Going*

Puff. Stay, ſtay, and take your Buſt, my ſweet Squire; your *Serapis*. Two Heads, they ſay, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! ſo decent, and ſo—ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe, I would not give Sixpence for it—Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I ſhall live to ſee you hang'd, you Dog. *(Exit.*

Puff. Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!——Now, Madam, to your Ladyſhip I come; to whoſe Diſcernment, aided by the Sagacity of your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Diſcovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuſe my Lady, I am one of the——

Puff. *Quorum*—I know it, Mr. Alderman; but I mean to ſerve your Worſhip by humbling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not ſtay to hear the raſcality of the Fellow.

Puff Oh, my Lady *Pentweazle*, correct the Severity of that Frown, leſt you ſhould have more of the *Meduſa* than the *Medicis* in your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite loſt my City Acquaintance; why, I've promiſed all my Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball, through your Ladyſhip's Intereſt.

Lady. My intereſt, indeed, for ſuch a—

Puff. If *Blowbladder-ſtreet* has any Charms—Sir—Ma'am—Not a ſtep—The fineſt Gentleman! ha, ha,

Digitized by Google

ha, ha, ha!—And what can you ſay for yourſelf, you cowardly ill-looking Raſcal? (*to* Canto.) Deſert your Friend at the firſt Pinch—your Ally —your Partner—No Apology, Sir—I have done with you. From Poverty and Shame I took you; to that I reſtore you. Your Crime be your Puniſhment. (*Turning to the Audience.*) Could I be as ſecure from the Cenſure of this Aſſembly as I am ſafe from the Reſentment of *Dupe*, *Novice*, *Squander*; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my falſe Friend I ſhould be happy.

'Tis from your Sentence I expect my Fate;
Your Voice alone my Triumph can complete.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

THE

AUTHOR;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1808.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

MR. FOOTE.

SEVERE their taſk, who in this critic age,
With freſh materials furniſh out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Freſh characters spring up as heretofore——
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To pleaſe at once, the gall'ry, box, and pit;
Requires at least—no common share of wit.
Thoſe, who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modiſh wife;
Whilst they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and ſlumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The poliſh'd Critic damns the wretched ſtuff,
And cries,—" 'twill pleaſe the gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown, where humble traders smile?
To daſh the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for univerſal fame,
The Grecian fabuliſt, in moral lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the writers of this day.
Once on a time, a ſon and ſire we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-aſs at a country fair,
To eaſe their limbs, and hawk about their ware:
But as the ſluggiſh animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his back wou'd break:

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE.

Up gets the boy ; the father leads the aſs,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to paſs ;
Forth from the throng, the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble ſhout.
" This the reſpect to reverend age you ſhew ?
" And this the duty you to parents owe ?
" He beats the hoof, and you are ſet astride ;
" Sirrah ? get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads were ſeldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, reſign'd his place.
Then a freſh murmur through the rabble ran ;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
" Sure never was brute beast ſo void of nature !
" Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?
" To your own baby can you be unkind ?
" Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."
Old Dapple next, the clowns compaſſion claim'd ;
" 'Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't aſham'd.
" Two at a time upon a poor dumb beaſt !
" They might as well have carried he at leaſt."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount and bear the aſs—then what a noiſe !———
Huzzas—loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet ſilent ſire, theſe words provoke.
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,
" Vain his attempt, who strives to pleaſe them all !"

Digitized by Google

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY A LADY,

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my ſtars, that I have done my taſk,
And now throw off this aukward, ideot maſk.
Cou'd we ſuppoſe this circle ſo refin'd,
Who ſeek thoſe pleaſures that improve the mind,
Cou'd from ſuch vulgariſms feel delight;
Or laugh at characters, ſo unpolite?
Who come to plays, to ſee, and to be ſeen;
Not to hear things that ſhock, or give the ſpleen;
Who ſhun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin.
"Lord! do you know?" ſays lady Bell—"I'm told
"That Jacky Dapple got ſo great a cold
"Laſt Tueſday night—there wa'n't a creature there;
"Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair.
"Divine Mingotti! what a ſwell has ſhe!
"O! ſuch a Suſtinuto upon B!
"Ma'am, when ſhe's quite in voice ſhe'll go to C.
"Lord," ſays my lady Engliſh—"here's a pother!
"Go where ſhe will, I'll never ſee another."
Her ladyſhip, half choak'd with London air,
And brought to town to ſee the ſights—and ſtare.
"Fine ſinging that!—I'm ſure it's more like ſcreaming:
"To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!
"Oh Barbare!—Inhumana Tramontane!——
"Does not this creature come from Pudding Lane?
"Look, look, my lord!—She goggles!—Ha, ha, pray be quiet;
"Dear lady Bell, for ſhame! You'll make a riot.
"Why will they mix with us to make this rout?
"Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out.
"We'll have a taſte act, faith!"—my lord replied;
"And ſhut out all, that are not qualified."
Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,
Struck by the great, then anſwer'd by the ſmall;
While we, at times, return it to you all.
A ſkilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke;
For though it hits you, you'll applaud the ſtroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour down.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AT DRURY LANE, 1782.

GOVERNOR CAPE,	Mr. Wrighten.
YOUNG CAPE,	Mr. Aikin.
SPRIGHTLY,	Mr. R. Palmer.
CADWALLADER,	Mr. Bannister.
POET,	Mr. Waldron.
VAMP,	Mr. Moody.
PRINTER'S DEVIL,	Mr. Burton.
ROBIN,	Mr. Chaplin.
MRS CADWALLADER,	Mrs. Wrighten.
MISS ARABELLA,	Mrs. Sharp.

Digitized by Google

THE

AUTHOR.

ACT I.

Enter Governor Cape, and Robin.

Governor.

AND he believes me dead, Robin?

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend.

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news?

Rob. Calmly enough: when I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmest acknowledgments to his conceal'd benefactor; thanked me for my care, sigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly: To his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profusion of debts were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Digitized by Google

Rob. You loved her, sir.

Gov. Fondly—nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours, and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property; not else.

Rob. Consider, sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day, learning, learning, sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you would not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless? impossible!—Where are the Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!—The word has lost its use; a guinea subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up——protectors!—Why I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions. How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob.——That you want the aid of his profession; a well penn'd address now, from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the news-papers.

Gov. Aye; is that part of his practice?—Well, lead on, Robin.

Digitized by Google

Scene draws and discovers Young Cape with the Printer's Devil.

Cape. Prythee go about thy business—vanish, dear devil

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press, and if your's don't come out a Saturday 'twon't pay for the paper; but you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you—There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute—unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—marry, come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year——There's master Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll shew you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble—give me the French book that you took the story from for the last journal.

Cape. Take it——*(throws it at him.)*

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you——

Cape. You shall have a larger—*(Exit Devil.* 'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! and are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expensive——

Digitized by Google

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the news-paper, five and five pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, master pass'd his word for to Mrs. Suds, your washer-woman, makes the three half crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pick-pocket, or a poet—Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um, the gentleman's at home.

(Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.)

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is Cape.

Cape. You have hit it, sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that write?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, sir, my case, in a word, is this; I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, sir, but their upper servants, the booksellers, have.——I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, sir, I hear, are in their graces: now I have brought you, sir, three imitations of Juvenal in prose; Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verse; two essays on the British herring fishery, with a large collection of rebusses; which, if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, sir, sorry for your distress, but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the

Digitized by Google

compiling or index way, that you wou'd intrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you; but if this trifle—

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay, or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient.— *(Exit Poet.*

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace his Mecænas; Martial his Pliny: my protectors are Title-page, the publisher; Vamp, the bookseller; and Index, the printer, a most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitary, as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, George? reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece.

Cape. My disposition has, at present, very little of the *vis comica.*

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft civility of Billingsgate, by a printer's prime minister, call'd a Devil.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs; but I thought these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you, their favourite sons.

Cape. Our tyrants, Tom. Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amourous novel,

Digitized by Google

decorated with luscious copper-plates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? no. no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades; ours is one great mystery, but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow; if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap, adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune too, I believe her brother's consent essentially necessary——But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the out-lines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness; folly and archness: at the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he would not scruple eating a fry'd

Digitized by Google

sausage at the Mews-Gate. There is a minuteness, now and then, in his descriptions; and some whimsical, unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, compleat his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd—You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical; the case with all you great geniuses: You love the snug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obscure nook, merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant——But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet: and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his education—hush! he's on the stairs——on with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

Enter Vamp.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp: your commands, good sir?

Vamp. I have a word, master Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon.

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admira-

Digitized by Google

ble theologist; he study'd it in Germany; if you should want such a thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted Originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the sermon way, now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a methodist; but, I believe, sir, if they be'nt long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, sir?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; master Cape has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep council; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why in the year forty-five, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here (*shews the side of his head*) crop'd close!—bare as a board!—and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy: Oh! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, sir, so positive a proof of your secresy that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but gadso, we must mind business, tho'; here, master Cape, you must provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest——

Digitized by Google

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, master Cape; to strike, they must be well dress'd; fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions——Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he would have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter Hasty the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, master Cape; I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or two: He was a pretty fellow!

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death?

Vamp. I can't say:——as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a pretty fellow!

Cape. You have no further commands, Mr. Vamp?

Vamp. Not at present; about the spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; master Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering places: no bad commodity for the West-India trade neither; let 'em be novels, master Cape.

Cape. You shall be certainly supply'd.

Digitized by Google

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does Index go on with your journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time——but you have over-stock'd the market. Titlepage and I had once lik'd to have engag'd in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays; a pretty historian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but I don't know how, it drop'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any—

Vamp. No, thank you, master Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-Tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months to understand trade and the funds; and then I'll start him —— no, no, you have enough on your hands; stick to your business: and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy; he was a pretty fellow! *(Exit.*

Spri. And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary fellow! But prythee, George, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons?

Cape. You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with our business, and I knew old Vamp wou'd let you more into the secret in five minutes than I cou'd in as many hours. *(Knocking below, loud.)*

Spri. Cape, to your post; here they are e'faith, a coachful! let's see, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, and your flame, the sister, as I live.

(Cadwallader without)

Pray, by the bye, han't you a poet above?

(Without.) Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have such an aversion to middle floors—they are always to be found in the extremities; in garrets, or cellars ——

Digitized by Google

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and Arabella.

Cad. Ah! Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty point; totally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what, that's he! Beck, Bell, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a—— what's he about?——Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a tragedy: I have been here this half hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouze him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas! nor prayers, nor tears, nor supplicating gods shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! zounds, what the devil? who?

Cape.

——Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

Cad. Damn your palace; I wish I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, sir, but being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. Cadwallader is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! look ye here, Mr. What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! true; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for exercise, hey! Sprightly! Genius! look'e here, Mr. Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, as

Digitized by Google

fine talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod——he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye, Mr. Cadwallader, you don't do yourself justice.

Cape. Indeed, sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. Cadwallader's literary acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?——no, no, it can't be, hey! tho' let me tell you, last winter, before I had the measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in Italian, French, German——but I am all unhing'd; all ——— Oh! Lord, Mr. Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet —— ah, but she does not know what that is —— a little foolish or so, but of a very good family—here Becky, child, won't you ask Mr. Cape to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! What?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you be'nt better engag'd we shou'd be glad of your company of an evening to make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got—

Digitized by Google

well, he'll come, Beck,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?——is'nt she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;——hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he — ecod who knows but he may make a copy of verses on you?—there, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—well, Sprightly, hey! what are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. Sprightly, that you have frequently lords and viscounts and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you would invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. Sprightly, I am of as antient a family as the best of them, and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord, or baron, nay egad, if it be but a baronet, or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What signifies carrying such a lumb'ring thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck, why suppose we should have any disputes when we are abroad, about precedence? how the devil shall we

Digitized by Google

be able to settle it? But you shall see it at home. Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our dispute to ——— *(They go apart.)*

Arab. Well, sir, your friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my brother; but what use you propose ———

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That all?

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A sandy foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an unsurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck; zounds! you are so ———

Spri. Well, but hear him out, ma'am.

Cape. Consider we have but an instant. What project? What advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be asham'd to receive succour from a weak woman! Poetry is your profession, you know; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr. Cape.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be made to his better part.

Cape. I understand you; plough with the heifer.

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word; but take this hint—amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh; that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; against that fort you must plant your batteries—But here they are.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing: Why what signifies a parliament man? You make such a rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the man an oafe? I won't reason, I hate reason, and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate ecod, perverse hey! But my dear, now, Becky, that's a good girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me, what's the matter, madam? Sure, Mr. Cadwallader, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable matter cou'd have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament man.

Cape. How old is master, ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey! early, hold, hold; but Becky, mistakes the thing, egad I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, prithee, my dear; Mr. Sprightly, do, stop her mouth, hold, hold; the matter, Mr. Cape, is this. Have you ever seen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensi-

Digitized by Google

ble child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but between you and I he has more sense already, than all her family put together. Hey! Becky! is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a sweet child! Now, Mr. Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them; for between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now this is our dispute, whether poor little Dicky, he's a sweet boy, shall go to Mr. Quæ-Genius's at Edgware, and make an acquaintance with my young lord Knap, the eldest son of the earl of Frize, or to doctor Ticklepitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the case; says I, Becky, my dear; who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey! Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Ticklepitcher's who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it?.

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey! Well, what's your opinion, master Cape.

Cape. Why Sir, I can't but join with the lady, money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the alderman too, you; so Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my lord; Well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Cad. Ay let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush Becky. Mr. Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little, nice——Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call'um, the poet; ecod the man's well enough—Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille, to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have company coming.

(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. and Arab.

Enter Governor and Robin.

Cape. Ah, master Robin!

Robin. Why, you have a great levee this morning, sir.

Cape. Ay Robin, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours: But how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government; and as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possess'd, but another starts up to ——

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin, to the matter; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Digitized by Google

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and ——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last interview.——Your friend, sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but tho' I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall, to gratify popular resentment or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falshood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great, but let those, sir, be the heralds of your worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives me more pleasure, than any honors your papers cou'd have procured me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at Cadwallader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see——Robin is a sure card—— A principal may easily be met with, but where the duce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Digitized by Google

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task——

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the liberty—but hush! He's return'd.

Enter Cadwallader.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckiest circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to prince Potowowsky.

Cad. Wowsky? Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the Tartarian prince, that's come over ambassador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed.

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him; now every body that dines with a Tartarian lord, has a right to carry with him what the Latins call'd his Umbra; in their language it is Jablanousky.

Cad. Jablanousky! well?

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation————I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil shall

Digitized by Google

I get off with the poet? You know I have ask'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh! the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons, but here your friend is invited to dinner with prince ——— what the devil is his name?

Spri. Potowowski.

Cad. True; now, sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his Jablanousky, wou'd you be so good to excuse—

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd, zounds! that's odd, well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but should not I dress?

Spri. No, there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing should take me from you, but being a Hobblin Wiskey. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His highness Potowowsky! This is the luckiest accident! *(Exit.*

Cape. Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients;

Digitized by Google

let me alone to manage. But do you chuse, sir the part we have assign'd?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then let's about it; come, sir.

Cape. Mr. Sprightly!

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart upon this occasion?

Spri. No doubt; dress, dress, man; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but Jack, I cannot say that at present I ——

Spri. Prythee explain. What would you say?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say, that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you, is that all? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, George; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that ——But I have no time for speeches; I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, sir?

Gov. Most feelingly! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin! But this scheme of life at least must be changed; for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation, and disagreeable drudgery? Inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd.

What prospect have those authors to be read,
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread?

(Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Digitized by Google

A C T II.

Young Cape and Mrs. Cadwallader at Cards.

Mrs. Cad.

YOU want four, and I two, and my deal: now, knave noddy ——— no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—One, two, three; one, two,—hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds ——— the two: have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest, by gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pshaw, hang cards; there are other amusements better suited to a tête-a tête, than any the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they?——We ben't enough for hunt the whistle, nor blind-man's buff: but I'll call our Bell, and Robin the butler. Dicky will be here by-an-bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr. Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that——some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Digitized by Google

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your sayso.

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey? that's true. Why I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engaged to play deeper here than I intended tho'. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True; aye; but zooks you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why first I am to start you, then run you a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

> You fly o'er hedge and stile,
> I pursue for many a mile,
> You grow tir'd at last and quat
> Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quatting—Hush! here's sister; what the deuce brought her? Bell will be for learning this game too, but don't you teach her for your life, Mr. Poet.

Digitized by Google

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have stay'd, I think.

Arab. What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! Now will I be hang'd if she be'nt jealous of Mr. Poet; but I'll listen, and see the end on't, I'm resolved. *(Aside and exit.*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell; tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! And flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey! In what corner sits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to— But to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct ——

Arab. Look'e, Mr. Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover

Digitized by Google

your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion—but however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only—But consider, sir, I have a brother's honour——

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet: But surely, madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that——— but no matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to protest———

Cape. That I loved you; and what reason have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? *(Aside, listening.*

Cape. Surely if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. *(Aside.*

Cape. What an ideot, a driveller! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevail'd upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs. Cadwallader.

Mrs. Cad. Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man; but here will be Dicky presently, he shall hear of your tricks, he shall; I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp.

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy:

Digitized by Google

My brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, madam.

Enter Cadwallader, Governor, Sprightly, and Robin.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. Interpreter, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman——but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me 'till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a hobblinwisky again, if the great cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd language has he got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it through the nose so well as he. Hey! well Becky, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Digitized by Google



Mrs. Cad. Why here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which way?

Mrs. Cad. Why some on't was out of his poetry I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this morning he took me for king Turnus, you; now who can tell, but this afternoon he may take you for queen Dido?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, sir.

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me; who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack ——

Cape. There's no ——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the grand signor, at the head of his janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you say, Dicky; what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck; hey! no: That's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand your tropes, and figures, as well as himself, egad! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. Cadwallader ——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bellman for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good sir.

Digitized by Google

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you—

Spri. Nay, sir, if I must tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object, but Mr. Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own ——

Cad. If I had had a university education—

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older; Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No, he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Pshaw, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No pallation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation? It's a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak——

Digitized by Google

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, sir———

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you seem most interested; pray does this charge correspond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you?—

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but still as the scholiasts say — *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By gosh! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is; speak a little more Latin to him; if I had been bred at the university, you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen; now, to you; you were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness; might not she take too seriously, what was meant as a mere matter of merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person?

Cad. Answer that Mr. Cape, hey! answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connexion——

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, connexion.

Spri. There's something in that———

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right——You're right, Mr. Cape; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil cou'd you be so

Digitized by Google

wicked, hey! child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connexion?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have miss'd your point; the connexion shall only be the stronger: my dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty; but ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effaced every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natured creature!

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own ——

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my fellow, if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he? Hey! how; what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, foolish, but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then: why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already; Becky, a damn'd good story. Well, Beck, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue then: And so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in come our Bell; and so ——

Digitized by Google

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky; damn your so's; go on, child, but leave out your so's; its a low —— hold, hold, vulgar —— but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why how can I go on, when you stop me every minute? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him, and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So, what you staid and listen'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my staying, she went out; no——upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story, but go on, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said ——

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may all be very true, Beck, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst teller of a story ——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Cad. And that he wou'd not have stay'd with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possesion of she.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so————that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. Cape.

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, sir, I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. Cape? Let's

Digitized by Google

have it, without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, zounds! No, what not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, what our Bell? To mix the blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming ——

Spri. But Mr. ————

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold ———— Garretteer? that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but ——

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! Born in a cellar, hold, hold, and living in a garret; a fungus, a mushroom.

Cape. Sir, my family ——

Cad. Your family! hold, hold, hold, Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll shew you —— Your family! a little obscure —— hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather.

Enter Peter with the pedigree.

There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out: There's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the herald's office; d'ye see, Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's Welch princes,

Digitized by Google

and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kouli Khan wou'd a serjeant in the train'd bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, lousy son of a shoe-maker, to talk of families — hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, sir.

Cad. Mr. Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold; how, Mr. Interpreter?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape. Your son, sir?

Gov. In a moment, George, the mysteries shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your son? Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described, but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the son of an interpreter equal to me! A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts.

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a runner to monsieurs and marquisses!

Spri. You are mistaken, sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes fillips on the nose for six-pence a piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half a crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other men's tables! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face black'd at Christmas for the diversion of children.

Digitized by Google

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, sir; who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! zounds, Mr. Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuse your behaviour to this gentleman, but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to —

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell ——

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and, by a long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. Cape, sir; a man of unblemish'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you father to ——— hey!——

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemn truth; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself; I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me *(kneeling)* but if gratitude, duty filial ———

Gov. Rise, my boy; I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my toil; the rest of my story shall be reserved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this; but, hark'e, Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince Potowowsky ——

Digitized by Google

Gov. Oh, sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By bestowing your sister, with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell? Hey! Hold, hold; zounds, Bell, take him, do; ecod, he is a good likely ——— hey! Will you?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both; *(Joins their hands.)* There, there, the business is done: And now brother governor—

Gov. And now, brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey, Beck! here's something new for my pedigree; we'll pop in the governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'e, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulations; but ——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if George remains as untainted by affluence, as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

(Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

NOVELS

Printed for W. LOWNDES.

ABELARD & ELOISA, with seven Poems
Antigallican, or Harry Cobham
Auction, 2 vols
Beaufort, History of Sir Charles, 2 vols
Birmingham Counterfeit, 2 vols
Boyle's Voyages and Adventures | Brother, 2 vols
Casket, or Double Discovery, 2 vols
Clive, Adventures of Francis, 2 vols
Country Seat, or Evening's Amusement, 2 vols
Delia Stanhope, 2 vols
Evelina, by Miss Burney, 2 vols
Fair Philosopher, 2 vols
Fanny Seymour, by Mr. Shields
Fatal Friendship, 2 vols | Fine Lady, 2 vols
Fortunate Country Maid, 3 vols | French Lady, 2 vols
Henrietta, by Mrs. Lennox, 2 vols
High Life, or Miss Frankland, 2 vols
Indiana Danby, 4 vols
Jack Connor, 2 vols
Joseph Andrews, by Fielding, 2 vols
Ladies Miscellany, 2 vols
Lady Manchester, or Husband's Resentment, 2 vols
Lucilla, or Progress of Virtue
Major Bromley, and Miss Cliffin, 2 vols
Margaretta, by Miss Minifie, 2 vols
Miss Melmoth, or New Clarissa, 3 vols
Modern Fine Gentleman, 2 vols | Modern Wife, 2 vols
Mount Henneth, by Mr. Bage, 2 vols
Novelist, or Tea-Table Miscellany, 2 vols
Pamela Howard, 2 vols
Relapse, 2 vols
Sentimental Spy, 2 vols
Singleton's Voyages and Adventures
Surprises of Love, by Cleland
Telemachus, by Fenelon | Tom Jones, by Fielding, 4 vols
Thoughtless Ward | Trinket
Unfashionable Wife, 2 vols
Vaughan's Voyages and Adventures, 2 vols
Wilhelmina, by Jünger, 2 vols
Woman of Fashion, 2 vols
Woman of Honor, by Cleland, 3 vols
Younger Sister, 2 vols

Digitized by Google

THE

ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS;

BEING THE SEQUEL TO

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS:

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1808.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. FOOTE.

OF all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind;
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home;
From Lybia's deserts hostile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France;
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputians———Gulliver.
Not only objects that affect the sight,
In foreign arts and artists we delight:
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
In humble prose the place is Charing Cross;
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
A dirty dismal entry opens wide,
There with hoarse voice, check shirt, and callous hand,
Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize;
Here's China porcelain that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields.
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham,
Factors are forced to favour this deceit,
And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.
The rude to polish, and the fair to please,
The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas,

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE.

Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactured in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little subject of a former story,
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully shew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin on, and yours to save.

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town,
An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way
To atone for all the errors of the play;
Thus when pathetic strains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muse, and wipes your eye,
With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,
Melpomene should send you snivelling off.
But our Bard, unequal to the task,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the mask:
Fain would he send you chearful home to-night,
And harmless mirth by honest means excite;
Scorning with luscious phrase or double sense,
To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.
What method shall we choose your taste to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little wit?
Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.

Digitized by Google

EPILOGUE.

The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up starts that fatal phalanx, call'd The Town:
In full assembly weighs our author's fate,
And Surly thus commences the debate:
Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene
The sacred rights of Tragedy profane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul!
Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in nature?
Not the least likeness in a single feature.
My lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;
Let's come on Friday night and have a hiss.
To this a peruquier assents with joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In such distress what can the poet do?
Where seek for shelter when those foes pursue?
He dares demand protection, sirs, from you.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

BUCK,	Mr. Foote.
CRAB,	Mr. Sparks.
LORD JOHN,	Mr. White.
MACRUTHEN,	Mr. Shuter.
RACKET,	Mr. Cushing.
TALLYHOE,	Mr. Castallo.
LATITAT,	Mr. Dunstall.
SERGEON,	Mr. Wignel.
LUCINDA,	Mrs. Bellamy.

La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

Digitized by Google

THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS.

ACT I.

Crab discovered reading.

"AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, esq. of St. Martin in the Fields, executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction, the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.—

John Buck."

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see, I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finish'd a fop abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why how the devil came I to merit ——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Latitat, of Staple's Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Shew the hound in.

Enter Latitat with a bag, &c.

Lat. I would, Mr. Crab, have attended your summons immediately, but I was obliged to sign

Digitized by Google

judgment in error at the Common Pleas; sue out of the Exchequer a writ of *quæ minus*, and surrender in *banco regis* the defendant, before the return of the *sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Prithee, man, none of thy unintelligible law jargon to me; but tell me in the language of common sense, and thy country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. Crab, as you are already possessed of a *probat*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue, or, be sued; I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts, without a receipt upon record: this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now, actions, sir, are of various kinds, there are special actions, actions on the case, or *assumpsit's*, actions of trover, actions of *clausum fregit*, actions of battery, actions of ——

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law proceedings were directed to be in English.

Lat. True, Mr. Crab.

Crab. And what do you call all this stuff, ha!

Lat. English.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. Crab. For as lord Coke describes the common law, to be the perfection ——

Crab. So, here's a fresh deluge of impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. Brief, sir, and translate, sir!—Sir, I would have you to know, that no practitioner in Westminster Hall, gives clearer ——

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which reason I have

Digitized by Google

referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster Hall.

Lat. A bad proof of his practice, Mr. Crab.

Crab. A good one of his principles, Mr. Latitat.

Lat. Why, sir, do you think that a lawyer ——

Crab. Zounds, sir, I never thought about a lawyer. The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor should any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause, than contest it. And had not this old, doating dunce, sir John Buck, plagued me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, Bedlam should sooner have had me, than the bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the bar! Since, sir, I am provoked, I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your *prochain ami:* but I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr. Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *sine qua non*, the *ne plus ultra* ———

Crab. Mercy, good Six-and-eight-pence.

Lat. The defence and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary, or as Plowden classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus,
Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

Lat. Sir, a man's house is his castellum, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandestinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deemed *felonius* but *burglarius.*

Digitized by Google

Now, sir, a burglary may be committed either upon the dwelling, or out-house.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your clerk, sir——The parties, he says, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr. Crab, the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds, sir, I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know —

Crab. I won't know. Besides, your clients —

Lat. O, they may stay. I shan't take up five minutes, sir——A burglary ——

Crab. Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law.——

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *clausum fregit.*

Crab. Dear sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par ——

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, sir, get out of my house.

Ser. Your clients, sir ———

Crab. Push him out [*the lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very minute.—[*Exit Servant*]—This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every instant, I'd fly for it myself and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young master's travelling tutor, sir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose, the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's own parish church, or some

Digitized by Google

needy highlander, the out-cast of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maister Crab, I am your devoted servant.

Crab. Oh, a British child by the mess.—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between Canterbury and Rochester, I was stopt, and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! what the devil could he rob you of?

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's history, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dried Glasgow.

Crab. A travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you sir Charles? I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, maister Crab? In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a shrewd guess at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear, but not an unusual one at Paris. The Faux-bourg of St. Germains, swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends the French.

Mac. Oh! the French were very fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Digitized by Google

Mac. Suspend your judgment awhile, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the sallies of juvenility; and must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finished piece.

Mac. You are pleased to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—what's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it would be wrong to sour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means, master Macruthen; all your business was to keep him out of frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they should be. You pimp'd for him I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand a year?

Mac. Why, to be sure great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, maister Crab, you know mankind; you are sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Digitized by Google

Crab. As how?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet?

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o'the cash: and I caw make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof, and in the presence, of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in your mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme?

Mac. Maister Crab, I am of a nation ——

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure ——

Crab. And one happiness it is, that though national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, maister Crab, I ——

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight. Vanish!—[*Exit Mac.*]—A fine fellow this, to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! But can it be strange, whilst the

Digitized by Google

parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person whose wants perhaps, more than his abilities make desirous of it, should consider the youth as a kind of property, and not consider what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present prevailing passions? But vice and folly rule the world.—Without, there!—[*Enter Servant.*]—Rascal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation of mankind. This turn may be term'd misanthropy; and imputed to chagrin and disappointment. But it can only be by those fools, who, through softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perspective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what I suppose your spirits are all afloat. You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, sir, you would distinguish, in my countenance, an expression very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr. Crab, might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress! a pretty, poetical phrase. What motive canst thou have for distress? Has not sir John Buck's death assured thy fortune? and art not thou ——

Luc. By that very means, a helpless unprotected orphan.

Crab. Pho', prithee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex: the objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you

Digitized by Google

won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend, would have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying sir Charles Buck?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why where could you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love? —Look'ee, girl.—[*Enter Servant*]—Who sent for you, sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down, at the corner of the street, by a coal-cart. His clothes are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice.——Prithee, why dost trouble me? I suppose you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I should?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice, is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are obedient, I may yet set you right.

Luc. I shall, with pleasure, follow your directions. [*Exit.*

Crab. Yes, so long as they correspond with your own inclination. Now we shall see what Paris has

Digitized by Google

done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter Buck, Lord John, La Loire, Bearnois, and Macruthen.

Buck. Not a word, *mi lor*, *jernie*, it is not to be supported!——after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pavé*, to be tumbled into a kennel, by a filthy *charbonnier*; a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. J. An accident that might have happened any where, sir Charles.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that *canaille*, that murtherous mob, with the barbarous—'Monsieur in the mud, huzza!' Ah, *pais sauvage*, *barbare*, *inhospitable!* ah, ah, *qu'est ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is maister Crab, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble*, *monsieur*. *Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? Mac, my lor, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable Jack-Roast-beef of the French comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, monsieur-Jack-Roast-beef, ha, ha?

Crab. Prithee take a turn or two round the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers*. *Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

Buck. *Pourquoi?* Why so?

Crab. Because I would not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange sights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been ex-

Digitized by Google

tremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est ce pas vrai, mi lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. J. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so?

Ld. J. Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgment. The forms and customs which climate, constitution and government have given to our kingdom can never be transplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are some glimmerings of common-sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this blockhead?—[*to Buck*]—I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear. [*gapes.*]

Crab. I say, you can draw no conclusion from the above premises.

Buck. Who I? Damn your premises, and conclusions too. But this I conclude from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that whosoever would either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec elegance*, must go to Paris, to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. C'est vrai, monsieur Crab: and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.*

Digitized by Google

This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you suppose we have no porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open the doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor; for politeness in introducing a mistress, acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing qualities!

Buck. *Retirez, Bearnois.* But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. *Très bien.*

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, monsieur Crab, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *hors d'oeuvres, entre rotis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the disposition of a desert, Paris never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit,

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, sir, to compleat my equipage, *regardez monsieur La Jonquil*, my first *valet de chambre*, excellent in every thing: but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, La Jonquil shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frize, cut, curl, or comb with any *garçon perruquier*, from the land's end, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spi-

Digitized by Google

rit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present I had another reason for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite civility shewn to us, in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen.—November fogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good humour, or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live! *Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

Crab. Now would not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

Digitized by Google

Buck. Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, old Diogenes, enter into a little debate. Mi lor, and you, Macruthen, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my lord. Maister Crab has met with his match.

Buck. And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table; ah, *quelle difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *perciflage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire*. Oh, what delicious moments have I pass'd *chez madame la duchesse de Barbouliac*.

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a woman of her rank, to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, Mac.

Mac. Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. *Taisez vous, Mac.* But we lose the point in view. Now, Monsieur Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first, the melancholy mistress is fixed in her chair, where, by the bye, she is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master, to marshal the guests, in which as much caution is necessary, as at a coronation, with, "my lady, sit here," and, "sir Thomas, sit there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroyed all apprehensions of the meat burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say sir Charles was a phœnomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with, perhaps, an occa-

Digitized by Google

sional interruption, of, " Here's to you, friends," " Hob or nob," " Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings: the cloth is removed: madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curtesy, and departs; leaving the jovial host, with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre,* monsieur Crab.

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. C'est vrai. But *à propos,* he is dead, as you say, and you are ———

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Buck. Peut être: well, and ———

Crab. Oh, my task will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoined to see performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! & comment —

Crab. Prithee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, Mac! But could we not have an *entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let Lucinda know we expect her.

Mac. Had na' ye better, sir Charles, equip yourself in a more suitable garb, upon a first visit to your mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, Mac's hint may not be so *mal à propos. Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilet is but the work of ten minutes. Mac, dispose of my domestics *à leur aise,* and then

Digitized by Google

attend me with my portfeuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in my last voyage from Fontainbleau to Compeigne.

Serviteur, Messieurs;
Car le bon vin
Du matin
Sortant du tonneau,
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. [*Exit.*

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father, what a puppy Paris would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence, an importation of every foreign folly: and thus the plain persons and principles of old England, are so confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions; a piece of patch-work; a mere harlequin's coat.

Ld. J. Do you suppose then, sir, that no good may be obtained ——

Crab. Why, prithee, what have you gained?

Ld. J. I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, sir, the shaking off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison, of certain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You shew the favourable side, young man: but how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable laws of nature; he is a traitor to the community, where Providence has placed him; and should be denied those social benefits he has

Digitized by Google

rendered himself unworthy to partake. But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Ld. J. I differ from you here, Mr. Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice, cannot be too soon received. I sincerely thank you, sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here, till your puppy is powdered. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, sir, you have had but a disagreeable *téte-à-téte.*

Ld. J. Just the contrary, madam. By good sense, tinged with singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr. Crab's manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to 'em, I know his integrity, and can never be disobliged by his sincerity.

Ld. J. This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good sense can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess, was taught me by a very severe mistress, adversity. But you, sir, are too well acquainted with sir Charles Buck, not to have known my situation.

Digitized by Google

Ld. J. I have heard your story, madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting; you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible I should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

Ld. J. Could I hope, madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of sir Charles be rejected ——

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngster! what I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes, in modern morality. But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller.—[*Exit. Ld. John.*]—I would speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*

Luc. I shall attend you, sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What could my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl; obedience is thy province.

Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.

[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

Buck at his toilet, attended by three valets de chambre and Macruthen.

Mac.

NOTWITHSTANDING aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether maister Crab is so honest a man.

Buck. Prithee, Mac, name not the monster. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.

Did ever mortal see such *mirroirs*, such looking glass as they have here too! One might as well address oneself, for information, to a bucket of water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, assez. Eh bien, Mac, miserable!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this—[*Enter ld. John.*]—My dear lord, *je demande mille pardons*, but the terrible fracas in my chaise has so *gâtéed* and disordered my hair, that it required an age to adjust it.

Ld. J. No apology, sir Charles, I have been entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear lord, to entertain you?

Ld. J. The very individual lady that's soon to make you a happy husband.

Buck. A happy who? husband! What two very opposite ideas confounded *ensemble!* In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my lor is infected. But pray, my dear lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon

Digitized by Google

the point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un mari! Diable?*

Ld. J. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young squire Racket, and sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your honour's old acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival! My dear, dear lor, aid me to escape this *embarras.*

Racket and Tallyhoe without.

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the Hottentots have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie.*

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoix, my little Buck.

Buck. *Monsieur le chevalier, votre très humble serviteur.*

Tally. Hey.

Buck. *Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous voir.*

Rack. Anon, what!

Digitized by Google

Buck. *Ne m'entendez vous?* Don't you understand French?

Rack. Know French! No, nor you neither, I think, sir Toby, foregad I believe the papistes ha bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd and transformed him too. Let me perish, Racket, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we used to read of at school, in Ovid's metamorphis; and that they have turned him into a beast.

Rack. A beast! No, a bird, you fool. Lookee, sir Toby, by the lord Harry, here are his wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and so they are, ha, ha. I reckon, Racket, he came over with the woodcocks.

Buck. *Voilà des véritables Anglois.* The rustic rude ruffians!

Rack. Let us see what the devil he has put upon his pole, sir Toby.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

Tally. Nay, 'fore George we will have a scrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a scrutiny.

Buck. *En grace.* *La Jonquil*, my lor, protect me from these pirates.

Ld. J. A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen. Consider, sir Charles is on a visit to his bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds he's fitter for a bandbox. Racket, hocks the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, knight. Foregad he is the very reverse of a bantam cock; his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here! What are these fellows, pastry cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a ——but you have company, I see.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me,

Digitized by Google

upon my arrival, with what I believe they call in this country, a rout.—My dear lor, if you don't favour my flight. But see if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Ld. J. Now's your time, steal off; I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let La Jonquil follow to re-settle my *cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my lor.

Rack. Hola, sir Toby, stole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intend to kick up a riot, to-night, at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, sir, what is your cause of contention?

Tally. Cause of contention, hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. Racket, what is it we are angry about?

Rack. Angry about! Why you know we are to demolish the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. J. I beg to be excused.

Rack. May-hap you are a friend to the French.

Ld. J. Not I, indeed sir. But if the occasion will permit me a pun, tho' I am far from being a wellwisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come to night, you'll split your sides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of Blenheim. Come, along, Racket. [*Exit.*

Ld. J. Was there ever such a contrast?

Crab. Not so remote as you imagine; they are scions from the same stock, set in different soils. The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally,

Digitized by Google

but matures nothing; the last slip, tho' stunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.

Luc. When Mr. Crab, or sir Charles, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither—[*Exit Serv.*] —How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue; but still, in my circumstances, a state of suspence is, of all situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, and Crab.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, sir Charles Buck craves the honour of kissing your hand.

Buck. Très humble serviteur. Et comment se porte mademoiselle. I am ravished to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.—Eh bien, ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why, what a *coiffeure* must you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total absence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from Deffreney the day of my departure; shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, sir, but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country, and, with a commercial people, you know, sir Charles, all artifice ——

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chere.* A proper proportion of red, is an indispensible part of your dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman, who puts on the first, would make very little difficulty in pulling off the last.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Oh, monsieur Crab's judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father Time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your London here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. We have an opera.

Buck. Italien, I suppose, *pitoiable*, shocking, *assommant!* Oh, there is no supporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, chassé brillant soleil,*

Brillant soleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's music and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma princesse.*

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child.

Luc. No plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The assertion is a little whimsical.

Buck. Aye that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

Luc. Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy; but, surely Shakespeare —My lord, this subject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the Chinese Orphan, in the preface to which Mr. Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakespeare monstrous farces.

Ld. T. Mr. Crab is right, madam. Mr. Voltaire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great master of the passions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

Luc. What could it be, my lord?

Digitized by Google

Id. J. The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable defamation.

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a spirited expression, no people upon earth —

Buck. You are imposed upon, child: the *Lequesne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*, what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have myself wrote a tragedy in French.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. *En verité*, upon Voltaire's plan.

Crab. That must be a precious piece of work.

Buck. It is now in repetition at the French comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *eclat!* What a burst will it make in the parterre, when the king of Ananamaboe refuses the person of the princess of Cochineal!

Luc. Do you remember the passage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And first the king;

Ma chere princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai;
De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.
Mais ce n'est pas honnête pour un homme tel que moi,
De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the princess; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme distress.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,
Ayez pitie de moi; je suis inconsolable.

Digitized by Google

[Then he turns his back upon her, at which she in a fury]

Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!

[Then he]

Pensez vous, madame, à me donner la loi,
Votre haine, votre amour, sont les mêmes choses á moi.

Inc. Bravo!

Ld. J. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's passion and poetry, and reason and rhime. Oh how I detest blood, and blank verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural, in the rich rhimes of the *theatre François!*

Ld. J. I did not know sir Charles was so totally devoted to the *belles lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste, I am every night at the *Caffé* Procope*, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curst country, I make no doubt but you would have seen my name among the foremost of the French academy.

Crab. I should think you might easily get over that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen shall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impossible. From the barbarity of my education, I must ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. *En verité?*

Crab. *En verité.*

Buck. You flatter me.

Crab. But common justice.

Mac. Nay, maister Crab is in the right, for I

* A coffee-house opposite the French comedy, where the wits assemble every evening.

Digitized by Google

have often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible that gentleman can be British?

Buck. Obliging creatures! And you concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. J. Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make mè!

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will.

Buck. No; I read no English. When Mac has turned it into French, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *ecclaircissement*. Come, my lord.

Buck. Nay, but monsieur Crab, my lor, Mac.

Crab. Along with us. [*Exeunt.*

Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite.* But, *à propos*, how d'ye like my lord?

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, something so English in his manner.

Luc. Foreign and English! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne sçai quoi*, the *bon ton.*—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense, ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Aye, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summoned the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my lord is too good a commander, to commence a fruitless siege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chere.*

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for intailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that in my presence, at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heydey! What, in heroics, *ma reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, whose fond heart, the greatest load of his last hours were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle est folle, she is mad, *sans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks *through* one sacred relation, regard another? Can

Digitized by Google

the monster who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?——impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. *Vous a'lez trop vite*, you are too quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the least inclination to do.

Luc. No. sir? Why you own that marriage —

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the *Louis'*.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law ——

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine.* I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than my living a batchelor.

Luc. O, sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle*, I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfant*; tho' I have an irresistable antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal

Digitized by Google

charms; in the possesion of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted shall fall at your ———

Luc. Grant me patience!

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, sir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cicisbei.* And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle.*

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing. Thy mistress! Gracious heaven! Universal empire should not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse could a woman of the least sense or spirit make, for so unnatural a connexion!

Buck. Fort bien!

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien!

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dress, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name, to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be sure, very

Digitized by Google

eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquisitions; *c'est-à-dire*, that I can, with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu*, *ma belle*. And when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever!

Buck. *Pour jamais!* Foregad she would make an admirable actress. If I once get her to Paris, she shall play a part in my piece. [*Exit.*

Luc. I am ashamed, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Dear Mr. Crab ——

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Ld. J. We have been unwillingly, madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, should be in his morals so much below—

Crab. Prithee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket?

Ld. J. If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. Crab—

Luc. My lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I guess at your generous design; but my temper is really so ruffled—besides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Ld. J. Dear madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

Ld. J. No apology. You honour me, madam.

Crab. And prithee, wench, what is thy scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Digitized by Google

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him. [*Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice.

[*Exit Lettice.*

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, so, I thought she would come to; but, I confess not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma belle,* see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah *bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulez-vous du thé, monsieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of *beverage*; I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit of conversation, and that —

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille graces.—But what has occasioned me, *ma reine,* the honour of your message by Mr. Crab?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, sir Charles, I thought, demanded from me,

Digitized by Google

at my quitting your house, a more decent, and ceremonious adieu, than our last interview would admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere?* I thought your flinty heart had, at last relented. Well, *ma reine,* adieu.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation, however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the pleasure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by despair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poison'd.

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have shared all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. Macruthen, Jonquil! physicians, apothecaries, oils and antidotes. Oh, *je meurs, je meurs. Ah, la diablesse!* [*Exit.*

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiss thee for this contrivance.

Ld. J. He really deserves it all.

Digitized by Google

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a further use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose, we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here, has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care, my girl sha'nt go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

Ld. J. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be ——

Crab. Psha, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room, whilst I go and plague the puppy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Physician, Surgeon. Buck in a cap and night gown.

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are symptoms of a strong poison.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil? What's he alive still?

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Digitized by Google

Buck. O what could provoke me to return from Paris?

Crab. Had you never been there, this could not have happened.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poison'd him, Racket?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His French cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

Crab. First then renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee; and, in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserved. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assigned to your old friends here.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come Racket, let's rummage.

[*Exeunt Racket and Tallyhoe.*

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these panders to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Spare me but La Jonquil.

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the French; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first, by unmanly means, sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, *adieu La Jonquil.* [*Exeunt Jonquil and Bearnois.*

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, Lucinda.

Enter Lucinda and Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Aye, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent actress.

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation, has put your person and fortune in your own power: and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my lord, receive it.

Ld. J. With more transport, than sir Charles the news of his safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at present, in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my lord's private friend; his assistant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho!

Mac. But, sir Charles, as I find the affair of

Digitized by Google

the poison was but a joke, had na' ye better withdraw, and tack off your blisters?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em.—And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birthright, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill-suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find,
That poison for your punishment design'd
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES, FARCES, 12mo.

PRINTED FOR

W. LOWNDES.

☞ The Plays marked thus *, are each embellished with an elegant plate, and those with †, have inferior frontispieces.

†ABRAMULE—Trapp
†Accomplish'd Maid—Toms
Adventures of Half an Hour —Bullock
Agis—Home
†Albion & Albanius—Dryd.
†Alchemist—Jonson
†Alcibiades—Otway
*All for Love—Dryden
†Ambitious Step-mother — Rowe
†Amphitryon—Dryden
*Amphitryon—Hawkesw.
†Anatomist—Ravenscroft
Antony & Cleopatra—Capel
Arden of Feversham—Lillo
*Artaxerxes—Arne
*Arthur and Emmeline — Kemble
*As you like It—Shakesp.
†Aurengzebe—Dryden
†Bartholomew Fair—Jonson
†Basset Table—Centlivre
*Beaux Stratagem—Farq.
*Beggar's Opera—Gay
†Biter—Rowe
British Enchanters—Lansd.
*Busy Body—Centlivre
Captives—Gay
*Careless Husband—Cibber
*Cato—Addison
†Chaplet, Mendez
†*Cleomenes*—Dryden
Cobler of Preston—Bullock
Comical Lovers—Cibber
*Committee—Howard
*Comus—Colman
*Confederacy—Vanbrugh
*Conscious Lovers—Steele
*Constant Couple—Farq.
Contre Temps, or Rival Queans
†Contrivances—Carey
*Coriolanus—Shakspeare
*Coriolanus—Sheridan
*Country Girl—Garrick
Country Wife—Wycherley
†Creusa—Whitehead
*Cymbeline—Garrick
Damon & Phillida—Cibber
Damon & Phillida—Dibdin
†Devil to Pay—Coffey
*Distrest Mother—Philips
*Double Dealer—Congreve
*Double Gallant—Cibber
†Dragon of Wantley—Carey
Duke and no Duke—Cokain
†Duke of Guise—Dryden
Edward the Black Prince—Shirley
Esop—Vanbrugh
*Every Man in his Humour —Garrick
*Fair Penitent—Rowe
†False Friend—Vanbrugh
*Foundling—Moore

Digitized by Google

THE

KNIGHTS;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

——— *sed habet comœdia tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. HOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, No. 38, BEDFORD-STREET,

1807.

Price One Shilling.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

AS this is the last opportunity I shall have of addressing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmest acknowledgements for their favourable reception of the following little piece.

The three principal characters I met with in a summer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from the French farces, nor the baseless beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finishing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together and throwing them into action. The justice done them there by the performers, has been too strongly distinguished by the town to render any thing from me necessary, I could only wish that the managers of the theatres would employ Mr. Castallo, whose peculiar naïveté and strict propriety would greatly become many characters on our stage.

S. FOOTE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE

Written and Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

HAPPY my muse, had she first turn'd her art,
From humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart;
They, who in all the bluster of blank verse
The mournful tales of love and war rehearse,
Are sure the critics censure to escape;
You hiss not heroes now, you only —— gape;
Nor (strangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens)
Dare you intrude your judgment on their scenes.
A different lot the comic muse attends,
She is obliged to treat you with your friends;
Must search the court, the forum, and the city,
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,
Youth's wild profusion, th' avarice of age,
Nay, bring the pit itself upon the stage.
First to the bar she turns her various face;
Hem! my lord, I am council in this case,
And if so be your lordship should think fit,
Why, to be sure, my client must submit;
For why? because —— Then off she trips again,
And, to the sons of commerce, shifts her scene:
There, whilst the griping sire, with moping care,
Defrauds the world himself t'enrich his heir,
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thousands throws a main at Covent-garden!
These are the portraits we're oblig'd to shew;
You are all judges if they're like or no:
Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,
And grace our future scenes with novelty.
I have a plan to treat you with burletta,
That cannot miss your taste, mia spiletta:
But, should the following piece your mirth excite,
From Nature's volume we'll persist to write;
Your partial favour bade us first proceed,
Then spare th' offender since you urg'd the deed.

Digitized by Google



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HARTOP —— ——	*Mr. Foote.*
SIR GREGORY GAZETTE ——	*Mr. Yates.*
JENKINS — —	*Mr. Blakes.*
TIMOTHY — —	*Mr. Castalle.*
ROBIN — —	*Mr. Clough.*
JENNY — — —	*Miss Minors.*
MISS PENELOPE TRIFLE —	*Mrs. Cross.*
MISS SUKEY TRIFLE —	*Miss Mills.*

Digitized by Google

THE

KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

HARTOP *and* JENKINS *discovered.*

Jenk. I SHOULD not choose to marry into such a family.

Hart. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concerned in the matter; and, to convince you that love is not the minister of my counsels, know that I never saw but once the object of my present purpose, and that too at a time, and in a circumstance, not very likely to stamp a favourable impression. What think you of a raw boarding-school-girl at Lincoln-Minster, with a mind unpolished, a figure uninformed, and a set of features tainted with the colours of her unwholesome food?

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop.

Hart. Your thoughts now were mine then; but some connections I have since had with her father have

Digitized by Google

have given birth to my present design upon her. You are no stranger to the situation of my circumstances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle was a sufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage; the hard terms he imposed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to œconomy, has made it necessary for me to attempt by some scheme the re-establishment of my fortune: this young lady's simplicity, not to call it ignorance, presented her at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

Jenk. Success to you, Jack, with all my soul! a fellow of your spirit and vivacity mankind ought to support for the sake of themselves; for, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have suggested in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now stands; in days of yore indeed, when virtue was called wisdom, and vice folly, such principles might have been encouraged; but, as the present subjects of our enquiry are, not what man is, but what he has, as to be rich is to be wise and virtuous, and to be poor ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

Hart. Your observation is but too just! and is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable, that we, who condescend so servilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, should be so totally averse to an imitation of their virtues? In France, Has he wealth? is an interrogation never put till they are disappointed in their inquiries after the birth and wisdom of a fashionable fellow: but here, How much a year?—Two thousand.—The devil! In what country?—Berkshire.—Indeed! God bless us

Digitized by Google

us! a happy dog!—How the deuce come I to be interested in a man's fortune unless I am his steward or his tailor? Indeed knowledge and genius are worth examining into; by those my understanding may be improved, or my imagination gratified; but why such a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my esteem, is what I cannot readily conceive.

Jenk. This complaint may with justice be made of all imitations; the ridiculous side is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moralising and to our business. Prithee, in the first place, how can you gain admittance to your mistress? and, in the second, is the girl independent of her father? his consent, I suppose, you have no thoughts of obtaining.

Hart. Some farther proposals concerning my estate, such as an increase of the mortgage or an absolute sale, is a sufficient pretence for a visit; and, as to cash, twenty to my knowledge! independent too, you rogue! and, besides, an only child, you know! and then, when things are done they can't be undone, and 'tis well its no worse, and a hundred such pretty proverbs, will, its great odds, reconcile the old fellow at last. Besides, my papa in posse has a foible, which, if I condescend to humour, I have his soul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in spirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet he is so domestic an animal that I know no more of him than the common country conversation, that he is a thrifty, wary, man.

Hart. The very abstract of penury! Sir John Cutler, with his transmigrated stockings, was but a type

Digitized by Google

type of him. For instance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughter's head once a year for shaving the knight once a fortnight; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year 1; his male servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and tailor; his maid employs her leisure hours in plain-work for the neighbours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his daughter in scouring the rooms, making the beds, &c. thus much for his moral character. Then, as to his intellectual, he is a mere carte blanche; the last man he is with must afford him matter for the next he goes to; but a story is his idol, throw him in that and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savory or insipid, dow it goes, and up again to the first person he meets; it is upon this basis I found my favour with the knight, having acquired patience enough to hear his stories, and equipped myself with a quantity sufficient to furnish him; his manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a specimen;———is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes, faith! and the owner an acquaintance of mine; Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his son Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He must come this way to the parlour. We'll have a scene; but take your cue, he is a country politician.

SIR GREGORY, *entering, and waiter.*

Sir Greg. What, neither the Gloucester Journal, nor the Worcester Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury,

Digitized by Google

Mercury, nor the Chester ——— ? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble servant; a strange town this, Mr. Jenkins, no news stirring, no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a stranger, Mr. Jenkins? Pray, sir, not to be too bold, don't you come from London?

Hart. But last night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful!—— Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to —— Well, sir, and what news? You come from —— Pray, sir, are you a parliament-man?

Hart. Not I indeed, sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be belong to the law?

Hart. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the offices; the treasury or the exchequer?

Hart. Neither, sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Well, but, Mr. ——— Pray what name did Mr. Jenkins, Ha—— Ha——

Hart. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! what, not of the Hartops of Boston?

Hart. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much;—quires of newspapers!—Now I reckon you read a matter of eight sheets every day?

Hart. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! then, may be, you are about court; and so, being at the fountain-head, know

Digitized by Google

know what is in the papers before they are printed

Hart. I never trouble my head about them.—An old fool! [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. Good lord! Your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very close.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may ye so. Wonderful, ay, ay, a great man no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty, indulge the knight's humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy here. [*Aside.*

Hart. Well, do as you will. [*Aside.*]

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies, but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear,—he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treasure! ay, ay, may be so.

Jenk. And, that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; Tim is without, just come from his uncle Tregegle's at Mavagezy in Cornwall;

Digitized by Google

Cornwall; Tim is an honest lad: so. [*Exit* Jenk.] Well, Mr. Hartop, and so we have a peace; lack-a-day! long looked for come at last. But pray, Mr. Hartop, how many newspapers may you have printed in a week?

Hart. About a hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A hundred and fifty; wonderful! and, pray now, which do you reckon the best?

Hart. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uses; if you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, whose character neither your nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may do it for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well received at the head of another; and then, as a paper of morning amusement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who and what may that same Fool be?

Hart. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to level his satire with more security to himself and severity to others.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you! Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that same Killigrew, and no fool! But what is all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the king of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and those great folks?

Digitized by Google

folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now!—snug!—nobody by! —good now do; come, ever so little!

Hart. Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the government, it is but fair you should know what they are about.—We are at present in a treaty with the pope!

Sir Greg. With the pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! how, how?

Hart. We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra Incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly Rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition that the pretender has the government of Laputa, and the bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's chair; he being, you know, a protestant, when possessed of the pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the pope infallible, follow his directions, and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop! But might not I just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Hart. O fie, by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line!—a little hint!—do now.

Hart. Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks! Now the pope! Wonderful! I'll minute it down;——both the Needles?

Hart. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it;——the Lizard-point,——both the Needles,——Scilly-rocks, —— bishop

Digitized by Google



—— bishop of Greenland,——St. Peter's Chair. —— Why then, when this is finished, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy wars again, Mr. Hartop?

Hart. That's part of the scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! good now! you see I have a head! politics have been my study many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the news-papers!——They tell me Doctor Drybones is to succeed to the bishopric of —— [*Whispers*]

Hart. No; Doctor —— [*Whispers*]

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Ross, that it was between him and the dean of — [*Whispers.*]

Hart. To my knowledge ——

Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure. If it should —— Hush! here's Mr. Jenkins and son Tim. Mum!—Mr. Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the pope?

Hart. Not a word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter TIMOTHY *and* JENKINS.

Jenk. Master Timothy is almost grown out of knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, Good now! ay, ay, ill weeds grow apace. Son Tim, Mr. Hartop: a great man, child! Mr. Hartop, son Tim.

Hart. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every branch that springs from so valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be so! Wonderful! Ay, ay!

Hart,

Digitized by Google

Hart. Sir, I am glad to see you in Herefordshire: have you been long from Cornwall?

Tim. Ay, sir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, Tim! ay, ay ask Tim any questions, he can answer for himself. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tides, the tinners, and the roads, and the pilchers: I want a few words with my master Jenkins.

Hart. You have been so long absent from your native country that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes, sure; I ha' been at uncle Tregegle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or less.

Hart. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your papa and mamma?

Tim. No sure, not I. Father sent for me to uncle; sure Mavagezy is a choice place! and I could a'stay'd there all my born day, smore or less.

Hart. Pray, Sir, what were your amusements.

Tim. Nan? what do you say?

Hart. How did you divert yourself?

Tim. Oh, we ha' pastimes enow there; we ha bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fishing, and hunting, and hurling, and wrestling.

Hart. The two last are sports for which that country is very remarkable: in those, I presume, you are very expert?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. I say you are a good wrestler?

Tim. Oh! yes sure, I can wrestle well enow: but we don't wrestle after your fashion; we ha'no tripping; fath and soul? we all go upon close hugs or

Digitized by Google

or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, master? I wan't hurt you, fath and soul.

Hart. We had as good not venture though.—— But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loss of more than hurling and wrestling?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. No favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tugg'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no I thank you for nothing: you must know I nursed Favourite myself; uncle's huntsman was going to mill-pond to drown all Music's puppies; so I saved she: but, fath, I'll tell you a comical story; at Lanston they both broke loose and eat a whole loin-a'-veal and a leg of beef: Crist! how landlord swear'd! fath, the poor fellow was almost mazed; it made me die wi' laughing: but how came you to know about our Favourite?

Hart. A circumstance, so material to his son, could not escape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you mistook me a little, 'Squire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not settled upon some pretty girl; has not some Cornish lass caught your heart?

Tim. Hush! 'god, the old man will hear; jog a tiny bit this way;—won't a' tell father?

Hart. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole story, more or less. Do you know Mally Pengrouse?

Hart. I am not so happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milkmaid; she's as handsome, lord! her face all red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton: so I made love to our Mally; and

Digitized by Google

and just, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out and sent word to father, and father sent for me home; but I don't love her a bit the worser for that: but, 'icod, if you tell father he'll knock my brains out, for he says I'll disparage the family, and mother's as mad as a March hare about it; so father and mother ha' brought me to be married to some young body in these parts.

Hart. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No sure, Dame Winifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Hart. I am sorry for that; I have the honour to be a distant relation of her ladyship.

Tim. Like enough, fath! she's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you say a word to father about Mally Pengrouse. Hush!

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongst us some time; he is going with his son to Sir Penurious Trifle's; there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miss Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

Hart. The devil! I shall be glad of every circumstance that can make me better acquainted with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! may be so, may be so.

Tim. Father, sure the gentleman says as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! lack-a-day! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to——But how, Mr. Hartop, how?

Hart. Why, sir, a cousin-german of my aunt's first husband inter-married with a distant relation of

a

Digitized by Google

a collateral branch by the mother's side, the Apprices of Lantrindon; and we have ever since quartered in an escutcheon of pretence the three goats tails rampant, divided by a chevron, field argent, with a leek pendant in the dexter point, to distinguish the second house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly, related! good now, good now! if Dame Winifred were here she'd make them all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithee, Tim, good now! see after the horses; —and, d'ye hear! try if you can get any news-papers.

Tim. Yes, father. — But, cousin What-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouse!

Hart. Mum!

[*Exit Timothy.*

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make some mistake about the horses now! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther cousin! if you please, no ceremony! —— A hundred and fifty a week! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog.

[*Exit Sir Gregory.*

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a fresh spoke in your wheel.

Hart. This is a cursed cross incident!

Jenk. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the scheme of your new cousin. Can you think of nothing?

Hart. I have been hammering: — pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's person?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell; but we may soon know.

Hart.

Digitized by Google

Hart. Could you recommend me a good spirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions, and understanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3000l. a year and a fool?

Jenk. In part I guess your design: the man's daughter of the house is a good lively lass, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to lose. I'll call her.—Jenny! — But the enemy is at hand; — I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worshipful family are retired I'll introduce the wench.

[*Exit Jenkins.*

Enter Sir Gregory and Timothy.

Sir Greg. Pray now, cousin, are you in friendship with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Hart. I have the honour, sir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! but, lack-a-day, cousin, is he such a miser as folks say? Good now, they tell me we shall hardly have necessaries for ourselves and horses at Gripe-Hall: but, as you are a relation, you should, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here is Sir Penurious's letter; here, cousin.

Hart. "Your overture I receive with pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in Shropshire."—I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's disposition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better

Digitized by Google

better pleased to meet you here than at his own house.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! may be so! a strange man! wonderful! But, good now, cousin, what must we do?

Hart. I will this morning pay Sir Penurious a visit; and, if you will honour me with your commands, I'll ———

Sir Greg. Wonderful! to-day! good now, that's lucky! cousin, you are very kind: good now! I'll send a letter, Tim, by cousin Hartop.

Hart. A letter from so old an acquaintance, and upon so happy an occasion, will secure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! an old acquaintance indeed, cousin Hartop! we were at Herefordshire 'size together——let's see, wonderful! how long ago? 'twas while I was courting Dame Winny; the year before I married; good now, how long? let's see, —that year the hackney-stable was built, and Peter Ugly, the blind pad, fell into a saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says, father and she was married, the 1st of April, in the year 10; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two-and-thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and sister Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the letter. But pray, cousin, what diversions, good now! are going forward in London?

Hart.

Digitized by Google

Hart. Oh, sir, we are in no distress for amusement; we have plays, balls, puppet-shows, masquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thousand others. But I am in haste for your epistle, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin your servant.

[*Exit Sir Greg. and Tim.*

Hart. I am your most obedient. —— Thus far our scheme succeeds; and, if Jenkins's girl can assume the aukward pertness of the daughter with as much success as I can imitate the spirited folly of Sir Penurious, the father, I don't despair of a happy catastrophe.

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. Jenkins ——

Hart. Oh, child, your instructions shall be administered within.

Jenny. Mr. Jenkins has opened your design, and I am ready and able to execute my part.

Hart. My dear, I have not the least doubt of either your inclination or ability. — But, pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? — Scour, Jenny.

Exit Jenny.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg;—good now, could not you make interest at some coffee house in London to buy, for a small

Digitized by Google

small matter, the old books of news-papers, and send them into the country to me? They would pass away the time rarely in a rainy day!

Hart. Sir, I'll send you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ten thousand thanks! you are a cousin indeed! But pray, cousin, let us, good now! see some of the works of that same Fool.

Hart. I'll send them you all; but a ——

Sir Greg. What all? lack-a-day, that's kind, cousin? The Terra Incognita,—both the Needles, —a great deal of that!—But what bishop is to be pope?

Hart. Zounds, sir, I am in haste for your letter; when I return ask as many questions ——

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! that's true!— I'll in, and about it. — But, cousin, the pope is not to have Gibraltar?

Hart. No, no; damn it, no! as none but the Fool could say it, so none but ideots would believe him! Pray, Sir Gregory, ——

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you are so —— But, pray ———

Hart. Damn your praying! if you don't finish your letter immediately you may carry it yourself!

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you are in such a ——— Good now, I go, I go!

Hart. But, If the truth should be discovered, I shall be inevitably disappointed.

Sir Greg. But, cousin, are Scilly-rocks ——

Hart. I wish they were in your guts with all my heart! I must quit the field, I find.

[*Exit.*

Sir Greg.

Digitized by Google

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! a passionate man! Lack-a-day! I am glad the pope is not to have Gibraltar though!

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

Sir Gregory, and Timothy reading a News-paper to him.

Tim. CONstantinople, N. S. Nov. 15. The Grand Seignour ——

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child; and read the stars, and the dashes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father.——We can assure our readers that the D——dash is to go to F blank; and that a certain noble L——is to resign his p——e in the T——y, in order to make r—m for the two three-stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three-stars would come in play one time or other! this London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well!

Tim. From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Last Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty house on Ormond-Quay, and stripped it of all the furniture.

Sir Greg.

Digitized by Google

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! to what a height these rogues are grown!

Tim. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is, turn of your ———

Sir Greg. Pshaw! skip that, Tim; I know that road as well as the doctor! 'tis in every time.

Tim. I. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-lane, makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked; and, if he was to have the universal world for making a pair of stays, he could not put better stuff in them.

Sir Greg. Good now! where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: all my lady Izard's children, good now! are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to speak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now! desire him to walk in.

[*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a visit from Sir Penurious Trifle: I saw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come? Wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed! Mr.—— Come, Tim, settle my cravat; good now! let's be

Digitized by Google

a little decent:—remember your best bow to your mistress, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father: but must not I kiss Miss Suck?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, ay! pray, is cousin Hartop come along?

Jenk. I have not seen him: — but I fancy I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now! would you be so kind! [*Exit Jenkins.*] Stand behind me, Tim! Pull down your ruffles, child!

Tim. But, father, won't Miss Suck think me bold if I kiss her chaps the first time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, Tim, no! faint heart never won fair lady! ha! Tim, had you but seen me attack Dame Winny!—but times ar'n't as they were; good now! we were another kind of folks in those days; stout hearty smacks that would have made your mouth water again, and the mark stood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter: but the master-misses of the present age go, lack-a-day! as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their mistress's cheeks. Ah, the days I have seen!

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, fath and soul!

Sir Greg. Hush! Tim, hush! stand behind me, child.

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Hartop as Sir Penurious Trifle, and Jenny as Miss Sukey, and Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoyed! — Good now!

Hart. Sir Gregory, I kiss your hand! My daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Miss, I am proud to—— Son Tim, Sir Penurious; best bow, child!—— Miss Suck ———

Tim. An't that right, father? [*Kisses her*]

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to see you look so well! you keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Hart. Ay, ay! stout enough, Sir Gregory, stout enough, brother knight! hearty as an oak! hey, Dick? Gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak; it will make you die with laughing; hey, you Dick, you have heard it; shall I tell it Sir Gregory?

Jenk. Though I have heard it so often, yet there is something so engaging in your manner of telling a story that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! I love a comical story. Pray, Sir Penurious, let's have it: mind, Tim, mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and soul, I love a choice story to my heart's blood!

Hart. You knight, I was at Bath last summer;— a water that people drink when they are ill: you have heard of the Bath. Dick? Hey, you?

Tim

Digitized by Google

Tim. Yes, fath, I know Bath; I was there in way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim! good now, hush!

Hart. There's a coffee-house, you; — a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir Penurious, how many papers may they take in?

Hart. Pshaw! damn the news! mind the story.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a hasty man, Tim!

Hart. Pox take you both! I have lost the story. —where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Hart. Right, you, right! true, true!—so, God, you knight, I used to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning; it cost me eight-pence though, and I had always a breakfast at home——no matter for that, though there I breakfasted, you Dick, God, at the same table with Lord Tom Truewit:—— you have heard of Truewit, you knight; a droll dog! you Dick, he told us the story and made us die with laughing:—you have heard of Charles the Second, you knight; he was son of Charles the First, king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: so what does Charles the Second, you knight, do; but he fights Noll at Worcester; a town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not do, you; God, Noll made him scamper, made him run, take to his heels, you knight;—Truewit told us the story, made us die with laughing; I always breakfasted at the coffee house; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at home—— so what does Charles do, but hid himself in an oak,

an

Digitized by Google

an oak-tree, you, in a wood called Boscobel, from two Italian words, bosco bello, a fine wood, you, and off he marches: but old Noll would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here!— Lord Tom told us the story; made us die with laughing; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at home——so, you knight, when Noll died, Monk there, you, afterwards Albermarle, in the North, brought him back; so, you, the cavaliers; you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts; what did they do, God, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak; you have seen such signs at country alehouses; so, God, you, what does a puritan do— the Puritans were friends to Noll—but he puts up the sign of an owl in an ivy-bush, and underneath he writes "This is not the royal oak!" you have seen writings under signs, you knight: upon this, say the royalists, God, this must not be; so, you, what do they do, but, God, they prosecuted the poor Puritan; but they made him change his sign though; and, you Dick, how d'ye think they changed? God, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes "This is not the owl in the ivy-bush!"—It made us all die with laughing! Lord Tom told the story; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, though it cost me eight-pence, and I had a breakfast at home —— hey, you knight! what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, fath!

Jenk. Oh, Sir Penurious is a most entertaining companion, that must be allowed.

Sir Greg. Good now! ay, ay, a merry man! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady choose

Digitized by Google

a little refreshment after her ride? some tea, or some ——

Hart. Hey, you knight! no, no! we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you Tim, what dost think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? a jolly cock, you Tim; hey, Dick! But prithee, boy, what dost do with all this tawdry tinsel on? that hat and waistcoat? trash, knight, trash! more in thy pocket and less in thy clothes; hey, you Dick! God, you knight, I'll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, last year to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane; in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés, and his head, you knight, as white with powder, God, you, as a twelfth-cake: and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be? hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! an ambassador to be sure!

Hart. God, you knight, nor better nor worser than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure-dancer at the opera-house in the Haymarket.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Hart. Pshaw! pox! prithee, Tim, nobody dresses now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dress; hey, Dick!

Jenk. You, sir, don't want the aids of dress; but, in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a necessary compliment to his mistress.

Hart. Stuff, Dick, stuff! my daughter, knight, has had other guise breeding; hey, you! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pike-staff, knight; all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams! prithee, Tim

Digitized by Google

Tim, off with thy lace and burn it; 'twill help to buy the licence; she'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suck! But, you knight, God, Dick, a toast and tankard would not be amiss after our walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will, Sir Penurious.

Hart. God, that's hearty, you! but we won't part the young couple, hey! I'll send Suck some bread and cheese in; hey, knight! At her, Tim! Come, Dick; come, you knight. Did I ever tell you my courtship; hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! let's have it.

Hart. You know my wife was blind, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! wonderful! not I.

Hart. Blind as a beetle when I married her, knight; hey, Dick! she was drowned in our orchard: maid Bess, knight, went to market, you Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and, souse, dropped into the fish-pond: we found her out next day, but she was as dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her though; hey, you! she was only daughter to Sir Tristram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! God, you, what does she do, you, but she falls in love with young Sleek, her father's chaplain; hey, you! upon that what does me I, but slips on domine's robes, you; passed myself upon her for him, and we were tacked together, you knight, hey! God, though I believe she never liked me; but what signifies that? hey, Dick! she was rich, you! But, come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg.

Digitized by Google

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Hart. Nay, pray———

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! 'tis impossible! ——

Hart. Pox of ceremony, you Dick! hey! God, knight, I'll tell you a story: one of our ambassadors in France, you, a devilish polite fellow reckoned, Dick; God, you, what does the king of France do, but, says he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: so, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go first: oh! an't please your majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you, Dick: am I the king of France or you? is it my coach or yours? and so pushes him in thus. Hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Hart. God, Dick, I believe I have made a mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, Dick! knight, God, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your house, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry man, Mr. Jenkins.

[*Exeunt the two Knights and Jenk.*]

Tim. Father and cousin are gone, fath and soul!

Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin. [*Aside.*]

Tim. How——Fath and soul I don't know what to say! [*Aside.*] How d'ye do, Miss Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk.—'Tis a rare day, fath and soul!

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your house a good way off here?

Jenny.

Digitized by Google

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whistles*]

Jenny. [*Sings*]

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, miss.

Jenny. I can sing loud enough if I have a mind: but father don't love singing.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whistles*]

Jenny. And I an't over fond of whistling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad singer.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did ever any body make love to you before?

Jenny. Before when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you must let it alone, fath and soul!

Jenny. Like enough!

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should 'a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a wooing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why you! Could you like me for a sweetheart, Miss Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good will already?

Jenny.

Digitized by Google

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then? hey! I don't know: but, if you could fancy me———

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then! hey! why, fath, we may chance to be married if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be married to you?

Tim. Nay, Miss Suck, I can't help it fath and soul! But father and mother bid me come a courting; and, if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, fath! you may stay as long as——

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. There is a woman without wants to speak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. That's I.—I am glad on't! [*Aside.*] Well, Miss Suck, your servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back! —God I don't care whether she likes me or no; I don't like her half so well as Mally Pengrouse! — [*Aside.*] Nell, your servant, Miss Suck!

[*Exit.*]

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlicked cub;— I don't think his fortune a sufficient reward for sacrificing my person to such a booby: but, as he has money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself! I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman: but, however a favourable answer to his last question will soon settle matters.

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. Now, Jenny! what news child? are things fixed? are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quickened my swain's advances by a little affected coyness; but the trap would not take: I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The waiter called him to some woman.

Jenk. Woman! he neither knows or is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counterplot! but, pox, that's impossible! you have not blabbed, Jenny?

Jenny. My interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that security any woman may, I think, be trusted. I must after him though.

[*Exit.*]

Jenny. I knew the time when Mr. Jenkins would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd, that the same cause that increases the passion in one sex should destroy it in the other; the reason is above my reach, but the fact I am a severe witness of: heigh-ho!

Enter Hartop (still as Sir Penurious Trifle,) and Sir Gregory Gazette.

Hart. And so, you knight, says he; you know, knight, what low dogs the ministers were then; how does your pot; a pot, you, that they put over the fire

Digitized by Google

fire to boil broth and meat in: you have seen a pot, you knight? how does your pot boil these troublesome times? hey, you! God, my lord, says he, I don't know, I seldom go into my kitchen; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dress victuals! roast and boil, and so forth; God, says he, I seldom go into the kitchen; but, I suppose, the scum is uppermost still; hey, you knight!— hat, God, hey! but where's your son, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Good, now, good now! where's Tim, Miss Sukey? lack-a day! what's become of Tim?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here presently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! well, and how, Miss Sukey, has Tim ——Has he——Well, and what, you have———Wonderful!

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr. Jenkins.

Hart. Hey, you! what, a letter? God so! any answer, you? hey!

Serv. None, sir. [*Exit*]

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is busy! Well, Miss, and did Tim do the thing?—did he please you?—come now, tell us the whole story! wonderful!—rare news for Dame Winny!—ay! Tim's father's own son! but come, whisper!—ha!

Hart. [*Reads.*] "I have only time to tell you that your scheme is blasted: this instant I encountered

Digitized by Google

ed Mrs. Penelope Trifle with her niece; they will soon be with you."——So then all's over! but let's see what expedition will do!———Well, you knight, hey! what, have they settled? Is the girl willing?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! right as my leg! ah! Tim, little did I think——But, lack-a-day! I wonder where the boy is! let's seek him.

Hart. Agreed, you knight! hey! come.

Enter Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! here's Mr. Jenkins. Good now! have you seen Tim?

Jenk. Your curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a word with Sir Penurious.

Hart. Well, you! what hey! any news, Dick?

Jenk. Better than you could hope! your rival is disposed of!

Hart. Disposed of! how?

Jenk. Married by this time, you rogue! the woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouse, she trudged it up all the way after him, as Tim, says: I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the business is done.

Hart. Bravissimo! you rogue! but how shall I get off with the knight?

Jenk. Nay, that must be your contrivance.

Hart. I have it! Suppose I was to own the whole design to Sir Gregory as our plan has not succeeded with his son, and, as he seems to have a tolerable regard

Digitized by Google

regard for me, it is possible he may assist my scheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying, however:——but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now! Mr. Jenkins, have you seen Tim? I can't think where the boy——

Hart. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to set you clear with respect to some particulars; I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! cousin Hartop as I am a living man!——Hey!—well but, good now! how, Mr Jenkins, hey?

Jenk. The story, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now; but in two words, my friend Hartop has very long had a passion for Miss Trifle, and was apprehensive your son's application would destroy his views, which, in order to defeat, he assumed the character of Sir Penurious; but he is so captivated with your integrity and friendship, that he rather chooses to forego his own interest than interrupt the happiness of your son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! that's kind! who could have thought it, cousin Hartop? lack-a-day! well, but where's Tim? hey! good now! and who are you?

Jenk. This, sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a pestilent hussey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day! who could have thought——ah! Jenny, you're a—[*Exit* Jenny.] But where's Tim?

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Robin.

Robin. Wounds, master! never stir alive if master Tim has na gone and married Mally Pengrouse?

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, sirrah, how! good now, good now! cousin Hartop.——Mally Pengrouse! who the dickens is she?

Robin. Master Timothy's sweetheart in Cornwall.

Sir Greg. And how came she here? Lack-a-day, cousin!

Robin. She tramped it up after master: master Timothy is without, and says as how they be married: I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now! let me come at him! I'll——Ah, rogue! lack-a-day! cousin, shew me where he is! I'll——

Hart. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; consider, it is an evil, without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame Winny say? Good now! such a disparagement to——and then what will Sir Penurious say?—lack-a-day! I am almost distracted!—and you, you lubberly dog! why did not you—— [*Exit* Robin.] I'll ——ah cousin Hartop, cousin Hartop! good now, good now!

Hart. Dear sir, be calm; this is no such surprising matter; we have such instances in the newspapers every day.

Sir Greg. Good now! no, cousin, no.

Hart.

Digitized by Google

Hart. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but last week that Lord Lofty's son married his mother's maid, and Lady Betty Forward run away not a month ago her with uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what in the news? Good now! that's some comfort however; but what will Sir Penurious——

Hart. As to that, leave him to me, I have a project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, cousin Hartop, how?

Hart. Sir Gregory, do you think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, cousin, ay!

Hart. And would you in return serve me in a circumstance, that can't injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now! to be sure, cousin.

Hart. Will you then permit me to assume the figure of your son, and so pay my addresses to Miss Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father, and, if I could impose upon your sagacity, I shall find less difficulty with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now? Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim!

Hart. I warrant you! But see, the young gentleman.

Enter Timothy.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I—— Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and soul! but, if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee canst forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thank thy cousin Hartop.

Hart.

Digitized by Google

Hart. Oh! sir, if you are satisfied, I am rewarded. I wish you joy! joy to you, child!

Sir Greg. Thanks, cousin Hartop.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worship was in the house, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! here we are all topsy-turvey again! what can be done now, cousin Hartop?

Hart. Dick, shew the ladies in here, but delay them a little. [*Exit Waiter.*] The luckiest incident in the world, Sir Gregory! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dress, and master Timothy will favour me with his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, cousin!

Tim. Fath and soul! you shall have mine direc—

Hart. No, no! Step into the next room a minute, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay; where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Miss Penelope Trifle, Miss Sukey Trifle, and a Waiter.

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you choose any refreshment?

Miss Suk.

Digitized by Google

Miss Suk. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry. [*Exit Waiter*]

Miss Pen. Fie, fie! niece! Is that liquor for a young lady? Don't disparage your family and breeding! The person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than water till I was three-and-twenty!

Miss Suk. Troth! aunt, that's so long ago that I think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then!

Miss. Pen. How gillflirt! none of your fleers! I am glad here's a husband coming that will take you down in your tantrums! you are grown too head-strong and robust for me.

Miss Suk. Gad, I believe you would like to be taken down the same way!

Miss Pen. Oh you are pert!——But, see, your lover approaches. Now, Sukey, be careful, child: none of your——

Enter Jenkins as Sir Gregory Gazette, and Hartop as Timothy.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, I rejoice to see you! wonderful! and your niece.—Tim, the ladies.

Hart. Your servant, mistress; I am glad to see you, Miss Suck. [*Salutes her.*] Fath and soul, Mistress Suck's a fine young woman, more or less!

Miss Suk. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, lady, where's my brother Trifle? where is Sir Penurious?

Miss Suk. Father's at home in expectation of you, and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

Jenk.

Digitized by Google

Jenk. Ay! wonderful! pray, lady, shall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your sweetheart draw back a little?

Hart. Yes, father: come, miss, will you jog a tiny bit this way!

Miss Suk. With all my heart!

Jenk. There is, lady a wonderful affair has happened; good now! son Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and tis 'partly to prevent bad consequences that I am, lack-a-day! so hasty to match him; and one of my men, good now! tells me that he has seen the wench since we have been in town; she has followed us here, sure as a gun, lady! If Tim sees the girl he'll never marry your niece.

Miss Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a most critical conjuncture, and requires the most mature deliberation.

Jenk. Deliberation! Lack-a-day! lady, whilst we deliberate the boy will be lost.

Miss Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon?

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Miss Pen. Administer your propositions, Sir Gregory Gazette; you will have my concurrence, sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my character to deviate from the strictest attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, no such matter is wanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Miss Pen.

Digitized by Google

Miss Pen. Are the previous preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady.

Miss Pen. Why then, to preserve your son, and accomplish the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined, and a minister may be procured.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good: good now! there has been one match already in the house to-day: we may have the same parson. Here, Tim; and young gentlewoman! Well, miss, wonderful! and how has Tim — Hey, boy, is not Miss a fine young lady?

Hart. Fath and soul! father, miss is a charming young woman! all red and white like Mally—— Hum!

Jenk. Hush, Tim! Nell, and, miss, how does my boy? he's an honest hearty lad! has he, good now! had the art——How d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Miss Suk. Like'n? Well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why then, miss, with your leave, your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing to have the wedding over directly.

Miss Suk. Gad! with all my heart. Ask the young man.

Hart. Fath and soul! just as you please, to day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or less!

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there you will find one to do your business [*Exeunt* Hart. *and* Miss Suk.] Wonderful! matters will soon be managed within. Well, lady, this was, good now! so kind! lack-a-day! I verily believe, if

Digitized by Google

if Dame Winny was dead that I should be glad to lead up such another dance with you, lady.

Miss Pen. You are, sir, something too precipitate: nor would there, did circumstances concur as you insinuate, be so absolute a certitude, that I, who have rejected so many matches, should instantaneously succumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady: good now! I——

Miss Pen. No, sir: I would have you instructed, that, had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her family surname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only——

Miss Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette such resplendent charms or such bewitching allurements as to throw me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory.

Jenk. Good now! who says——

Miss Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles, superior to perhaps——

Enter Sir Gregory and Timothy.

Tim. Yes indeed, father, Mr. Hartop knew on't as well as I; and Mr. Jenkins got us a parson.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a rare couple of friends! but I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Master Jenkins, you have fobbed me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! what's the matter now!

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-days! none of your gambols nor your tricks to me! good now, good now! give me my clothes! here, take your tawdry trappings! I have found you out at last! I'll be no longer your property!

Jenk.

Digitized by Google

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this, lady? Good now, good now! what's here, a stage-play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays! but give me my wig! and your precious friend, my loving cousin! (pize on the kindred!) let'n——

Jenk. Good now, good now! what are these folks? as sure as a gun they're mad!

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you though!

Miss Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this mystery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He Sir Gregory Gazette? Lack-a-day! lady, you are tricked, imposed on, bamboozled! good now, good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette!

Miss Pen. How?

Tim. Fath and soul! 'tis true, mistress; and I am his son Tim, and will swear it.

Miss Pen. Why, is not Mr. Timothy Gazette with my niece Susannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me? Lord! no, 'tis none of I, it is cousin Hartop in my clothes.

Miss Pen. What's this? and pray who——

Enter Hartop and Miss Sukey Trifle.

Jenk. Why, as I see the affair is concluded, you may, madam, call me Jenkins: come, Hartop, you may now throw off your disguise; the knight had like to have embarrassed us.

Miss Pen. How, Mr. Jenkins! and would you sir, participate of a plot too?

Hart.

Digitized by Google

Hart. Madam, in the issue your family will I hope, have no great reason to repent; I always had the greatest veneration for Miss Penelope Trifle's understanding, the highest esteem for her virtues; and should think myself highly honoured in being regarded as her relation.

Miss Pen. Sir, I shall determine on nothing till I am apprised of my brother's resolution.

Hart. For that we must wait.—Sir Gregory, I must intreat your and your son's pardon for some little liberties I have taken with you both.—Mr. Jenkins, I have the highest obligation to your friendship.——And, miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself the change will not prove unpleasing.

Miss Suk. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart. Sir Gregory, we shall have your company at dinner?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, no: that boy has spoiled my stomach!—Come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales: but how thou wilt get off with thy mother———

Tim. Never fear, father!

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to bless.
We shall be happy all our lives—more or less!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

FINIS.

Digitized by Google



THE

MAYOR OF GARRATT;

A

COMEDY

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, No. 76, FLEET-STREET.
1797.

Price One Shilling.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury-Lane	Covent-Garden.	Hay-market.
Major Sturgeon,	*Mr. Palmer.*	*Mr. Wilſon.*	*Mr. Banniſter.*
Sir Jacob Jollup,	*Mr. Waldron.*	*Mr. Powel.*	*Mr. Uſher.*
Bruin,	*Mr. Phillimore.*	*Mr. Cubitt.*	*Mr. Maddocks.*
Lint,	*Mr. Suet.*	*Mr. Thompſon.*	*Mr. Benſon.*
Roger,	———	*Mr. Farley.*	*Mr. Waldron, jun.*
Mob,	———	———	*Mr. Cooke, &c.*
Snuffle,	———	———	*Mr. Lyons.*
Crispin Heel-Tap,	———	———	*Mr. Burton.*
Jerry Sneak,	*Mr J. Banniſter.*	*Mr. Fawcett.*	*Mr. J. Banniſter.*
Mrs. Bruin,	———	*Mrs. Croſs.*	*Miſs Tidſwell.*
Mrs. Sneak,	*Mrs. Jordan.*	*Mrs. Mattocks.*	*Mrs. Goodall.*

Digitized by Google



THE

MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE *Sir* JACOB's *Houſe at* Garrat.

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.

ROGER—

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, ſirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you raſcal? Is that all your manners? Has his Majeſty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Miſter? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Gooſe, the taylor, from Putney, they ſay, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and ſpoons in the pantry?

Rog.

Digitized by Google

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will ſoon be upon us; and all is fiſh that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be ſure there is plenty of muſtard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you ſtand yourſelf at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit* Rog.

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty ſecure: But I can't think what makes my daughters ſo late ere they—

[*Knocking at the gate.*

Who is that, Roger?

Roger without. Maſter Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, maſter Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may ſay, to ſettle the buſineſs of the day.

Sir Jac. What buſineſs?

Lint. Your worſhip knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which caſe, maims, bruiſes, contuſions,

Digitized by Google

ſions, diſlocations, fractures ſimple and compound, may likely enſue: now your worſhip need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopoliſt, or vender of drugs, but likewiſe chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, maſter Lint, and equally ſkillful in both.

Lint. It is your worſhip's pleaſure to ſay ſo, Sir Jacob: Is it your worſhip's will that I lend a miniſtring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom muſt I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtleſs, the veſtry.

Lint. Your worſhip knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to phyſic the pariſh poor by the great: but this muſt be a ſeparate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, maſter Lint, don't be unreaſonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearneſs of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get ſalt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next—We muſt take things rough and ſmooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No ſuch matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better inſtructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illneſs was very expenſive;

penſive; but now, phyſic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your eſſences, elixirs, emetics, ſweats, drops, and your paſtes, and your pills, have ſilenced your peſtles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have coſt you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your ſcurvies, and gouts, rheumatiſms, conſumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as ſound as a roach.

Lint. Noſtrums!

Sir Jac. Specifics, ſpecifics, maſter Lint.

Lint. I am very ſorry to find a man of your worſhip's——Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; and encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a ſoul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger *brings the News.*

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the liſt of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, ſpinſter.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Jac. And ſee here, the churchwardens have ſigned it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worſhipful Mr. Juſtice Drowſy, this thirteenth day of ——

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, ſirrah, do you think Mr. Juſtice Drowſy would ſet his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; ſhe has been cured of fifty diſeaſes in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropſy, by Weſt—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland—

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palſy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and ſciatic, by Rock.

Sir Jac. Inſolent—

Lint. Conſumption, by Stevens's drops.

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And ſquinting, by the Chevalier Taylor—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the Juſtice, ſo the affidavit brings him a ſhilling—

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, raſcal, how dare you abuſe the commiſſion?—You bleod-letting,

Digitized by Google

ting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, bliſtering, gliſtering—

Lint. Bleſs me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What ſirrah, do you inſult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him —turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You ſcoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd ſend you this inſtant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty paſs, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelſon, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, ſeſſions petty and quarter; if after ſetting of rates, licencing ale-houſes, and committing of vagrants—But all reſpect to authority is loſt, and *Unus Quorum* now-a-days is no more regarded than a petty conſtable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, ſee who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Juſtice Sturgeon, the fiſhmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middleſex militia. Uſher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wiſh'd you had come a little ſooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major.

Digitized by Google

Major. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to ſcandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major. Inſolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the raſcal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magiſtrate; a few ſmart ſtrokes from your cane would have fully anſwer'd the purpoſe—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and ſqueaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is diſembodied, ſo the French may ſleep in ſecurity.

Sir Jac But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profeſſion of arms?

Major. A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but uſe, uſe reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my firſt campaign, I no more minded the noiſe of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Major. No. There is more made of theſe matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but

Digitized by Google

but as to my ſingle ſelf—And yet, we have had ſome deſperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! ſuch marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the duſt flying, ſun ſcorching, men ſweating—Why, there was our laſt expedition to Hounſlow, that day's work carried off Major Moloſſas. Bunhill-fields never ſaw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loſs to the ſervice.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I adviſed him to pull off his ſpurs before he went upon action; but he was reſolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the ſervice.

Major. Doubtleſs—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good ſpirits, we were quartered at Thiſtleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment formed at Hounſlow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine diſpoſition: on we march'd, the men all in high ſpirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to poſſeſs a pig's ſtye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, ſecure a retreat, who ſhould come by but a drove of fat

Digitized by Google

at oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen ſet up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an inſtant, and threw the whole corps in confuſion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horſe took to his heels; away he ſcour d over the heath. That gallant commander ſtuck both his ſpurs into the flank, and for ſome time held by his mane; but in croſſing a ditch, the horſe threw up his head, gave the Major a dowſe in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, juſt by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Major. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Enſign Tripe, and myſelf, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green ſtage, we were ſtopp'd near the Hammerſmith turnpike, and robb'd and ſtripp'd by a foot-pad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed!

Major. But in ſome meaſure to make me amends, I got the Major's commiſſion.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major.

Digitized by Google

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwiſe, we always ſucceeded of courſe: no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I muſt do the regiment the juſtice to ſay, there never was a ſet of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compaſſes in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a ſingle diſpute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Major. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his cuſtom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a ſtitch for him ſince.

Sir Jac. But you ſoon ſupplied the loſs of Moloſſas?

Major. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth; at ſixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid riſe!

Major.

Digitized by Google

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a ſerjeant of marines; ſo after ſhop was ſhut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exerciſe; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progreſs was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could ſhoulder, and reſt, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in leſs than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and ſquares, and evolutions, and revolutions: let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monſieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we ſhould have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous eſcape.

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus.*

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the beſt diſciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middleſex militia?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to ſay; but lack-a-day, they have never ſeen any ſervice—Holiday ſoldiers! Why,

Digitized by Google

Why, I don't believe, unleſs indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the ſkin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Major. No! ſoldiers for ſun-ſhine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny ſequi* that—Oh could you but ſee me ſalute! you have never a ſpontoon in the houſe?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get you a ſhove-pike.

Major. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, ſweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is ſhe as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this viſit was intended for them: come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of ſuch gallantry!

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no reſiſting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed ſteeds and neigh-"ing troops," as the black man ſays in the play; like the Roman cenſurer, I ſhall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the ſhade of your laurels.

Major.

Digitized by Google

Major. True; I have done with the Major, and now return to the Magiſtrate; *Cedunt Arma Togæ.*

Sir Jac. Still in the ſervice of your country.

Major. True; man was not made for himſelf; and ſo, thinking that this would prove a buſy day in the juſticing way I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Major. I have brought, as I ſuppoſe moſt of our buſineſs will be in the battery way, ſome warrants and mittimuſes ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to ſave time.

Sir Jac. A provident magiſtrate.

Major. Pray, how ſhall we manage as to the article of ſwearing; for I reckon we ſhall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our buſineſs, to-day, I believe, the law muſt be ſuffer'd to ſleep.

Major. I ſhould think we might pick up ſomething that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor raſcals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the ſtocks, we ſhould never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Major.

Digitized by Google

Major. And ſwears as much as he uſed?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Major. You ſurpriſe me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they ſay his wife has made him a Methodiſt, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

Major. What a deal of miſchief thoſe raſcals do in the country—Why then we have entirely loſt him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I gota brace of bind-overs from him laſt week for a couple of baſtards.

Major. Well done, maſter Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob——

[*Mob without huzza!*

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors deſire to know, if your worſhip has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I ſhan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worſhip has any objection to Criſpin Heel-Tap the Cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the raſcal can keep himſelf ſober: Is he there?

Rog.

Digitized by Google

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; ſtand farther off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her huſband.

Major. Gad-ſo, you will permit me to convoy her in? [*Exit* Major.

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains taking a Billingſgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fiſh is got out of his element; the ſoldier has quite demoliſh'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak *handed by the* Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profuſion of trouble; but my huſband is ſuch a gooſe-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak! —Your bleſſing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I ſay: *Enter* Sneak, *with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal,* &c. &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay theſe things in the hall; and then go and look after the horſe: are you ſure you have got all the things out of the chaiſe?

Sneak:

Digitized by Google

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry *drops the things in ſearching his pocket for the fan.*

Mrs Sneak. Did ever mortal ſee ſuch a—I declare, I am quite aſham'd to be ſeen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my ſight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good-day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to ſee you, ſon Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife.

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but juſt ſtep into the Alley to gather how tickets were ſold.

Sir Jac. Very well, ſon Sneak.

[*Exit Sneak.*

Mrs Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty ſon you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the beſt: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married ſuch a one as your ſiſter? one houſe could never have contain'd you —Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs Sneak. Meek! a muſhroom! a milkſop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monſter. [*Exit Sir* Jac.

Mrs Sneak. Monſter! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouſe: Had my

Digitized by Google

my kind ſtars indeed allotted me a military man, I ſhould, doubtleſs, have deported myſelf in a beſeemingly manner.

Major. Unqueſtionably, madam.

Mrs Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have diſhonoured his cloth.

Major. I ſhould have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all ſo brave; ſo polite; ſo every thing a woman can wiſh—

Major. Oh! madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; ſo genteel; ſo obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to ſay, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no ſtranger to what I have miſs'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but ſhe has infinite merit. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a ſneaking ſlovenly cit; a paltry, praying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major. Melancholy!

Mrs. Sneak. To be joſtled and cramm'd with the crowd; no reſpect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the ſmoak of the city; no country jaunts but to Iſlington; no balls but at Pewterers-hall.

Major.

Digitized by Google

Major. Inconstant!

Mrs. Sneak. Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major. But would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Major. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Major. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Major. May I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Major. Just to touch a kiss from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Condescension, condescending, complying—Hum—Ha!

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Brum are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been founder'd in the Thames—A praying, impertinent puppy!

Major. Next time I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyſhip! he is the very Broglio and Belleiſle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your ſweet idera will be my conſtant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am ſorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Eſpecially with ſuch a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam—

Mrs. Sneak. But as ſoon as my dreſs is reſtored, I ſhall fly to relieve your diſtreſs.

Major. For that moment I ſhall wait with the greateſt impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs Sneak. Adieu!

Major. Adieu! [*Exit Mrs.* Sneak.

Sneak. Notwithſtanding, Sir, all my chicken has ſaid, I am ſpecial company when ſhe is not by.

Major. I doubt not, maſter Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thurſday-night to our club, at the Nag's-Head, in the Poultry, you would meet ſome roaring, rare boys, i'faith; There's Jemmy Perkins,

Digitized by Google

kins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honeſt Maſter Muzzle, the midwife—

Major. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then ſometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are ſo jolly and funny; I have learnt myſelf to ſing "An old woman clothed in grey." But I durſt not ſing out loud, becauſe my wife would overhear me; and ſhe ſays as how I bawl worſer than the broom-man.

Major. And you muſt not think of diſobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major. That's right: ſhe is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power: and don't you think ſhe is very pretty withal?

Major. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her ſome time?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before ſhe was married?

Major. I did, Maſter Sneak.

Sneek. Ay, when ſhe was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kiſſing her hand; for we ben't quite ſo familiar as that---But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Major.

Digitized by Google

Major. The meer honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I ſuppoſe we ſhall come to it by degrees.

Bruin [*within*] Come along Jane; why you are as purſy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin *and* Wife; Bruin *with a cotton cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fiſhing-rod.*

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you ſlut, how you have touſled the curls? Maſter Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble ſervant, unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to ſpeak with the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an inſtant; you can't think how impatient ſhe is. [*Exit* Major.

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk acroſs the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck.—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, huſſy? If you had got up time enough, you might have ſecur'd the ſtage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my ſiſter a chay.

Bruin.

Digitized by Google

Bruin. And ſo he may; but I know better what to do with my money: indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to truſt my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray who is more fitterer to be truſted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd; come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But firſt ſee if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear Janė, be ſure to lay the fiſhing-rod ſafe. [*Exit* Mrs. Bruin.

Sneak. Ods me, how finely ſhe's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think ſo? ſhe is a ſweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak.

Digitized by Google

Sneak. Why, to ſay the truth, ſhe does now and then hector a little; and, between ourſelves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: why, ſhe allows me but two ſhillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis ſhe that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was ſtill a'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would ſouſe them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durſt not—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; ſhe always helps me herſelf to the tough drumſticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of ſhoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-cruſt ſince we have been married: you ſee brother Bruin, I am almoſt as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An abſolute ſkeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would ſo ſwinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would ſo curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, ſhe richly deſerves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift.

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak.

Digitized by Google

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a ſpirit; and the firſt time ſhe offers to—

Mrs. Sneak [*within*] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, ſure as a gun that's her voice: look-ye, brother, I don't chuſe to breed a diſturbance in another body's houſe; but as ſoon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. [*within.*] Jerry! Jerry!—

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be ſure to ſtand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wiſh—

Mrs. Sneak. [*within.*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as faſt as I can—Good Lord, what a ſad life do I lead!

[*Exit* Sneak.

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo: who can make a ſilk purſe of a ſow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, ſon Bruin, we are all ſeated at table, man; we have but juſt time for a ſnack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-ſpirited—Damn it, before I would ſubmit to ſuch a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be ſo cruſty.

Bruin

Digitized by Google

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry!——Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exit.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE continues.

Sir JACOB, *Major* STURGEON, *Mr. and Mrs.* BRUIN, *Mr. and Mrs.* SNEAK, *diſcovered.*

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curioſity. Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's ſhow every year, can take any pleaſure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, theſe meetings are not amiſs: I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in theſe piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, coſt me my popularity to quaſh it: the common people are as fond of their cuſtoms as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*: beſides, my tenants make ſome little advantage.

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Roger.

Rog. Criſpin Heel-Tap, with the electors, are ſet out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad-ſo, then they will ſoon be upon us: come, good folks, the balcony will give us the beſt view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-Tap is an arch raſcal.—

Sneak. And plays the beſt game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but—

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll ſend you home in an inſtant—

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with ſomething that will put you in mind of more important tranſactions.

Major. Perhaps ſo.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the ſame: for tho' art and education may diſguiſe or poliſh the manners, the ſame motives and ſprings are univerſally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæſar; let

Digitized by Google

et them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the beſt wreſtler on the green.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told theſe things formerly; but ſince I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the claſſes. *Mob without huzza.*

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of ſtingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger.

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Mob, *with* Heel-Tap *at their head*; *ſome crying a* Gooſe; *others a* Mug; *others a* Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there; ſilence!

1ſt. Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, hear Criſpin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Criſpin: He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, ſilence! I ſay.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confuſion uſual upon theſe occaſions.

1ſt Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All.

Digitized by Google

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace: what, is there no reſpect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Choſen by yourſelves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be ſilent and civil; ſtand back there, that gentleman without a ſhirt, and make room for your betters: where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel-Tap. Let him come forward; we appoint him our ſecretary: for Simon is a ſcolard, and can read written hand; and ſo let him be reſpected accordingly.

3*d Mob.* Room for Maſter Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, ſtand by me: and let us neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but firſt, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honeſt Criſpin?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Maſter Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I ſhall do briefly, with all the loquacity poſſible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the ſecretary read the names of the candidates, and

Digitized by Google

and what they ſay for themſelves; and then we ſhall know what to ſay of them: Maſter Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. "To the worthy inhabitants of "the ancient corporation of Garratt: Gen- "tlemen, your votes and intereſt are hum- "bly requeſted in favour of Timothy "Gooſe, to ſucceed your late worthy may- "or, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the ſaid "office, he being" ——

Heel-Tap. This Gooſe is but a kind of Goſling, a ſort of ſneaking ſcoundrel: who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor! A raſcal, has he the impudence to tranſpire to be mayor? D'ye conſider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this croſs-legg'd cabbage-eating ſon of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has ſtrength to ſupport it?

1ſt Mob. No Gooſe! no Gooſe!

2d Mob. A Gooſe!

Heel-Tap. Hold your hiſſing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. "Your votes are deſired for "Matthew Mug."

1ſt Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-

Digitized by Google

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and ſoft, good neighbours, let us taſte this Maſter Mug, before we ſwallow him; and unleſs I am miſtaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1ſt Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Maſter Heel-Tap.

1ſt Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me aſk you a queſtion: bring him forward: pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the ſign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now anſwer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the preſent price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, ſirrah: an't it a groat;

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be ſo: now, neighbours, here's a pretty raſcal; this ſame Mug, becauſe, d'ye ſee, ſtate-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this ſcoundrel, not content-

ed

Digitized by Google

ed to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raiſe it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I ſhould crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the liſt is Peter Primmer, the ſchoolmaſter.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a ſufficient man: let me tell you, Maſter Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law: why, adzooks, he is wiſe enough to puzzle the parſon: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Ruſſia and Pruſſia: Ecod, George Gage the exciſeman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all ſtateſmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he ſwears as how all the miſcarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, ſays Peter, ſays he, if they would but once ſubmit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might riſe.

1ſt Mob.

Digitized by Google

1ſt Mob. Ay, I wiſh they would.

Sneak. Criſpin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-Tap. He is, Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I uſed to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds-me, brother Bruin, can you tell me what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. (*Exit* Sneak.

Mob without huzza.

Heel-Tap. Gad-ſo! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourſelves to the right and left, that you may be canvaſs'd in order: let us ſee who comes firſt?

1ſt Mob. Maſter Mug.

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Maſter Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the loweſt of your ſlaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, have the honour of kiſſing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug.

Digitized by Google

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1ſt Mob. He is dead.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wiſhes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honeſt Dick Bennet.

3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is ſo; and how fares it with good Maſter Gubbins?

3d Mob. Pretty tight, Maſter Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th Mob. Harkye, Maſter Mug.

Mug. Your pleaſure my very dear friend?

4th Mob. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right; ſhe is a prodigious promiſing girl.

4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug. True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none ſuch a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's ſervice, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fixed; it is ſettled.

4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on!

Mug. He muſt go in a fortnight at fartheſt.

4th Mob.

Digitized by Google

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodiſh birth Maſter Mug?

Mug. The beſt in the world; head butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the nails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; ſhe has routs on Tueſdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dreſſes his miſtreſs's hair.

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dreſſing of horſes.

Mug. True; but he is ſuffered to do that by deputy.

4th *Mob.* May be ſo.

Mug. It is ſo. Harkye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow? I ſhould remember his face.

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profeſs.

Heel-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well ſaid, Maſter Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to ſay to the Corporation?

Mug.

Digitized by Google

Mug. Gentlemen of the Corporation of Garratt.

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hauls his muſcles about.

Mug. The honour I this day ſolicit, will be to me the moſt honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, ſhould I ſucceed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my uſing my utmoſt endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpoſe, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will moſt principally tend. Garratt it muſt be own'd, is an inland town and has not, like Wandſworth and Fulham and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, induſtry may ſupply; cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowr's, may be deemed at preſent, your ſtaple commodities; but why ſhould not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to adviſe, I ſhould recommend the opening a new branch of trade; ſparagraſs, gentlemen, the manufacturing of ſparagraſs: Batterſea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at preſent, the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourſelves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural ſtrength, and I will take upon me to ſay, that a hundred of graſs from the Corporation of Garratt, will in a ſhort time, at the London market, be held, at leaſt as an equivalent to a Batterſea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-

Digitized by Google

Heel-Tap. Damn the fellow what a tongue he has! God, I muſt ſtep in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Maſter Mug!

Mug. Your pleaſure my very good friend:

Heel-Tap. No flummering me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twon't do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have raiſed it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Criſpin; you and your friends ſhall have it at threepence.

Heel-Tap. What, ſirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you ſcoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen—

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if ſo be as how I would be conſenting to impoſe upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends——

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the firſt borough that ever was loſt by the returning officer's refuſing a bribe. [*Exit* Mug.

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his ſign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit* Heel-Tap, *and* Mob.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Jacob, Bruin, *and Wife, come from the balcony.*

Sir Jac. Well, ſon Bruin, how d'ye re-liſh the Corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to ſpeak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: beſides, corporations are too ſerious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I proteſt, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are eaſily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it ſo well, that I hope to ſee one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the laſt you ſhall ſee.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be ſuch a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I ſuppoſe you would have me ſuch a ſniveling ſot as your ſon-in-law

Digitized by Google

Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Enter Sneak, *in a violent hurry.*

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have ſuch a diſmal ſtory to tell you—

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as ſharp as if it had been for one of my own minikens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I ſee: at laſt a thought came into my head to look for them up in the ſummer houſe.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whiſpers*] as ſure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durſt not: what, would you have me ſet my wit to a ſoldier? I warrant the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could ſee they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings? You ſee, Sir Jacob, theſe are the fruits of indulgence: you may call me a bear, but your daughter ſhall never make me a beaſt.

Mob.

Digitized by Google

Mob huzzas.

Sir Jac. Hey day! What is the election over already.

Enter Criſpin, *&c.*

Heel-Tap. Where is maſter Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Criſpin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient Corporation of Garratt, in conſideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of reſpect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimouſly choſen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how came Maſter Primmer to loſe it?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Maſter Primmer was an Iriſhman; and ſo they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you ſhall ſee how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; ſhe ſhan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promiſe to ſtand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when ſhe will.

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, ſhe is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, ſot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't chuſe to truſt my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I pleaſe, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is ſurely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you ſhall know to your coſt; and ſince you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the huſband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you ſhan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I pleaſe, and ſtay out as late as I liſt, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wiſit my friends at Vitſontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myſelf at table to vhat vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin

Digitized by Google

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me: ſhall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you ſee ſhe is ſtruck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyſter: beſides madam, I have ſomething furder to tell you: ecod, if ſome folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why doodle! jackanapes! harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I? vhy my vife, and I am your maſter.

Mrs. Sneak. My maſter! you paltry, puddling puppy; you ſneaking ſhabby, ſcrubby, ſniveling-whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, ſirrah, demean'd myſelf to wed ſuch a thing, ſuch a reptile as thee! Have I not made myſelf a bye-word to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it! Miſs Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak; to take up at laſt with ſuch a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know, you was pretty near your laſt legs.

Mrs. Sneak.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever ſuch a confident cur? My laſt legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I refuſe 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counſellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I ſhould keep my poſt-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, ſhe has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My laſt legs!—but I can rein my paſſion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, ſiſter Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her faſt.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, is it you that have ſtirred up theſe coals then; he is ſet on by you to abuſe me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! ſuch a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wiſh people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I ſhall one day catch him alone when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak.

Digitized by Google

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what ſhall I do when ſhe has me at home, and nobody by but ourſelves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look ye, Maſter Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may ſuit with a citizen; but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial--

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but theſe things are out of your ſpear; points of honour are for the ſons of the ſword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curſe of our cloth: all ſuſpected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reaſon; I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaining about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major. Stop whilſt you are ſafe, Maſter Sneak; for the ſake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is paſt—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin.

Digitized by Google

Bruin. Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and ſharps, becauſe why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts——

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets! Bagſhot!

Mrs. Sneak. Nor for the world, my dear Major! oh, riſk not ſo precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his ſouſings, his ſweatings, his ſwimmings; muſt his dear blood be ſpilt by a broker!

Major. Be ſatisfy'd, ſweet Mrs. Sneak; theſe little fracaſes we ſoldiers are ſubject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: but that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd againſt his dear——A man! yes, a very manly action indeed to ſet married people a quarreling, and ferment a difference between huſband and wife: if you were a man, you would not ſtand by and ſee a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have ſet her a veeping: my life, my lovy, don't veep:

Digitized by Google

veep: did I ever think I ſhould have made my Molly to veep?

Mrs. Sneak. Laſt legs! you lubberly—
[*Strikes him.*

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd againſt me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expoſe yourſelf before the whole pariſh: but what has been the occaſion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himſelf the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why ſhould you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear ſuch an oaf? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goeſt: lookye, Jerry, mind what I ſay; go get 'em to chuſe ſomebody elſe, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What ſhall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too ſerious a light; my honeſt neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll ſettle the buſineſs at once. Neighbours, my ſon Sneak being ſeldom amongſt us, the duty will never be done, ſo we will get our honeſt friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Maſter Jeremy's deputy? *Sir*

Digitized by Google

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens.*

Sneak. Do, Criſpin: do be my *Locum Tenens.*

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Maſter Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *Locum Tenens.*

Sir Jac. So, that is ſettled; but now to heal the other breach: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth ſeldom bear malice; let me interpoſe between you and my ſon.

Major. Your ſon-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deſerve a caſtigation; but on recollection, a cit would but ſully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feaſt, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the Major had but his ſhoes, he might join in a country-dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no ſhoes, a Major muſt be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightſome enough.

Sneak. What are all the vomen engaged? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major. Freely.

Nor be it ſaid, that, after all my toil,
I ſtain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, ſword, and ſhield,

Sir Jac. As harmleſs in the chamber as the field.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

THE

ORATORS

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Where more is meant than meets the ear. IL PENSEROSO.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1808.

Digitized by Google

LECTURER,	Mr. Foote.
PUPILS, &c. .	Mr. Weston.
	Mr. Pynn.
	Mr. Quick.
	Mr. Bannister.
	Mr. Davis.
	Mr. Loveman.
	Mr. Castle.
	Mr. Palmer.
	Mr. Strange.
	Mr. Smith.
	Mr. Pearce.
	Mr. Keen.
	Mr. Gardiner.
	Mr. Newton.
	Mr. Shuter.

Printed by T. C. Hansard,
Peterborough-Court,
Fleet-Street.

Digitized by Google

THE

ORATORS.

ACT I.

Enter Will Tirehack, *and* Harry Scamper, *booted, with Whips in their Hands, into a Side-Box.*

Scamper.

PSHAW! zounds; prithee, Will, let us go; what signifies our staying here?

Tirehack. Nay, but tarry a little; besides, you know we promised to give Poll Bayliss and Bett Skinner the meeting.

Scamper. No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakspeare.

Tirehack. But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what it's about?

Scamper. About! Why lectures, you fool! Have not you read the bills? and we have plenty of them at Oxford you know!

Tirehack. Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

Scamper. Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horse. We shall see you at three. [*Rising.*

Tirehack. Nay, but prithee, stay.

Scamper. Rot me if I do.

[*Going out of the Box.*

Tirehack. Halloo, Harry! Harry—

Scamper. Well, what's the matter now?

[*Returning.*

Digitized by Google

Tirehack. Here's Poll Bayliss come into the gallery.

Scamper. No.——

Tirehack. She is, by—

Scamper. [*looking.*] Yes, faith! it is she, sure enough.—How goes it, Poll?

Tirehack. Well, now, we shall have you, I hope?

Scamper. Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

Tirehack. I'll make an enquiry. Halloo! snuffers, snuffers!

Enter Candle-snuffer.

Your pleasure, sir?

Tirehack. What is all this business about here?

Snuffer. Can't say, sir.

Scamper. Well but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

Snuffer. Not I, upon my honour!

Tirehack. Your honour, you son of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither, we want to ask him a question.

Snuffer. I will— [*Exit.*

Tirehack. Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I?

Scamper. Let me alone to him—

Enter FOOTE.

Tirehack. O! here he is—

Foote. Your commands with me, gentlemen?

Scamper. Why, you must know Will and I here are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

Tirehack. Three and twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

Scamper. And I eighteen; now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time; let us see, Will, how are we engaged?

Tirehack. Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakspeare; after that to the Coronation; for you know we have seen it but nine times—

Digitized by Google

Scamper. And then back to the Shakspeare again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

Tirehack. So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

Foote. Have you not seen the Bills?

Scamper. What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—What, are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourself?

Foote. If I was in want of comedians, you gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you, are serious——

Tirehack. Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come, Will. [*Going.*

Foote. Hold, Gentlemen, I would detain you if possible. What is it you expect?

Scamper. To be jolly, and laugh, to be sure—

Foote. At what?

Tirehack. At what——damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolicks and fancies—

Foote. If that is all you desire, why, perhaps we shan't disappoint you—

Scamper. Shan't you?—why, that is an honest fellow—come, begin—

Foote. But you'll be so kind as not to interrupt me?

Scamper. Never fear——

Foote. Ladies and gentlemen—

[Suds *from the opposite box calls to* Foote, *and stops him short.*

Suds. Stop a minute; may I be permitted to speak?

Foote. Doubtless, Sir—

Suds. Why the affair is this: My wife Alice—for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am a soap-boiler in the city,—took it into her head, and

Digitized by Google

nothing would serve her turn, but that I must be a common-council man this year; for, says Alice, *says she*, It is the *onliest* way to rise in the world.

Foote. A just observation—you succeeded?

Suds. Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? "Why now, says Alice, *says she*, thee must learn to make speeches; why dost not see what purferment neighbour Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his *speechifying*. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can'st but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may'st rise——"

Foote. Your lady had reason.

Suds. Why I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterers-Hall.

Foote. You improved, I hope?

Suds. O Lud! it is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—Oh! we never stop to spell a word now—and then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heaven bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

Foote. And have you *speechified* yet?

Suds. Soft? soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; Now, Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a *speecher* at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah, Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool, why I know that man, he is all

Digitized by Google

upon his fun; he lecture—why 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she, so, *wolens nolens*, she would have me come hither; now if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestowed; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

Foote. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose you; if I knew but what would content you?

Suds. Why, I want to be made an orator *on*; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about politicks, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all *them* kind of things.

Foote. Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

Suds. I am proud to hear you say so. Indeed I am. I did *speechify* once at a vestry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provoked me to go to Pewterers-Hall.

[*Sits down again.*

Foote. Well, sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design, and I hope in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, sir, information.

Mr. FOOTE *then proceeded in his lecture.*

My plan, gentlemen, is to be considered as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end; the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity o think I have as happily finished; he has, it is true, troduced you into the body of the church, but I nduct you into the choir of the cathedral: Or, to

Digitized by Google

explain myself by a more familiar allusion, though he is the Poitier who teaches you the step and the grounds; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone; mine propriety with elegance.

For though reading, so shamefully neglected, not only by those of tender years, but the adult; not only by children, but even by grown men and women; not only in our private seminaries, but in our public universities; is allowed to be a necessary ingredient towards the formation of an orator; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts are requisite to obtain this perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to support an argument without the danger of a defeat, at least if we may trust observation, that of all the professions that require a verbal intercourse with the public, there is no one to which reading is of so little utility as that of oratory.

I need not insist upon this head, as I believe every gentleman's experience will furnish him with instances of men, eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application necessary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the same time so ill-suited to their tender years, and so opposite to those innocent amusements in which children are known universally to delight. *Thwart not a child, for you spoil his temper*—is, or at least ought to be, an English proverb, as it is an universal practice.

I would not here be understood to depreciate the usefulness of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the professor's plan; no, my meaning is only just to drop a hint that I may occasionally use him as a walking stick; a kind of an *elegantly clouded Mocoa*, or an *airy Anamaboo*: yet

Digitized by Google

that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as a *support*, or lean upon him as a *crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than necessary to me.

But useless as is his plan to me, I sincerely wish it success for the sake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts should be made from every parish of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, so in this of intelligent persons, who at the expence of the several counties, should be sent to the capital, and there compelled to go through as many courses of the professor's lectures as he shall deem sufficient; thus, by those periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely served, and a stock of learning laid in, that will last till time shall be no more.

Would our rulers but adopt this scheme! how superior would England be even to the most illustrious periods of Greece and Rome! what an unrivalled happiness for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them! Ye Solons, ye Lycurgus's, ye Numas, hide your diminished heads; see what a revolution two laws in a few years have produced; see a whole people, sunk in more than Gothic ignorance, accustomed to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-share, or the harmless spade, start out at once profound scholars and veteran soldiers: If at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, should condescend to pay this kingdom a visit, methinks, I anticipate the account he will give us at his return, (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, bursting into the capitol, and there finding the senate fixed and immovable in their seats, declared them an assembly of kings,) so will he at once pronounce the whole British nation to be an army of generals,

Digitized by Google

and one congregation of doctors. Happy country! where the *Arma & Toga* are so fortunately blended, as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one; that the culture of our lands will sustain an infinite injury, if such a number of peasants were to deparochiate, there being already scarce hands sufficient, from the recruits constantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common ness of husbandry.

But what are riches, perishable commodities, glittering, transitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the substantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind! this truth is indeed, happily inculcated by an old English adage;

"When lands and goods are gone and spent,
"Then learning is most excellent."

This sensible and poetical distich, I would recommend to Mr. Professor, as a motto for his intended treatise; but I suppose he is already well provided with an apt *Latin*, if not a *Greek* one, to either of which I must yield the preference.

But to wave this ethical argument; I think I can easily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious *Succedaneum*. Suppose a clause was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a sufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be transported hither to supply the vacancy: but here it must be observed, that for this purpose an act of parliament is indispensibly necessary; for though it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us, in our present condition, to get in even our harvests, without the aid of hands annually exported for that purpose from Ireland; yet this is at the best but an illicit trade, and the men themselves are to be considered

Digitized by Google

under the article of smuggled goods; a very heavy penalty being laid by statute on all masters of vessels, who shall venture to import any of the abovecited commodity into this realm, without special licence; to this purpose I recollect a case in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflaarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii. chap. 9. page 4.

But if this should be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Irish, as we have never been remarkably profuse in our favours to our loyal and affectionate sister, I see no other method of redressing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this service all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room, a suitable number of discreet middle-aged females; and these when they have been properly perfected in the mysteries of our language, may be returned to their several parishes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a stock for the succeeding generation; and, indeed, upon consideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the best method for the introduction and universal propagation of the plan.

For the English common people, naturally sullen and obstinate, and religiously attached to their old customs, might be shocked and scandalized to see, at one bold stroke, the fescues and fasces, which have been, from time immemorial, consigned to one, or more matron in every village, ravished at once from their hands, and delivered over to the administration of the opposite sex.

But to return to my own subject, from which my zeal for Mr. Professor's success has tempted me to make rather too long a digression.

When I ventured to affirm that the profession of an Orator might exist independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four and-twenty letters so far

Digitized by Google

as *(in the words of the Professor)* they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be understood to assert this generally, as to every species of oratory, but to confine myself to those particular branches only, where the orator's own mind suggests the matter that his own mouth discharges: For instance, now, as when affairs of state are weighed at a common council, religious points militated at the Robin-Hood, the arts and sciences handled in the Strand, or politics debated near Westminster-abbey; here the arguments and words given are supposed to arise from the immediate impulse of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the stage, where one individual furnishes the matter, and another administers the manner, the case is widely different.

In the first instance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indispensibly requisite, as scarce any memory but the late Mr. Heydegger's could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, the Old and New Testament, briefs, faculties, excommunications, &c. &c. &c. and a lapse on those solemn occasions might be attended with very aukward circumstances! nor would I here be supposed to insinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from the pulpit are not the composition of the deliverer; no—This is so far from being generally the case, that I have often heard complaints made against particular agents, that that they have forced upon their congregations their own crude and insipid productions, when, at the same time, their native language would furnish them with so extensive and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unless he be well read in theology, may be led into a mistake; for there are some men, who, by a particular happiness in their manner, have the address to make the works of other men so absolutely their own,

Digitized by Google

that there is no distinguishing the difference; at this the poet hints in his *male dum recitas*, &c. For these various reasons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot be too strongly recommended to the professors of this kind of oratory.

With regard to the professors of the stage, tho' reading is undoubtedly useful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be supplied by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a person to read to him till the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, tho' tedious, I have known frequently practised with good success: little blunders will now and then unavoidably arise, either from the misapprehension of the second agent, or the ignorance or waggery of the third; but these slips are generally unobserved, or, through inattention or indulgence, over-looked by an audience. But to return to the consideration of my own plan, from which no temptation shall, for the future seduce me to digress.

We will first, then, consider the utility of oratory.

Secondly, the distinct and various kinds, or species, of that science, as they are practised at this day in this kingdom.

Thirdly, we will demonstrate, that every branch of English oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its rise, progress, and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is intirely repugnant to all those principles they have endeavoured to establish.

Fourthly, that any rhetorical system now existing, instead of a cross in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wisp, to confound, perplex and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will result a necessity for the immediate establishment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of these propo-

Digitized by Google

sals does hope, sixthly, that he shall be appointed perpetual professor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to observe that the author has industriously avoided, and will, in the course of this treatise, avoid all poetical allusion, all grandeur of expression, all splendor of diction; in short, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic subjects, order, simplicity, and perspicuity, are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and polish the understanding of my countrymen.

First, then, we are to demonstrate the utility of oratory: and, this, we flatter ourselves, will, in a great measure, be evident from the consideration of its universality, and the distinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man eminent in the art.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concerned: To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of 558 individuals, where, tho' the same privilege is enjoyed as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possessed in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtained in consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators in *esse*, *posse*, and *velle*, to a smaller quantity than 20,000; and, this I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

Digitized by Google

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to the priesthood, let us consider what number of persons is necessary to supply that service? England is divided into nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen parishes: now, if we suppose two pastors for every parish, this learned body will be found to consist of nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-six individuals; but as the most sacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal stroke that puts a temporary period to our existence, than the profane, it is necessary that a provision should be made of fit and able persons; so that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been so blinded as not to guard against this possible contingency, by erecting schools, seminaries, and universities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill up chasms which may be occasionally made by the insatiable scythe of death. If then we estimate this corps de reserve at the half only of the standing force, we shall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foresee that an objection will be made to this calculation, viz. That two pastors to every parish is a most exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many parishes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, instead of two, are scarce able to support one pastor; and that this complaint is almost general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this respectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are obliged to have recourse to very unclerical professions for the support of themselves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be considered that in our original estimate we omitted all deans, canons, prebends, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ships, regiments

Digitized by Google

and private families, together with the whole body of dissenting ministers of all denominations, field-preachers, and parish clerks, I believe we shall be thought rather to have diminished than exaggerated the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the several inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we shall not be able to determine, with the same degree of certainty, the exact number of those who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws: I am, therefore, obliged to depend on circumstantial evidence, which, in some cases, is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof positive.

And here the reason of the law (as the law is the perfection of reason) is extremely clear. To illustrate this by an instance:

A swears a robbery against *B*; *A* may lye, or at least be mistaken; but if the goods stolen from *A*, and previously described by him, are found, with their mark, in the possession of *B*, *B* not being able to account for such possesion, that circumstance shall be deemed of at least equal weight against *B*, as if *A* was to swear positively to the personal identity of *B*. This being the practice of the courts, we shall proceed, with all possible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts) to produce our proofs circumstantial. As in the former instance we have grounded our calculation on the number of parishes, we shall in this derive our computation from the number of houses in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unnecessary to observe, that not only in every town, but almost in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are constantly caught by the appearance of a smart house, prefaced with white rails, and prologued by a red door,

Digitized by Google

with a brass knocker; when you desire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this mansion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer such a one; now, if a hamlet containing thirty houses, with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only sources of wealth, can support one attorney in this rural magnificence, what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital sustain? But because I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houses. The number of houses in the reign of George the First (since which time the quantity is considerably encreased,) was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 23,518; and, if we reckon one barrister to twenty attorneys, the sum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one small part of this numerous body can be benefitted by my plan, the privilege of speaking publickly being permitted to the superior order, the barristers alone: but this criticism is confined to the observation of what passes merely in Westminster-Hall, without considering that, at every quarter and petty session, at all county-courts, courts-leet, courts-baron, &c. &c. &c. full power of pleading is permited to every practitioner of the law.

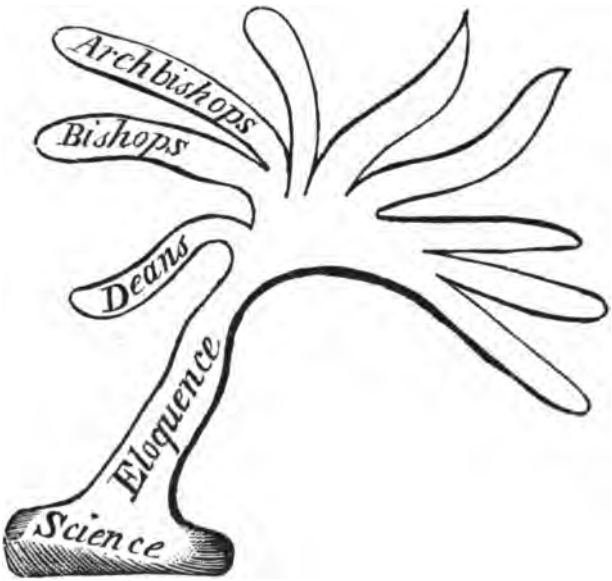
As the number of those who incorporate themselves to promote, not only with their cash but their counsel, the progress of the arts and sciences, is unlimited, it will be impossible for any fixed period to ascertain their quantity; nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court-Register has been silent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; besides, as what has been already offered is more than sufficient to prove the utility of our scheme from its universality, we shall not trouble our readers nor ourselves with any farther calculations; for tho'

Digitized by Google

they are replete with great depth of knowledge, are the result of intense application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the disquisition is but dry and tedious, and our purpose always was, and is, to mix with our instruction a proper portion of delection.

We will, therefore, for these reasons, hasten to the consideration of the second point proposed, viz. An inquiry into the various kinds of oratory now existing in this country. And we shall not, on this occasion, trouble ourselves with the investigation of all the smaller branches of this art; but, like the professors in anatomy, contenting ourselves with the dissection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble ones to the care of subaltern artists. Leaving, then, to the minute philosophers of the age all the orators of vestries, clubs, and coffee-houses, *Paulo majora canamus*; and for the better illustration of this head, permit me, reader, to be a little fanciful. We will suppose oratory to be one large tree, of which tree science is the *radix*; eloquence the trunk; from which trunk sprout nine distinct ramifications; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will present thee with the tree itself, not enigmatically hieroglyfied, but plainly and palpably pourtrayed.

Digitized by Google



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to myself the merit of this happy explication; I own the hint was first given me with my grammar. The ingenious, profound Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various and almost impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and stupendous mountain *Qui mihi:* here, dreading lest their youthful ardour might be damp'd with the steep ascent, he reanimates their slackened nerves with the mystic picture of an apple-tree, the access to whose boughs, though tedious and difficult, will yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontrouled through the whole region of pepins. May the luscious fruit sprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal spur to every beardless orator

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at present existing

Digitized by Google

in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a sincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of some of those useful and able artists. Sir William Temple, in his essay on poetry, has recorded their virtues; and as the race was not extinguished in his time, it is to be hoped that it still remains.

In Ireland, says sir William, the great men of their septs, among many officers of their family, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and tale teller.

The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not sleep: and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lye very ill at nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring one of those tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and continue all night long in such an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened; and he believed nothing any physicians could give had so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. These are sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing instance of the power of those orators over the passions, it requiring full as much art and address to assuage and quell, as to blow up, and excite, a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long since depending in parliament, for the better regulating the city watch, a clause was recommended, by a late respectable magistrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from sleeping at nights on bulks (the source of many disorders) the said watchmen should be compelled to sleep six hours in the day; an arch member seconded the

Digitized by Google

the motion, and begged to be included in this clause; for that, being grievously afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days sleep a single wink; now if he could be compelled to take a six hours sleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much shorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was rashly rejected; but if the house had received the least intimation of the astonishing abilities of the Rockers, (for by that appellation I choose to distinguish this order of orators,) I am convinced that the above clause would not only have been received, but that proper encouragement would have been given, by parliament, for the introduction and establishment of this useful oratorical sect.

Nor, indeed, considering the vast addition to our customary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cause of concern to many thousand individuals, do I think a visit from a convenient quantity of those artists would be now out of season; but how this honour is to be obtained, whether any of these great men are now residing amongst us, under the disguise of chairmen and hackney coachmen; or whether it would not be more adviseable to employ those gentlemen who have so lately and successfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in search of the ablest professors; is submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts.

I am aware that, on this occasion, some arch wag, possessed of the same spirit with the above senator, will object to my scheme of importation, by alledging, that we have of our own growth an ample provision of rockers, and refer us for proof to our several churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the sleep-compelling power will be experimentally demonstrated to exist in its full force amongst us; but not to derogate

Digitized by Google

from the abilities of my countrymen, surely the shortness of the time, the cause of the nap, rarely continuing above fifteen or sixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment: besides, how can one orator supply a whole parish, unless, indeed, our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniences to obvious to need a recital.

Abstracted from this last order, the English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage; with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere, and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

Scamper. Pshaw! there's enough of this dull prosing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talked about pupils. Could not we see them?

Foote. Rather too precipitate, Sir; but however in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encouraged by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh; where he went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amazed at his progress. Donald!—

Enter Donald.

What's yer wull, sir?

Foote. Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill?

Digitized by Google



Donald. Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art.

Foote. If you please.

Donald. In gude troth on ye sal; wol ye gi' me a topick?

Foote. O! chuse for yourself.

Donald. Its aw one to Donald.

Foote. What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of?

Donald. On oratory? wi' aw my heart.

Foote. Mind your action; let that accompany your words ——

Donald. Dunna heed, mon—The topick I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha' by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he lists —

Scamper. And who?

Donald. [*tartly.*] Men, women and bairns.

Scamper. Bairns; who are they?

Foote. Oh! children——his meaning is obvious enough.

Donald. Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns wherever he lists; and first for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator? Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latinest; ye are wide o'the mark; or Demosthenes the Greek? in gude troth, ye're as far off as before—Wha was it then? It was e'en that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel —

Scamper. [*Hastily.*] The devil it was; how do you prove that?

Donald. Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang; an ye'll but ha'd your tongue, I'se prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

Tirehack. Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

Donald. I say it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi' plenty o' bannocks

Digitized by Google

and cail, and aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins ——

Scamper. Apples ——

Donald. Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing?

Foote. Nay, pray, gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pepins ——

Donald. Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a saft speech in her lug; egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it —(*Addresses himself to the Oxonians.*) Ken ye lads, wha was the first orator, now?

Tirehack. [*to Scamper.*] What say you to that?

Scamper. By my soul, the fellow's right—

Donald. Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience —ye wan'na ha' patience, lads —

Tirehack. Hold your jaw, and go on —

Donald. Now, we come to the definition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words *oro, orare,* to intreat, or perswad; and how, by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters joined mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which words combined mak sentences, or periods, or which aw together mak an orator, so the first gift of an orator is words—

Scamper. Here, Donald, you are out.

Donald. How so?

Scamper. Words, the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learned better than that: Do'st not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action. The second, action. The third, action.

Tirehack. Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

Donald. An ye stay me, i' the midst o' my argument ——

Scamper. Why don't you stick to truth?

Digitized by Google

Donald. I tell ye, I can *logically.*

Tirehack. Damn your logick—

Donald. Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this usage?

Foote. Oh! never mind them—proceed.

Donald. In gude troth, I'se nat say ane word mare.

Foote. Finish, finish, Donald.———

Donald. Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they will enter into a fair argumentation, I'se convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.——

Scamper. You be——

Donald. Very weel——

Foote. Nay, but my dear Donald——

Donald. Hands aff, maister Foote—I ha' finished my tale, the De'el a word mare sal ye get out o' Donald——yer servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Foote. You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

Scamper. Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your *pupils?* why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women and bairns!——

Foote. His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the Robin-Hood; and in a month or two, we shan't be ashamed to start him in a more *respectable place.*

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

SCENE, A Hall of Justice.

Enter FOOTE.

THE first species of Oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnished with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But, to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phænomenon that has much puzzled the brains, and terrified the minds, of many of our fellow subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observed, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assigned, though a pleasant, is not the true *one*. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs; but was that the disease, the remedy would be easy enough: they need only have recourse to the *artifice* successfully practised by some of their colleagues; instead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[*Calls to his pupils, who enter dressed as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at law, and a counsellor.*]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: *now* seat yourselves, and you the counsel remem-

Digitized by Google

ber to be mighty dull, and you the justice to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness. [*Exit.*

Justice. Clerk, read the Indictment.

Clerk reads.

Middlesex, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on or before the first day of January, 1762, you the said Fanny did, in a certain house, in a certain street, called Cock-lane, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bedposts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice of said people in said county. How say you, guilty, or ——

(Counsellor stops the Clerk short.)

May it please your worship—hem—I am counsel in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all. —Hem—It is the standing law of this country —hem—and has—hem—always been so allowed, deemed, and practised, that—hem—all criminals should be tried *par pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now, if this be the case, as the case it is; I—hem—I should be glad to know, how my client can be tried in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment called a phantom, a ghost; What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to, flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client

Digitized by Google

to submit to be tried by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no—I therefore, humbly move to squash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had, and obtained; unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obtained. [*Sits down.*

Serjeant. I am, in this cause, counsel against Fanny Phantom the ghost;—eh—and notwithstanding the rule laid down by Mr. Prosequi, be —eh—right in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom,—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts; but —eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch, knock, and flutter;—eh —which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings —eh—being operations, merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend —eh—that by condescending to execute the aforesaid operations, she has waved her privilege as a ghost, and may be tried in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worship's opinion.

Tirehack. Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

Scamper. I fancy he has touched the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

Justice. [*Is waked by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.*] Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr. Prosequi, is *(whispers the clerk)* doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr. Serjeant's replication; we conceive she may be legally tried—oh,—besides—oh, —besides, I, I, I, can't well see how we could im-

Digitized by Google

pannel a jury of ghosts; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all, can be said to take a corporal oath, as required by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be tried on their honour.

Counsellor. Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr. Serjeant.——

Serjeant. Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my instructions?

Counsellor. No interruptions, if you please, Mr. Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no ——

Serjeant. Our evidence is ready ——

Counsellor. To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship ——

Serjeant. Your worship ——.

Justice. Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege, you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

Serjeant. Call Shadrach Bodkin.

Clerk. Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

Enter Bodkin.

Serjeant. Pray, Mr. Bodkin, where do you live?

Bodkin. I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

Serjeant. What is your profession?

Bodkin. I am a teacher of the word, and a taylor.

Scamper. Zounds, Will, it is a methodist.

Tirehack. No, sure!

Scamper. By the lord Harry, it is.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. Do you know any thing of Fanny the Phantom?

Bodkin. Yea—I do.

Serjeant. Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings?

Digitized by Google

Bodkin. Yea——manifold have been the scratchings and knockings that I have heard.

Serjeant. Name the times.

Bodkin. I have attended the spirit Fanny from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch she gave.

Serjeant. How long may that be?

Bodkin. Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

Scamper. Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. I hope the court is convinced.

Counsellor. Hold, master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

Bodkin. No —

Counsellor. Look upon me, look upon the court —Then your present trade is your teaching?

Bodkin. It is no trade.

Counsellor. What is it then, a calling?

Bodkin. No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a forcing—a compelling ——

Counsellor. By whom?

Bodkin. By the spirit that is within me —

Scamper. It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

Tirehack. Right, Harry—

Counsellor. When did you first feel these spiritual motions?

Bodkin. In the town of Norwich, where I was born;—One day as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. Alderman Crape's—I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—at first I thought it was the colic —

Counsellor. And how are you certain it was not?

Bodkin. At last I heard a voice whispering

Digitized by Google

within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

Counsellor. And you did?

Bodkin. Yea, verily.

Counsellor. I think I have heard a little of you, master Bodkin; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

Bodkin. I did.

Counsellor. You did—But then you communed with other men's wives?

Bodkin. Yea, and with widows, and with maidens.

Counsellor. How came that about, Shadrach?

Bodkin. I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

Counsellor. I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant ——

Bodkin. Thou art deceived—They were barely but nine.

Counsellor. Why, this was an active spirit.

Serjeant. But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

Counsellor. Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

Bodkin. Yea ——

Counsellor. But why did you think they came from a spirit?

Bodkin. Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me ——

Counsellor. And these noises you are sure you heard on the first of January?

Bodkin. Certain ——

Serjeant. But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

Counsellor. To a most material purpose; your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the Phantom: now if we can prove an *alibi*, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said

Digitized by Google

Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Counsellor. This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Enter Paragraph.

Counsellor. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, where was you born?

Paragraph. Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

Counsellor. When did you arrive in the city of London?

Paragraph. About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my Journal makes mention of my departure for England, in the Bessborough Packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or New Stile.

Counsellor Oh! then the Journal is yours?

Paragraph. Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant conceit—Last week I went to visit a peer, for I know peers, and peers know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your Journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of reply, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he ——

Justice. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

Paragraph. Hem——a little love affair, please your worship.

Counsellor. A wife, I suppose——

Paragraph. Something tending that way; even

Digitized by Google

so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us; she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

Counsellor. She is now dead?

Paragraph. Three years and three quarters, please your worship: we were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

Counsellor. No wonder——

Paragraph. Yes: they can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my Journal.

Counsellor. And how proceeds the present affair?

Paragraph. Just now, we are quite at a stand—

Counsellor. How so?

Paragraph. The old scoundrel her father has played me a slippery trick.

Counsellor. Indeed!

Paragraph. As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her fortune in copies; I was to have the Wits *Vade Mucum* entire; four hundred of News from the Invisible World, in sheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brewing, and Balsam of Honey, and three eights of Robinson Crusoe.

Counsellor. A pretty fortune!

Paragraph. Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hired to ask questions, at nine shillings a night, were taking notice of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteenpenny scratchings, purchased of two methodist preachers, at the public house over the way ——

Counsellor. Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Parsons's knockings?

Digitized by Google

Paragraph. Never; this is one of the rascally methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

Bodkin. My scratchings were the true scratchings ——

Paragraph. Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself?

Bodkin. What the spirit commanded, that did I.

Paragraph. What spirit?

Bodkin. The spirit within me ——

Paragraph. If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain. —[*Exit Bodkin.*]—The rogue has made his escape —but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigstye. [*Exit Paragraph.*

Counsellor. I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently established our *Alibi.*

Justice. You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

Counsellor. Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a list?

Serjeant. Let us see—you have no objection to sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo; Mrs. Veal.

Counsellor. We object to a woman—your worship—

Justice. Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be owned, is an extraordinary case. But, however, if, on conviction, the Phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted into the jury of matrons.

Serjeant. I thank your worship; then the court is adjourned.

[*Terence and Dermot in an upper box.*

Terence. By my shoul, but I will spake

Dermot. Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

Digitized by Google

Terence. Dibble burn me but I will; hut, hut, not spake, what should ail me? harkee you, Mr. Justice—

Scamper. Halloo, what's the matter now, Will?

Dermot. Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

Terence. Dermot, be easy—

Scamper. Hear him—

Tirehack. Hear him—

Terence. Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin journal man, is as great a liar as ever was born—

Tirehack. How so?

Terence. Ay, prithee don't bodder me; what, dy'e learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a gentleman in the midst of his speech before he begins? oh, for shame of yourself—Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that there what the debble dy'e call him, Pra-Praragraf, but by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the Phantom, long life to the poor gentlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her——

Suds. Indeed! good Lord, you surprise me!

Terence. Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to; you arn't upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul you are a little too fat for a ghost.

Tirehack. Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on; let's hear a little what he would be at—

Terence. I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, dy'e see, at all, at all; because why, I hant ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month; and I saw him in his shop every day; so how could he be here and there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that you see is impossible, because why, he has got a wooden leg.

Digitized by Google

Scamper. What the devil is the fellow about?

Tirehack. I smoke him—harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

Terence. Oh, my jewel, I know him well enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name———

Scamper. Why, it is Foote, you fool.

Terence. Arrah, who?

Tirehack. Foote.

Terence. Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa—

Tirehack. Yes.

Terence. Arrah, be easy, honey ——

Scamper. Nay, enquire of Suds.

Suds. Truly I am minded 'twas he.

Terence. Your humble servant yourself, Mr. Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

Scamper. Done—and be judged by the company.

Terence. Done—I'll ask the orator himself—— here he comes;

Enter Foote.

harkee, honey Fot, was it yourself that was happing about here but now?

Foote. I have heard your debate, and must give judgment against you ——

Terence. What, yourself, yourself!

Foote. It was ——

Terence. Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens— Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest jontleman into company where he is nat ——But what is this selling of lectures a thriving profession?

Foote. I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long opened.

Terence. By my shoul, if it answers, will you be my pupil and learn me the trade?

Digitized by Google

Foote. Willingly ——

Terence. That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad. [*Sits down.*

Enter M'George.

M'George. Here is doctor Friscano without.

Foote. Friscano—who is he?

M'George. The German physician from James-Street.

Foote. Well; what is his business with me?

M'George. He is in danger of losing his trade.

Foote. How so?

M'George. He says, last summer, things went on glibly enough, for then he had the market all to himself; but this year there is an Italian fellow started up in the Garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

Foote. That's hard.

M'George. Dreadful——if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale you would really be moved to compassion: he says that his bleeding won't find him in bread; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two stumps, for sixpence a piece, 'tis a month since he looked in a mouth ——

Foote. How can I help him?

M'George. Why he thinks oratory will do all with the English; and if you would but teach him to talk, he should get his custom again——

Foote. Can he read?

M'George. Oh Lord! poor man, no.

Foote. Well let him attend here on—

M'George. He hopes that you will quickly dispatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horses again.

Foote. Well, tell him he may rest assured, he shall either bleed or shoe in a fortnight.

[*Exit M'George.*

Foote. Having thus completed our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce

Digitized by Google

one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art. You will have, at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate mechanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-Hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe; but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE, The Robin-Hood.

The PRESIDENT.

Dermot O' Droheda, *a Chairman*; Tim Twist, *a Taylor*; Strap, *a Shoemaker*; Anvil, *a Smith*; Sam Slaughter, *a Butcher*; Catchpole, *a Bailiff*. *All with pewter pots before them.*

President.

SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

All. Full, Mr. President.

President. We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*—Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, "That, for the future, instead of that vulgar potation called porter, the honourable members may be supplied with a proper quantity of Irish usquebaugh. "Dermot O'Droheda † his mark."

O'Droheda. [*Gets up*] That's I myself.

President. Mr. O'Droheda.

O'Droheda. Mr. President, the case is this; it is not becase I am any great lover of that same usquebagh that I have set my mark to the motion; but becase I did not think it was decent for a number of gontlemen that were, dy'e see, met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure the liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man is hot with trotting

Digitized by Google

between a couple of poles; but this is another guess matter, becase why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebagh; ah, long life to the liquor—it is an exhilirator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[*Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the heads of what he says, in his hat.*

President. Mr. Timothy Twist.

Tim. Twist. Mr. President, I second Mr. O'Droheda's motion; and, sir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President—[*looks in his hat.*]—give me leave to observe, that, sir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps; yet, sir,—[*looks in his hat again.*]—it may, sir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion; and first, it may be thought—I say, sir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—[*looks in his hat,*]—and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but Mr. President—sir—[*looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.*]

President. Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

Twist. [*Gets up.*] I say, Mr. President, that, sir, if, sir, it be considered that—as—I say—[*looks in his hat.*]—I have nothing farther to say.

[*Sits down, and Strap gets up.*

President. Mr. Strap.

Strap. Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say,

Digitized by Google

sir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes, sir, at the very root of your constitution; for, sir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, sir? for a foreign pernicious commodity. I had, sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, sir, that I will sit silent to this? No, sir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surprised, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[*A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down; and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacobs.*

President. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, sir—

[*The members all blow their noses, and cough; Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.*

President. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

Anvil. I say Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent—[*All the members cough and blow their noses again,*]—I say, sir, I will. Nay; I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh, and Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.*

President. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Slaughter. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing

Digitized by Google

of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better for it; it's right; I am pleased; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*]—Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter-pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman, than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

[*He sits down, Catchpole gets up.*

President. Mr. Catchpole.

Catchpole. I get up to the point of law. And though, sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebagh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet, it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be considered, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dried goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

Digitized by Google

Slaughter. I second the motion.

[*Catchpole gives a paper to the President, who reads it.*

President. Hear your motion.

"That it be debated next Thursday, whether the dram usquebagh is subject to a particular duty; or, as in the case of horses, to be considered under the article of dried goods."

All. Agreed, agreed.

Foote. And, now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory, having manifested, in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others, we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates of the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stocked.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

{T. C. Hansard, Printer, Peterborough-Court, Fleet-Street.}

Digitized by Google

COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES, FARCES, 12mo.

PRINTED FOR

W. LOWNDES.

☞ The Plays marked thus *, are each embellished with an elegant plate, and those with †, have inferior frontispieces.

FOX—Jonson
†Friendship in Fashion—— Otway
*Funeral—Steele
†Gamester—Centlivre
*Gamester—Moore
Gil Blas—Moore
*Good-natured Man—Goldsmith
*Grecian Daughter—Murphy
Greenwich Park—Mountf.
*Henry IV. part 1 } Shakesp.
†Henry V. }
†Henry VI. part 1 }
*Henry VIII. }
†Henry V.—Hill
†Hob in the Well--Hippisley
*Hypocrite—Bickerstaff
*Jane Gray—Rowe
*Jane Shore—Rowe
Jealous Wife—Colman
*Inconstant—Farquhar
†Jovial Crew—Brome
*Isabella—Garrick
†Island Princess—Motteux
*Julius Cæsar—Shakspeare
†King Charles I.—Havard
*King John—Shakspeare
*King Lear—Garrick
Lady's Last Stake—Cibber
†Limberham—Dryden
*Lionel and Clarissa—Bickerstaff
*Love for Love—Congreve
Love in a Mist--Cunningham
Love in a Riddle—Cibber
†Love in a Tub—Etherege
*Love makes a Man—Cibber
Love's Last Shift—Cibber
*Love in a Village—Bickerstaff
*Macbeth—Shakspeare
Magic Cavern, 8vo—Songs
*Mahomet—Miller, &c.
*Maid of the Mill—Bickerstaff
†Man of Mode—Etherege
†Mariamne—Fenton
†Massacre of Paris—Lee
*Measure for Measure—— Shakspeare
*Medea—Glover
*Merope—Hill
*Merry Wives of Windsor—Shakspeare
Miller of Mansfield, &c.—Dodsley
*Minor—Wrighten
*Miser—Fielding
†Mistake—Vanbrugh
*Mourning Bride--Congreve
†Mustapha—Orrery
New Way to pay Old Debts altered
†Nonjuror—Cibber
*Old Bachelor—Congreve

Digitized by Google



THE

MINOR

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Tantam Religio potuit suadere Malorum.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Lowndes, J. Bakker and H. Lowndes

1798.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Foote, Canker, Smart, and *Pearſe,* Perſons in the Introduction.

	Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.	Hay Market.
Sir William Wealthy,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Wilſon.	Mr. Wewitzer.
Mr. Richard Wealthy,	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Thompſon.	Mr. Uſher.
Sir George Wealthy,	Mr. Whitfield.	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Iliff.
Shift,	Mr. Banniſter, jun.	Mr. Rees.	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Loader,	Mr. R. Palmer.	Mr. Cubitt.	Mr. R. Palmer.
Dick,	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Burton.
Smirk,	Mr. Banniſter, jun.	Mr. Rees.	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Mrs. Cole,	Mr. Banniſter, jun.	Mr. Banniſter.	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Lucy,	Miſs Collins.	Miſs Chapman.	Miſs. Heard.

Digitized by Google

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold.

My Lord,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the ſtage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to deſire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's ſtation, might place this addreſs in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I ſhould not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonſhire, if I could not at the ſame time, plead ſome little utility in the deſign of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has ſtamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the ſtage under the abſolute government of a lord chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehenſions; they found themſelves (through their own liſcentiouſneſs, it muſt be confeſſed) in a more precarious dependant ſtate, than any other of his Majeſty's ſubjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whoſe anceſtors had ſo ſucceſsfully ſtruggled for national liberty, they ceaſed to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppreſſor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the eſtabliſhment of petty tyrannies.

Their

Digitized by Google

Their warmeſt wiſhes are accompliſhed; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the firſt poetic authority, I ſhould not venture to call a right, the Jus Nocendi.

Your tenderneſs, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muſes, has been in no inſtance more conſpicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meaneſt of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for thoſe who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnaſſus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at leaſt, hoſpitably entertained.

I ſhall detain your Grace no longer, than juſt to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progreſs, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid CENSOR, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greateſt reſpect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,

moſt obliged,

and obedient Servant,

Elleſtre,
July 8,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The MINOR.



M.r FOOTE as M.rs COLE.

My thoughts are fix'd upon a better place, W'hat, I suppose M.r Loader, you will be for your old Friend the black-eyi'd Girl, &c.

Act I.

Publish'd 2 of July 1777. by Llowndes & Partners.

Digitized by Google

THE MINOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter CANKER *and* SMART.

Smart.

BUT are you ſure he has leave?

Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we ſhall have a laugh either with him or at him, it does not ſignify which.

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open.

Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that ſeems to ſtand centry there?

Cank. By his tattered garb and meagre viſage, he muſt be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Holloa, Mr.——

Enter Pearſe.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehearſal.

Smart. Of what?

Pear. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pear

Digitized by Google

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zounds, let's go and ſee what he's about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Foote and an Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do! you muſt get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true ſtrolling,—

Enter Smart and Canker.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!——Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan?

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your group; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, juſt come from the North, with the true Newcaſtle burr in her throat; and a noſe and a chin.—I am afraid ſhe is not well enough known: but I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the firſt night of your piece, place her in a conſpicuous ſtation, and whiſper the ſecret to the whole houſe. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart

Digitized by Google

Smart. But don't name me. For if ſhe ſmokes me for the author, I ſhall be daſh'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I ſhould think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What the politician?

Foote. Aye; that every day, after dinner, as ſoon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-ſtones, and purſues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a ſtream of ſpilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote. Or what ſay you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, tho' as broken-winded as a Hounſlow poſt-horſe, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. Kata tore cara higlia.

Smart. Admirable! by heavens! — Have you got 'em.

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em my boy.

Foote. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not?

Foote. Why look'e, Smart, though you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am ſure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote. Miſchief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee.

Foote. How now am I ſure that you, who ſo readily give up your relations, may not have ſome deſign upon me?

Smart. I don't underſtand you.

Foote.

Digitized by Google

Foote. Why, as ſoon as my characters begin to circulate a little ſucceſsfully, my mouth is ſtopp'd in a minute, by the clamour of your relations,——Oh, dam'me—'tis a ſhame,—it ſhould not be,—people of diſtinction brought upon the ſtage!—And ſo, out of compliment to your couſins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own requeſt.

Smart. How can you think I would be ſuch a dog? What, the devil, then, are we to have nothing perſonal? Give us the actors however.

Foote. Oh that's ſtale. Beſides, I think they have, of all men, the beſt right to complain.

Smart. How ſo?

Foote. Becauſe, by rendering them ridiculous in their profeſſion, you at the ſame time injure their pockets. Now as to the other gentry, they have providentially ſomething beſides their underſtanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before was only the amuſement of private parties.

Canker. Give us then a national portrait: a Scotchman or an Iriſhman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a ſubject of ſatire or humour; it is an accidental unhappineſs, for which a man is no more accountable, than for the colour of his hair. Now affectation, I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, ſtruck with

Digitized by Google

with a ſcheme of reformation, ſhould advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the Engliſh the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty-boys in a ſkirmiſh on Ormond Quay, ſhould think he had a right to preſcribe military laws to the firſt commander in Europe, be a leſs ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there ſuch?

Foote. If you mean that the blunders of a few peaſants, or the partial principles of a ſingle ſcoundrel, are to ſtand as characteriſtical marks of a whole country, your pride may produce a laugh; but believe me, it is at the expence of your underſtanding.

Canker. Heyday, what a ſyſtem is here! Laws for laughing! And pray, ſage Sir, inſtruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a ſuperannuated beauty, a military coward, a ſtuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In ſhort, whoever affects to be what he is not, or ſtrives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Pſha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots—damn'd abſtruſe jargon. Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us perſons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a ſtate intrigue, or a——

Foote. And ſo amuſe the public ear at the expence of private peace. You muſt excuſe me.

Cank.

Digitized by Google

Cank. And with theſe principles, you expect to thrive on this ſpot?

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roaſt and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We muſt have high ſeaſon'd ragouts, and rich ſauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps, by way of deſert, I may produce ſomething that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of thoſe itinerant field orators, who, tho' at declared enmity with common ſenſe, have the addreſs to poiſon the principles, and at the ſame time pick the pockets of half our induſtrious fellow ſubjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground, Ludere cum ſacris, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I conſider theſe gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myſelf; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Haymarket, our purpoſe is the ſame, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed, if it be conſidered—

Foote. Nay, more, I muſt beg leave to aſſert, that ridicule is the only antidote againſt this pernicious poiſon. This is a madneſs that argument can never cure: and ſhould a little wholeſome ſeverity be applied, perſecution would be the immediate cry; where then can we have recourſe, but to the comic muſe? perhaps the archneſs and ſeverity of her ſmile may redreſs an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reaſon reclaim.

Cank.

Digitized by Google

Cank. Why, if it does not cure thoſe already diſtemper'd, it may be a means to ſtop the infection.

Smart. But how is your ſcheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are juſt going upon a repetition of the piece. I ſhould be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Engliſhmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from neceſſity moſt of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reaſonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin.

Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a ſtand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs. O-Schohneſy has return'd the part of the bawd; ſhe ſays ſhe is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any ſuch thing!

Foote. Indeed!

Pear. If it had been only a whore, ſays ſhe, I ſhould not have minded; becauſe no lady need be aſhamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but theſe gentlemen muſt not be diſappointed. Well, I'll do the character myſelf.

ACT

Digitized by Google

ACT I.

Enter Sir William Wealthy, and Mr. Richard Wealthy.

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A ſagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a conſtant correſpondence with the four quarters of the world, ſhould know leſs of it than your faſhionable fellows, whoſe whole experience is bounded by Weſtminſter-bridge.

Sir. Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany theſe four years.

R. Weal Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furniſhed him with fawning and flattery; Italy equipp'd him with capriols and cantatas: and thus accompliſh'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddleſticks, a moſt valuable member of the Britiſh commonwealth.

Sir. Will. You diſlike then my ſyſtem of education?

R. Weal. Moſt ſincerely.

Sir. Will. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir.

Digitized by Google

Sir. Will. The early part, I ſhould imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Leaſt of all. What, I ſuppoſe, becauſe he has run the gauntlet thro' a public ſchool, where, at ſixteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwiſe have heard of at ſixty.

Sir, Will. Ha, ha, prejudice.

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you removed him to the univerſity! where, leſt his morals ſhould be mended, and his underſtanding improved, you fairly ſet him free from the reſtraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the priviledged diſtinction of a ſilk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir. Will. And all theſe evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

R. Weal. Doubtleſs.——Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholeſome inſtruction, Idleneſs is the root of all evil. Regular hours, conſtant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir. Will. Why, truly, brother, had you ſtuck to your old civic vices, hypocriſy, cozenage, and avarice, I don't know whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us ſuburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are changed ſince the date of thy indentures; when the ſleek, crop eared prentice uſed to dangle after his miſtreſs, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the diviſions of the diſcourſe, dine at twelve, and regale,

Digitized by Google

regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Iſlington, or Mile-End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir. Will. Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the ſnug depoſitories of their ruſty ſwords, and occaſional bag-wigs; their horſes for the turf; ay, and their commiſſions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aſperſion!

Sir. Will. But the laſt meeting at Newmarket, lord Lofty received at the hazard-table the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before for a new ſet of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir. Will. Theſe are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-ſtreet to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Wealth. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal ſpendthrift proceeds, will ſoon be the only ſeat of the family.

Sir. Will. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

R. Wealth. I do. None at all.

Sir. Will. Why ſo?

R. Wealth. Becauſe your means are ill-proportioned to their end. Were he my ſon, I would ſerve him——

Sir. Will. As you have done your daughter. Diſcard him. But conſider, I have but one.

R. Wealth.

Digitized by Google

R. Wealth. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to ſet up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, ſhe muſt expect to ſhare the fate of her ſiſter. I conſider families as a ſmaller kind of kingdoms, and would have diſobedience in the one as ſeverely puniſhed as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their reſpective ſocieties.

Sir. Will. Poor Lucy! But ſurely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

R. Wealth. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be abſolute. If I meddle with the management of your ſon, it is at your own requeſt; but if, directly or indirectly, you interfere with my baniſhment of that wilful, headſtrong, diſobedient huſſy, all ties between us are broke; and I ſhall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir. Will. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. Weath. I ſhall attend the iſſue.

Sir. Will. You will lend your aid, however?

R. Wealth. We ſhall ſee how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, ſir.

Sir. Will. Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The perſon is without, ſir.

Sir. Will. Bid him wait. *(Reads.) Exit. Serv.*

Worthy

Digitized by Google

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the perſon I promiſed to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him in viva voce. So if you adminiſter a few interrogatories, you will find, by croſs-queſtioning him, whether he is a competent perſon to proſecute the cauſe you wot of. I wiſh you a ſpeedy iſſue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it ſhould be carried iuto immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. *The party's Name is* Samuel Shift. *He is an admirable mime or mimic, and moſt delectable company; as we experience every Tueſday night at our club, the Magpye and Horſe-ſhoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias!—John

Enter Servant.

Bid the perſon who brought this Letter, walk in. *(Exit Serv.)* Have you any curioſity, brother?

R. Wealth. Not a jot. I muſt to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-houſe, or at Jonathan's. *(Exit.*

Sir. Will. You ſhall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit. Serv.*] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift.

Digitized by Google

Shift. I did, ſir.

Sir. Will. Your name I think is Shift?

Shift. It is, ſir.

Sir. Will. Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my buſineſs with you?

Shift. None. He only ſaid, with his ſpectacles on his noſe, and his hand upon his chain, Sir William Wealthy is a reſpectable perſonage, and my client; he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the caſe, and give you your brief himſelf: if you adhere to his inſtructions, and carry your cauſe, he is generous, and will diſcharge your bill without taxation.

Sir. Will. Ha! ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well ſir, this is no bad ſpecimen of your abilities. But ſee that the door is faſt. Now ſir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pauſe, if you pleaſe. You muſt know, Sir William, I am a propigious admirer of forms. Now Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule to adminiſter a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir. Will. Oh, ſir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I queſtioned your generoſity; but forms you know——

Sir. Will. No apology, I beg. But, as we are to have a cloſer connection, it may not be amiſs, by way of introduction, to underſtand one another a little. Pray, ſir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir. Will. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir.

Digitized by Google

Sir. Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir. Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir. Will. Could nothing induce you to unboſom yourſelf?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of ſomething in your countenance, a certain openneſs and generoſity, a je ne ſcai quoi in your manner, that I will unlock. You ſhall ſee me all.

Sir. Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You muſt know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raiſe the nobleſt ſtructures from the ſimpleſt foundations; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-ſhop an empreſs, and many a prime miniſter from nothing at all, has thought fit to raiſe me to my preſent height, from the humble employment of—Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir. Will. A pleaſant fellow.——Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, ſir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the newspapers, between an illuſtrious lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher. Cat's meat, and dog's meat.——I dare ſay, you have heard my mother ſir. But as to this happy pair, I owe little beſides my Being, I ſhall drop them where they dropt me——in the ſtreet.

Sir. Will. Proceed.

Shift. My firſt knowledge of the world I owe to a ſchool, which has produced many a great

Digitized by Google

a great man; the avenues of the Play-houſe. There, ſir, leaning on my extinguiſh'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from conſtables, politics and faſhions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promiſe, from their maſters. Here, ſirrah, light me a-croſs the kennel ——I hope your honour will remember poor Jack.——You ragged raſcal I have no halfpence——I'll pay you the next time I ſee you——But, lack-a-day, ſir, that time I ſaw as ſeldom as his tradeſmen.

Sir. Will. Very well.

Shift. To theſe accompliſhments from without the Theatre, I muſt add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir. Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, ſir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me——A detachment from the head-quarters here, took poſſeſſion, in the ſummer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by ſweeping the ſtage, and clipping the candles. There my ſkill and addreſs was ſo conſpicuous, that it procured me the ſame of fice the enſuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquired intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir. Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my poſt. For I think, ſir, he that dares ſtand the ſhot of the gallery in lighting, ſnuffing, and ſweeping, the firſt night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its cuſtomary compliments.

Sir,

Digitized by Google

Sir. Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, applied to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not ſuffer three dancers from Switzerland, becauſe he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir. Will. Poor devil?

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the ſame. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I roſe higher than the rebound.

Sir. Will. How ſo?

Shift. My misfortune, ſir, moved the compaſſion of one of our performers, a whimſical man; he took me into his ſervice. To him I owe, what I believe will make me uſeful to you.

Sir. Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, ſir, my maſter was remarkably happy in an art, which, however diſeſteem'd at preſent, is by Tully, reckon'd amongſt the perfections of an orator; Mimickry.

Sir. Will. Why, you are deeply read Mr. Shift!

Shift. A ſmattering—But, as I was ſaying, ſir, nothing came amiſs to my maſter. Bipeds, or quadrupeds; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the ſoporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long ear'd brethren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, ſir, for two whole years, under this profeſſor, I ſtudied and ſtarved, impoveriſh'd my body,

Digitized by Google

body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myſelf pretty near equal to my maſter, I made him one of his own bows, and ſet up for myſelf.

Sir Will. You have been ſucceſsful I hope.

Shift. Pretty well; I can't complain. My art, ſir, is a paſsé-par-tout. I ſeldom want employment. Let's ſee, how ſtand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book*] Hum, —hum, Oh! Wedneſday, at Mrs. Gammut's, near Hanover-ſquare; there, there, I ſhall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyſhip is in the opera intereſt; but, however, I ſhall revenge her cauſe upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Suſtinuto's concert. Thurſday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-ſtreet. Friday I am to give the amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the diſturbing of a hen-rooſt, at Mr. Deputy Sugarſops, near the Monument. So ſir, you ſee my hands are full. In ſhort, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I pleaſe, ſtick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I muſt break in a little upon your engagements; but you ſhall be no loſer by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be ſecret as well as ſerviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackarel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray me to my ſon.——

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Will. Enough.—You muſt know then, the hopes of our family, are, Mr. Shift, centered in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad theſe four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reaſon to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wiſhed,—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there would ſoon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy, indeed. But families, like beſoms, will wear to the ſtumps, and finally fret out, as you ſay.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-tied.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a ſcheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I ſhould be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Will. George, as I have contrived it, ſhall experience all the miſery of real ruin, without running the leaſt riſque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a coup de maitre.

Sir Will. I have prevailed upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen.——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I ſay, ſome time ſince wrote him a circumſtantial account of my death; upon which he is returned, in full expectation of ſucceeding to my eſtate.

Shift.

Digitized by Google

Shift. Immediately?

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I underſtand you.

Sir Will. Now, ſir, gueſſing into what hands my heedleſs boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have in a feign'd character, aſſociated myſelf with a ſet of raſcals, who will ſpread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himſelf reduced to the laſt extremity; loſt even to the moſt diſtant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I ſtep in, like his guardian-angel, and ſnatch him from perdition. If mortified by miſery, he becomes conſcious of his errors, I have ſaved my ſon; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will caſt him out, as an alien to my blood, and truſt for the ſupport of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely reſolved. But what part am I to ſuſtain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why George, you are to know, is already ſtript of what money he could command, by two ſharpers: but as I never truſt them out of my ſight they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your ſight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot! an adept in their ſcience, can ſlip, ſhuffle, cog, or cut with the beſt of 'em.

Shift. How do you eſcape your ſon's notice?

Sir Will. His firm perſuaſion of my death, with the extravagance of my diſguiſe.——

tion

Why, I would engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourſe, after his ill ſucceſs, to the cent. per cent. gentry, uſurers, for a further ſupply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know,—I forgot his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a threadbare coat? He ſits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffeehouſe; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

Shift. What, little Tranſer the broker!

Sir Will. The ſame. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but laſt Eaſter Tueſday, he had me turn'd out at a feaſt, in Leather-ſeller's Hall, for ſinging Room for Cuckolds, like a parrot; and vowed it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Will. You have reaſon to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myſelf, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and would you believe it, as I hope to be ſaved, we dined, ſupped, and wetted five-and-thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Croſs-keys, in order to ſettle the terms; and after all, the ſcoundrel would not lend us a ſtiver.

Sir Will. Could you perſonate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you ſhall ſee me ſhift into his ſhamble in a minute: and with a withered face, a bit of a purple noſe, a cautionary ſtammer, and a ſleek ſilver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to ſpeak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimi-

Digitized by Google

inimitably well. Have not you ſomething of more conſequence for me?

Sir Will. I have. Could not you, maſter Shift, aſſume another ſhape? You have attended auctions.

Shift. Auctions! a conſtant puff. Deep in the myſtery; a profeſſed connoiſſeur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir Will. One of theſe inſinuating, oily orators I will get you to perſonate: for we muſt have the plate and jewels in our poſſeſſion, or they will ſoon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther inſtructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dreſs I can be furniſhed with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Will.*] A whimſical old blade this. I ſhall laugh if this ſcheme miſcarries. I have a ſtrange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine! What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleaſures themſelves, and the blaſters of it in others——Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, ſee firſt how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or ſpirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that, aye, marry

Digitized by Google

is there. 'Egad before I ſhift the helm, I'll firſt examine the coaſt; and then if there be but a bold ſhore, and a good bottom, have a care old Square Toes, you will meet with your match.

Enter Sir George, Loader, and Servant.

Sir Geo. Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls ſent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have juſt enough left to diſcharge the baron; and we muſt, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a ſnub-noſed ſon of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough laſt night to purchaſe a principality amongſt his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Huſſarians.

Sir Geo. You had your ſhare, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was marked to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quartre man. Come, ſhall we have a dip in the hiſtory of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Beſides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a-freſh, till our old ſcores are diſcharged.

Load. Capot me, but thoſe lads abroad are pretty fellows, let'em ſay what they will. Here, ſir, they will vowel you, from father to ſon, to the twentieth generation. They would as ſoon now-a-days pay a tradeſman's bill, as a play debt. All ſenſe of honour is gone

Digitized by Google

gone, not a ſtiver ſtirring. They could as ſoon raiſe the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the raſcals—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter Dick.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the raſcal. He promiſed to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between ſeven and eight,

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered ſince we uſed to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels: all over the rheumatiſe.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her laſt ſtake.

Dick. She bade me ſay, ſhe juſt ſtopt in her way to the tabernacle; after the exhortations, ſhe ſays, ſhe'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilſt they only make proſelytes from that profeſſion, they are heartily welcome to them.——She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe ſhe has ſome ſuch deſign upon me: for ſhe offered me a book of hymns, a ſhilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad ſcheme, Dick. Thou haſt a fine

Digitized by Google

a fine ſober, pſalm-ſinging countenance; and when thou haſt been ſome time in their trammels, may make as able a teacher as the beſt of 'em.

Dick. Laud ſir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the ſpirit, the ſpirit will ſupply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir William, as a German Baron.

My dear baron, what news from the Haymarket? What ſays the Florenza? Does ſhe yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did ſee ſo fine a woman ſince I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then ſhe was dance and ſing—I vow to heaven, I was never ſee de like!

Sir Geo. But how did ſhe receive my embaſſy? What hopes?

Sir Will. Why dere was, monſieur le chevalier, when I firſt enter, dree or four damn'd queer people! ah, ah, dought I, by gad I gueſs your buſineſs. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat ſhe came from a grand merchant; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, ſtick to your ſhop; or, if you muſt have de pritty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your maſter.

Sir Geo. Inſolent mechanic!—but ſhe deſpiſed him?

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Will. Ah, may foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman go, I was tell the ſignora, madam, dere is one certain chevalier of dis country, who has travelled, ſee de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Eſprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himſelf at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, baron.

Sir Will. She aſka your name; as ſoon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an inſtant, ſhe melt like de lomp of ſugar; ſhe run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Les preliminaires d'une traité entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la Signora Florenza.

A bagatelle, a trifle: ſhe ſhall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandiſh ſtuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read. The eloquence of angels, my dear baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't underſtand their gibberiſh—What is it in Engliſh?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a ſubſidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and Signora Florenza? that the ſaid Signora will reſign the poſſeſſion of her perſon to the ſaid Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domeſtics, dreſs, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly diſcharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load.

Digitized by Google

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She muſt be deviliſh handſome.

Sir Geo. I am told ſo.

Load. Told ſo! Why, did you never ſee her?

Sir Geo. No; and poſſibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-dey! Why, what the devil—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you ſtare, I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the groſs voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as eſſential a piece of equipage for a man of faſhion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they poſſeſs: the diſtinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houſes you never inhabit; miſtreſſes, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not ſurpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for neceſſaries, when you give ſuch a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, diſpatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reaſonable conditions.

Sir Will. I fall.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, ſhall I trouble you to introduce the lady? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, ſhe's your market-woman. I wou'd not give ſix-pence for your ſignoras. One armful of good, wholeſome Britiſh beauty, is worth a ſhip-load of their trapſing, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, baron, how much for the table? Why, ſhe muſt have a deviliſh large family, or a monſtrous ſtomach.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, dere is her moder, la complaiſante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spaniſh lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I wou'd ſet five ſhillings againſt the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not———

[*Ex. Bar,*

Sir Geo. But the lady waits. [*Ex.* Load.] A ſtrange fellow this! What a whimſical jargon he talks! Not an idea abſtracted from play? To ſay truth, I am ſincerely ſick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the firſt people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all diſtinctions.

Enter Mrs. Cole, ſupported by Loader and Dick.

Mrs. Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as roſy this morning, I muſt have

Digitized by Google

have a ſmack at your mums. Here, taſte her, ſhe is as good as old hock to get ye a ſtomach.

Mrs. Cole. Fie, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forgot you! I would as ſoon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, ſoftly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't ſeen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twing———

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old diſorder, the rheumatiſe; I han't been able to get a wink of—Oh la! What, you have been in town theſe two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wedneſday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum ſays. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a loſt ſheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no,—There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home ſtill. —What, ſhall we ſee you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever ſince I heard you were in town.

Load. What ſhall we take a ſnap at old Moll's Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroch?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flaſks, hand to fiſt, laſt night.

Load.

Digitized by Google

Load. What, bilk thee of thy ſhare?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earned thirty ſhillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither ſick nor ſorry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topſy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Aye, I have done with theſe idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place.—What, I ſuppoſe, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-eyed girl, from Roſemary-lane. Ha, ah! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thouſand pities ſhe's ſuch a reprobate!——But ſhe'll mend; her time is not come: all ſhall have their call, as Mr. Squintum ſays, ſooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,——Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worſe I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never eaſy, a-bed or up all's one. Pray, honeſt friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the houſe?

Dick. A caſe of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. —Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [*Ex.* Dick.]

Mrs. Cole. Aye, I am a going; a waſting and a waſting, Sir George. What will become of the houſe when I am gone, heaven knows———No.——When people are miſs'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have

Digitized by Google

have I lived in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, though I ſay it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradeſmen, Sir George, neighbours Mr. Loader knows; no knock-me-down doings in my houſe. A ſet of regular, ſedate, ſober cuſtomers. No rioters.—Sixteen did I ſay—Aye, eighteen years I have paid ſcot and lot in the pariſh of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, nobody have ſaid, Mrs. Cole, why do you ſo? Unleſs twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-houſe.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I loſe deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort, after all, to think one has paſt through the world with credit and character. Ah! a good name, as Mr. Squintum ſays, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick, with a dram.

Load. Come, haſte, Dick, haſte;—ſorrow is dry. Here, Moll, ſhall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as ſoon ſwallow the Thames. Only a ſip, to keep the gout out of my ſtomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is ſupernaculum—Speak when your have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glaſs; my

Digitized by Google

my hands do ſo tremble and ſhake, I ſhall but ſpill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to buſineſs. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I ſee a tight young wench, in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Aye; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impoſſible! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earneſt for her theſe three months.

Load. Pho! what ſignifies ſuch a fellow as that. Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us! where do you expect to go when you die, Mr, Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turned her brains!

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a moſt happy reformation.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work! There had I been toſſing in a ſea of ſin without rudder or compaſs; and had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I muſt have ſtruck againſt the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite ſwallowed up in the whirlpool of deſpair. He was the precious inſtrument of my ſpiritual ſprinkling.—But, however, Sir George, if your mind be ſet upon a young country thing, to-morrow night, I believe, I can furniſh you.

Load.

Digitized by Google

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertiſed this morning, in the regiſter office, for ſervants under ſeventeen: and ten to one but I light on ſomething that will do.

Load. Pillor me, but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, conſiſtently with my conſcience, I would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never loſe ſight of that monitor. But, pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever ſince my laſt viſitation of the gout. Upon my firſt fit, ſeven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was loſt in a labyrinth, and no body to ſhew me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went, one ſummer, over to Boulogne, to repent; and, would you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pate beggars would not give me abſolution without I quitted my buſineſs——Did you ever hear of ſuch a ſet of ſcabby——Beſides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, tender young things!—— Oh, ſix of them for a ſeaſon would finiſh my buſineſs here; and then I ſhould have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, ſcandalous!

Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my laſt illneſs, I was wiſhed to Mr. Squintum, who ſtepped in with his ſaving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you ſee, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, Sir, has ſent to know if you be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortified to part with you. But, buſineſs, you know—.

Mrs. Cole. True, Sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm——Gently——oh!—oh!

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop—I ſhall ſee you this evening?

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To-morrow I hope to ſuit you—We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occaſional hymn, with a thankſgiving ſermon for my recovery. After which I ſhall call at the regiſter office, and ſee what goods my advertiſement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Or, if that ſhould not do, I have a tid bit at home, will ſuit your ſtomach. Never bruſhed by a beard. Well, heaven bleſs you——Softly—have a care, Mr. Loader—Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I ſhould be taken ill on the road. Gently—ſo, ſo!

[*Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.*

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. Dick, ſhew Mr. Transfer in—Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the ſpiritual; with what eaſe ſhe reconciles her new birth to her old calling! —No wonder theſe preachers have plenty of proſelytes, whilſt they have the addreſs ſo comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring intereſts of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight, I have houſed her; but they want you within, ſir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately.

ACT II.

Dick.

MY maſter will come to you preſently.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your ſervant.

Tranſ. Your honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer——but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr Loader, I preſume, opened to you the urgency of my buſineſs.

Tranſ. Aye, aye, the general cry, money, money! I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorſement, was as current as

Digitized by Google

as caſh. If your uncle Richard now would join in this ſecurity————

Sir Geo. Impoſſible.

Tranſ. Aye, like enough. I wiſh you were of age.

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be conſidered in the premium————

Tranſ. True, true,——I ſee you underſtand buſineſs——And what ſum does your honour lack at preſent?

Sir Geo. Lack!——How much have you brought?

Tranſ. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Tranſ. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow chandler, in Thames-ſtreet, uſed to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I tottered away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happened to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why what the devil can I do?

Tranſ. Good me, I did not know your honour had been ſo preſſed.

Sir Geo. My honour preſſed! Yes, my honour is not only preſſed, but ruined, unleſs I can raiſe money to redeem it. That blockhead, Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Tranſ. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite ſorry to ſee your honour in ſuch a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your ſorrow.

Tranſ. But come, don't be caſt down: Tho-

Digitized by Google

Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the ſame thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Tranſfer?

Tranſ. Why I have, at my warehouſe in the city, ten caſks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlas, with a curious aſſortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation..

Sir Geo. Hey!

Tranſ. And ſtay, ſtay, then, again, at my country-houſe, the bottom of Gray's Inn-Lane, there's a hundred ton of fine old hay, only damaged a little laſt winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of flint ſtones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Tranſ. Your honour may have all theſe for a reaſonable profit, and convert them into caſh.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets? Why, you old raſcal, do you banter me?

Tranſ. Who I? O la', marry, heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my—you ſtuttering ſcoundrel.

Tranſ. If your honour would but hear me——

Sir Geo. Troop, I ſay, unleſs you have a mind to go a ſhorter way than you came. [*Exit. Tr.*] And yet there is ſomething ſo uncommonly ridiculous in his propoſal, that were my mind more at eaſe—[*Enter Loader.*] So, ſir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. He can't ſupply me with a ſhilling; and wants, beſides, to make me a dealer in dowlas.

Load. Aye, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, muſt not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee of what uſe would his——

Load. Uſe! of every uſe.—Procure you the ſpankers, my boy. I have a broker, that in a twinkling, ſhall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Aye, indeed. You ſit down to hazard and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Holloa, Transfer.—A pretty little, buſy, buſtling—You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Tranſfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too haſty; he did not underſtand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Tranſ. What I ſaid, was to ſerve Sir George; as he ſeem'd————

Load. I told him ſo; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, pr'ythee, if thou could'ſt not procure us ſome of the ready, for preſent ſpending.

Tranſ. Let me conſider.

Load.

Digitized by Google

Load. Aye, do, come: ſhuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want ſhiners; 'tis a ſhame.

Tranſ. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that uſed to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Tranſ. Statute, the ſcrivener.

Load Slam me, but he has nicked the chance.

Tranſ. A hard man, maſter Loader!

Sir Geo. No matter.

Tranſ. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well ſaid, knight!

Tranſ. But to ſave time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unneceſſary.

Tranſ. Five per cent. legal intereſt.

Sir Geo He ſhall have it.

Tranſ. Ten, the premium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Tranſ. Then, as you are not of age, five more for enſuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Tranſ. As for what he will demand for the riſque——

Sir Geo. He ſhall be ſatisfied.

Tranſ. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply; Loader, diſpatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is ſettled. All terms ſhall be complied with, reaſonable or unreaſonable. What,

Digitized by Google

What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Exit. Tr.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing buſineſs. This pinch is a ſure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Tranſ. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Aye, aye; and a handſome preſent into the bargain, never fear.

Tranſ. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Tranſ. They ſhall be forthcoming——You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magiſtrates of the baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He ſhall deal them as new pavement. [*Ex. Tr.*] So that's ſettled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the laſt article. I know ſome traders that will truck: fellows with finery; not commodities of ſuch clumſy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that ſhall diſpoſe of 'em all in a crack. [*Exit.*

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, ſir, has been waiting ſome time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. [*Ex. Dick.*] Now for a lecture. My ſituation ſhan't ſink my ſpirits, however. Here

Digitized by Google

Here comes the muſty trader, running over with remonſtrances. I muſt banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. So, ſir, what I ſuppoſe this is a ſpice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilſt your preſence chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gameſters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my reſpect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into ſuch company?

R. Weal. Wonderfully conſiderate! Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received, by the laſt mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I ſee you are determined our neighbours ſhould taſte of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did ſome credit to my country.

R. Weal. and how are all theſe to be paid?

Sir Geo. That I ſubmit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!——Not a ſouſe to keep you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the ſcoundrels ſtay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which muſt be diſcharged.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical diſtinction! Here's a proſtitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a raſcal, who has picked your pocket, ſhall have his crime gilded with the moſt ſacred diſtinction, and his plunder punctually

Digitized by Google

tually paid, whilſt the induſtrious mechanic, who miniſters to your very wants, ſhall have his debts delayed, and his demand treated as inſolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confeſs my folly; but make yourſelf eaſy; you won't be troubled with many more of my viſits. I own I was weak enough to deſign a ſhort expoſtulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I ſhall take care not to ſquander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent reſolution.

R. Weal. One commiſſion, however, I can't diſpenſe with myſelf from executing.——It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one ſon and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings ſhould be added to his eſtate, and my couſin Margery and I ſquat down together in the comfortable ſtate of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! ſuch was our intention. Now his laſt will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Diſpatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, ſee me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What dy'e mean? For me to marry Margery.

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your anſwer, aye or no?

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. Why then, conciſely and briefly, without evaſion, equivocation, or further circumlocution.——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it would not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curioſity. What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have ſeen her, enquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the ſtumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Aye, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why, it is not ſo much a diſlike to your perſon, tho' that is exceptionable enough, but your profeſſion, dear uncle, is an inſuperable obſtacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done! So ſtained, polluted, and tainted the whole maſs of your blood, thrown ſuch a blot on your eſcutcheon, as ten regular ſucceſſions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The deuce!

Sir Geo. And could you now, conſiſtently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with a daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I aſk pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid barbarous ſcheme!

R. Weal.

Digitized by Google

R. Weal. But then I thought, her having the honour to partake of the ſame fleſh and blood with yourſelf, might prove in ſome meaſure, a kind of fuller's-earth, to ſcour out the dirty ſpots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impoſſible!

R. Weal. Beſides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourſe! Thank heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too well inſtructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology could I make to my children, for giving them ſuch a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I muſt deſpair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Tho', upon recollection——Is the Griſſette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought ſo.

Sir Geo. Ah la jolie petite Bourgeoiſe! Poor girl, I ſincerely pity her. And I ſuppoſe, to procure her emerſion from the mercantile mud, no conſideration would be ſpared.

R. Weal. Why, to be ſure, for ſuch an honour, one would ſtrain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to deſtroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of diſtinction engages in commerce, his nobility is ſuffer'd to ſleep.

R. Weal.

Digitized by Google

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to reſume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So nuncle Richard, if you will ſell out of the ſtocks, ſhut up your counting-houſe, and quit St. Mary Axe for Groſvenor-ſquare——

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouſe itſelf, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's perſon is pleaſing, and the purchaſe-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevailed upon to reſtore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condeſcenſion!

Sir Geo. Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my ſoul, I would not have gone ſo far for any body elſe.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, ſpendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchaſe you a feather to adorn your empty head?——

Sir Geo. Hey day, what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boaſted patrimony from you great uncle, a ſoap boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aſperſion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honeſt induſtry, that preſerved your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering

Digitized by Google

tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had periſh'd! Inſupportable! ſoap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treaſon againſt the community; and, for your puniſhment, I would have you reſtored to the ſordid condition from whence we drew you, and like your predeceſſors, the Picts, ſtript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdaſher.

R. Weal. One pleaſure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the ſword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the maſter of your fate. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Inſolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois blood would have ſoiled my ſword—

Enter Baron and Loader.

Sir Will. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dared to upbraid me with being ſprung from a ſoap-boiler.

Sir Will. Vat, you from the boiler of ſoap!

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Will. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting —And harka you, miſter monſieur, ha— how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How!

Sir Will. De impertinence to ſit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Will. A beggarly Bourgeois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty deſcents.

Load. But baron——

Sir Will. Bygar, I am almoſt aſhamed to win of ſuch a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let me never ſee your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you miſtake this thing. I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Will. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand ſignor. He was, indeed, a good-natured, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of ſoap, tar, and train-oil, he uſed to have it home to his houſe, and ſell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to ſerve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty ſon of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, becauſe his uncle was an oilman.

Exit.

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was miſtake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the flam been fact, your behavour was natural enough.

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means.

[*Exit. Loader.*

Sir Will. You have affairs.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finiſhed in five minutes.

Enter Loader, with Shift as Smirk.

Load. Here, maſter Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark? Here ſhe has brought a pretty piece of man's meat already; as ſweet as a noſegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Diſpatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even ſo. I have, Mr. Smirk, ſome things of a conſiderable value, which I want to diſpoſe of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you aſſiſt me?

Smirk. Doubtleſs.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the ſale. Laſt week, amongſt the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I ſold a choice collection of china, with a curious ſervice of plate; though the real party was never maſter of above two Delf diſhes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this muſt be concealed.

Smirk. Buried here. Oh, many an aigrette and ſolitaire have I ſold, to diſcharge a lady's play-debt. But then we muſt know the parties; otherwiſe it might be knockt down to the huſband himſelf. Ha, ha—— Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profeſſion requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what firſt brought me into the buſineſs?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may ſay. You muſt have known my predeceſſor, Mr. Prig, the greateſt man in the world, in his way; aye, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man: he would touch you up a lot! there was no reſiſting him. He would force you to bid, whether you would or no. I ſhall never ſee his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modeſt, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his ſhadow. Far be it from me, to vie with ſo great a man. But, as I was ſaying, my predeceſſor, Mr. Prig, was to have a ſale as it might be on Saturday. On Friday at noon, I ſhall never forget the day, he was ſuddenly ſeized with a violent cholic. He ſent for me to his bedſide, ſqueezed me by the hand; Dear Smirk, ſaid he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be

Digitized by Google

be there; Lady Dy Joſs, Mrs. Nankyn, the dutcheſs of Dupe, and every body at all. You ſee my ſtate, it will be impoſſible for me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to adviſe that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At laſt, looking wiſhfully at me, Smirk, ſays he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?——I'll put it to the teſt, ſays he; ſupply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to ſhew my love, raſhly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Abſolute madneſs. But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occaſion. The firſt want that occurred to me, was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgement. I reſolved to conſult my friends. I told them the affair——You hear, gentlemen, what has happened; Mr. Prig, one of the greateſt men in his way, the world ever ſaw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, is taken with a violent fit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; Lady Dy Joſs, Mrs. Nankyn, dutcheſs of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impoſſible he ſhould mount, I have conſented to ſell—— They ſtared—It is true, gentlemen. Now I ſhould be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: ſome recommended a tye, others a bag: one mentioned a bob, but was ſoon over-ruled. Now, for my part, I own,

Digitized by Google

I own, I rather inclined to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of raſhneſs, I reſolved to take Mrs. Smirk's judgement, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taſte, a ſuperior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her deciſion?

Smirk. I told her the caſe—My dear, you know what has happened. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greateſt man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man—a violent fit of the cholic ——the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impoſſible he ſhould, I mount in his ſtead. You know the importance of a wig; I have aſked my friends—ſome recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, ſays ſhe, a tye for your round, regular, ſmiling face, would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyiſh, deficient in dignity for the ſolemn occaſion; were I worthy to adviſe, you ſhould wear a ſomething between both.—I'll be hanged if you don't mean a major. I jumpt at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the roſtrum, then was the trial. My limbs ſhook, and my tongue trembled. The firſt lot was a chamber utenſil, in Chelſea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occaſioned a great laugh; but I got thro' it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whiſper to lady Dy,

Upon

Digitized by Google

Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addreſſing herſelf to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may ſay. I remember, Dr. Trifle called it enthuſiaſtic, and pronounced it a preſage of my future greatneſs.

Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, ſir, the lot was a Guido; a ſingle figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preſerved, and highly finiſhed. It ſtuck at five and forty; I, charmed with the picture, and piqued at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?——Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite fleſh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus to ſtart from the canvas, and fall a bidding. A general plaudit enſued, I bowed, and in three minutes knocked it down at ſixty three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a ſtroke at leaſt equal to your maſter.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to ſay upon a ribbon, as a Raphael. His manner was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at the playhouſe, ſome time ago; pleaſant, but wrong. Public characters ſhould not be ſported with—They are ſacred ——But we loſe time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk.

Digitized by Google

Smirk. We ſhall ſee you. There will be a world of company. I ſhall pleaſe you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine ſkims round the room. Some bidders are ſhy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be ſurprized—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

Enter Sir George and Loader.

Sir George.

A Moſt infernal run. Let's ſee, *(Pulls out a card.)* Loader a thouſand, the Baron two, Tally——Enough to beggar a banker. Every ſhilling of Transfer's ſupply exhauſted! nor will even the ſale of my moveables prove ſufficient to diſcharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plunged me! And no reſource?

Load. Knight, here's old moll come to wait on you; ſhe has brought the tid-bit I ſpoke of. Shall I bid her ſend her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do. [*Exit Loader.*

Enter Mrs. Cole and Lucy.

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. You baſhful baggage, I thought I had ſilenced your ſcruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum ſaid? A woman's not worth ſaving, that

Digitized by Google

that wont be guilty of a ſwinging ſin; for they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good; but your honour will ſoon teach her. I would willingly ſtay, but I muſt not loſe the lecture. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward——Can't produce her publicly as mine; but ſhe will do for private amuſement ——Will you be ſeated, miſs?——Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be ſo kind, ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair?——Come, pry'thee, why ſo coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the cuſtom of this country. I ſuppoſe I muſt conduct you——Come, miſs.

Lucy. O, ſir!

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, ſpare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raiſe the price, I ſuppoſe. Look'e, my dear, you may ſave this piece of pathetic for another occaſion. It won't do with me; I am no novice——So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, ſir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpoſe?

Lucy. A ſhameful one; I know it all, and yet believe me, ſir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't queſtion that. Your pious patroneſs is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy.

Digitized by Google

Lucy. What can I ſay to gain your credit? And yet, ſir, ſtrong as appearances are againſt me, by all that's holy, you ſee me here, a poor, diſtreſt, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her ſtyle's above the common claſs; her tears are real.—Riſe, child.—How the poor, creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am ſafe!

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee child, collect yourſelf, and help me to unravel this myſtery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to truſt her?

Lucy. Mine, ſir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artleſs too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be juſt, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, ſir, I relied in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me juſtice. Truſt me with all your ſtory. If you deſerve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, ſir, I was conſidered as the joint heireſs of a reſpectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my proſpects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy.

Digitized by Google

Lucy. There you muſt pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me diſcharge the duty of a daughter, ſuffer in ſilence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth muſt bring an increaſe of happineſs, reſolved to unite me with a man, ſordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refuſal of this ill-ſuited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and baniſhed me his houſe, diſtreſt and deſtitute.

Sir Geo. Would no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Beſides, I knew, ſir, ſuch a ſtep would he conſidered by my father, as an appeal from his juſtice. I therefore retired to a remote corner of the town, truſting, my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident placed me in a houſe, the miſtreſs of which profeſſed the ſame principles with my infamous conductreſs. There, as enthuſiaſm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A conſtant attendance on their aſſemblies, procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whoſe extraordinary zeal and devotion firſt drew my attention and confidence. I truſted her with my ſtory, and in return received the warmeſt invitation to take the protection of her houſe. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was ſome time impoſed upon. But an accident, which you will excuſe my repeating, revealed all the horror of my ſituation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts uſed to ſeduce me; happily they hitherto have failed. But this morning I was acquainted with my deſtiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this deſperate condition, you cannot wonder, ſir, at my chooſing rather to rely on the generoſity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature inſenſible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event ſhall juſtify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your ſecurity. For tho' I can't boaſt of my own goodneſs, yet I have an honeſt feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfaſhionable, a ſpirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As ſoon as I have diſpatched ſome preſſing buſineſs here, I will lodge you in an aſylum, ſacred to the diſtreſſes of your ſex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence reſcued from infamy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Shift. Zooks, I have toiled like a horſe; quite tired, by Jupiter. And what ſhall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me eaſy for life. Eaſy! and what does he mean by eaſy? He'll make me an exciſe-man, I ſuppoſe; and ſo with an ink-horn at my button-hole, and a taper ſwitch in my hand, I ſhall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will neve

Digitized by Google

never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppiſh indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his ſcene with the girl. I think I may truſt him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a ſhame to have him duped by this old don. It muſt not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute, I ſhall ſtill lie concealed, and perhaps be rewarded on both ſides.

I have it,—'tis engendered, piping hot,
And now, Sir knight, I'll match you with a plot. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I ſuppoſe, by this time, you are ſatisfied what a ſcoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finiſh your foolery.

Sir Will. Got to the cataſtrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarmed all his tradeſmen. I ſuppoſe we ſhall ſoon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and conſtables. ——Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Will. It is almoſt time to produce it, or read him the clauſe that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his buſineſs. But they come. I muſt return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, ſir, we are all in the wrong box; our ſcheme is blown up; your ſon has detected Loader

Digitized by Google

Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Will. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngſter.

Enter Sir George, driving in Loader and another.

Sir Geo. Raſcals, robbers, that, like the locuſt, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and deſolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded againſt ſuch deep-laid, complicated villainy? Where are the reſt of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, uſurer, and——O, ſir, are you here?——I am glad you have not eſcaped us, however.

Sir Will. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an impoſition, preſerves you, however, from the diſcipline thoſe rogues have received. A baron, a nobleman, a ſharper! O ſhame! It is enough to baniſh all confidence from the world. On whoſe faith can we rely, when thoſe, whoſe honour is held as ſacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, deſcend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are theſe [*pulls out dice*] pretty implements? The fruits of your leiſure hours! They are dexterouſly done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, ſecure the door.

Mrs. Cole, ſpeaking as entering.

Mrs. Cole. Here I am, at laſt. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bleſs me! what is the matter here?

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. I am, madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your ſhare. The little gentlewoman is ſafe, and in much better hands than you deſigned her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diſeaſes, inflexibly proceeds in the practice of every vice, impiouſly proſtituting the moſt ſacred inſtitutions to the moſt infernal purpoſes.

Mrs Cole. I hope your honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been ſingular in your penitence, you ought to be diſtinguiſhed in your penance; which I promiſe you, ſhall be moſt publickly and plentifully beſtowed. [*Exit Cole.*

Enter Dick.

Dick. The conſtables, ſir.

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may conſign theſe gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Will.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of juſtice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of thoſe indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hoſpitality draws hither in ſhoals, to the ſhame of our underſtanding, the imparing of our fortunes, and when you are truſted, the betraying of our deſigns. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Juſt as I gueſſed. An impoſtor. He has recovered the free uſe of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Geo. Inſolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, ſet this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! The very queſtion is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impoſſible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true,

Sir Geo. My father alive! Thus let me greet the bleſſing.

Sir Will. Alive! Aye, and I believe I ſhan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear ſir, the report of your death——and this diſguiſe——to what——

Sir Will. Don't aſk any queſtions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am ſick of the ſcheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politicks.

Sir Will. You did ſo. But if it had not been for thoſe clumſy ſcoundrels, the plot was as good a plot——O George, ſuch diſcoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, ſir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [*Pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impoſſible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explained; till when, keep 'em in ſafe cuſtody.——Do you know them, ſir?

Sir Will. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on thoſe gentlemen to refund too ——But

Digitized by Google

——But you have been a ſad profligate young dog, George,

Sir Geo. I can't boaſt of my goodneſs, ſir; but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not ſo totally deſtitute of——

Sir Will. Aye! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir Geo. I have, ſir, this day, reſiſted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will truſt myſelf no longer, and muſt crave your interpoſition and protection.

Sir Will. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an inſtant.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can gueſs.

Sir Will. Let us have it.

Shift. I ſuppoſe the affair I overheard juſt now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith, that diſcarded by her family, for refuſing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you ſaw, who being the kind caterer for your ſon's amuſements, brought her hither for a purpoſe obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touched with her ſtory, truth and tears, was converted from the ſpoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Will. Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not ſo bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the ——But they are here.

Enter Sir George and Lucy.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, madam, you may ſafely rely on the——

Lucy.

Digitized by Google

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, ſir, can you forgive your poor diſtreſt unhappy girl? You ſcarce can gueſs how hardly I've been uſed, ſince my baniſhment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguiſh and ſhame, have been my conſtant partners.

Sir Will. Brother!

Sir Geo. Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Riſe, child, 'tis I muſt aſk thee forgiveneſs. Canſt thou forget the woes I've made thee ſuffer? Come to my arms once more thou darling of my age.—What miſchief had my raſhneſs nearly compleated. Nephew, I ſcarce can thank you, as I ought, but——

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy inſtrument——Yet, might I urge a wiſh——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occaſional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would beſtow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That muſt depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, ſhall now direct her choice—What ſays your father?

Sir Will. Me, oh, I'll ſhew you in an inſtant. Give me your hands. There children, now you are joined, and the devil take him that wiſhes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happineſs attend you.

Sir

Digitized by Google

Sir Will. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my aſſiſtance, I hope you'll own, ſir.

Sir Will. That's true, honeſt Shift, and thou ſhalt be richly rewarded; nay, George ſhall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, ſon.

Sir Geo. I am no ſtranger to his abilities, ſir. But, if you pleaſe, we will retire. The various ſtruggles of this fair ſufferer require the ſoothing ſoftneſs of a ſiſter's love. And now, ſir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to reſtrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preſerve, at leaſt,

Some more eſtate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gameſters ſhall think fit.

SHIFT, *addreſſing himſelf to* SIR GEORGE.

And what becomes of your poor ſervant Shift?
Your father talks of lending me a lift——
A great man's promiſe, when his turn is ſerved!
Capons on promiſes would ſoon be ſtarved:
No, on myſelf alone, I'll now rely:
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye——
Near the mad manſions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and all,
Shut up your ſhops, and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow, and her child befel,
I knew the mother, and her daughter well;
Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd, was always granted.

One



THE MINOR.

One fatal day, the matron's truth was tried,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cried.
[*Child.*] Mother, you cry! [*Moth.*]Oh, child, I've got no bread.
[*Child.*] What matter that? Why Providence an't dead!
With reaſon good, this truth the child might ſay,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on:
Aye, that might be, ye cry, with thoſe poor ſouls;
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.
And d'ye deſerve it? How d'ye ſpend your days?
In paſtimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go ſee Foote? ah, Foote's a precious limb!
Old-nick will ſoon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove,
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above?
Where gigling girls, and powder'd fops may ſit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the houſe for Satan's benefit.
Oh, what you ſnivel! well, do ſo no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I pleaſe——I'll give it to the poor.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

THE

L Y A R;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

IN

DRURY LANE AND THE HAYMARKET.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1805.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

Digitized by Google



Wright and Compton, Printers, Middle-street,
Cloth Fair.

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE.

WHAT various revolutions in our art
Since Theſpis firſt ſold ballads in a cart!
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
And lay the deep foundations of the ſtage,
From his own ſoil that bard his pictures drew;
The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
And the broad jeſt with fire electric flew.
Succeeding times, more poliſh'd and refin'd,
To rigid rules the comic muſe confin'd.
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her ſong,
In artful meaſures now ſhe floats along.
No ſprightly ſallies rouſe the ſlumb'ring pit:
Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,
To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
Convenient cloſets, and a ſnug back-ſtairs;
'Twixt her and Satire has diſſolv'd the league,
And jilted Humour to enjoy Intrigue.
To gain the ſuff'rage of this poliſh'd age,
We bring to-night a ſtranger on the ſtage:
His ſire, De Vega; we confeſs this truth,
Leſt you miſtake him for a Britiſh youth.
Severe the cenſure on my feeble pen,
Neglecting manners, that ſhe copies men.
Thus, if I hum or hah, or name report,
'Tis Serjeant Splitcauſe from the Inns of Court.
If at the age that ladies ceaſe to dance,
To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,
I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,
Or paint her rage for china or japan,
The true original is quickly known,
And Lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town:
But in the following group let no man dare
To claim a limb, nay, not a ſingle hair;
What gallant Briton can be ſuch a ſot
To own the child a Spaniard has begot?

DRAMATIS

Digitized by Google



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury Lane.	*Haymarket.*
	Men.	*Men.*
Sir James Elliot...	Mr. De Camp.....	Mr. Bartley
Old Wilding.....	Mr. Powell.....	Mr. Denman
Young Wilding....	Mr. Dwyer.....	Mr. Elliſton
Papillion.....	Mr. Wewitzer.....	Mr. Chapman
	Women.	*Women.*
Miſs Grantham...	Miſs Mellon.....	Mrs. Harlowe
Miſs Godfrey.....	Mrs. Gunning.....	Mrs. Gaudry
Kitty.....	Miſs Tidſwell.....	Mrs. Cleland.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE LYAR.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Young Wilding's Lodgings.*

Young Wilding and Papillion diſcovered.

Young Wilding.

AND am I now, Papillion, perfectly equipp'd?

Pap. Perſonne mieux. Nobody better.

Y. Wild. My figure?

Pap. Fait a peindre.

Y. Wild. My air?

Pap. Libre.

Y. Wild. My addreſs?

Pap. Pariſiene.

Y. Wild. My hat ſits eaſily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd academical habit.

Pap. Ah, bien autre choſe.

Y. Wild. Why, then, adieu Alma Mater, and bien venue la ville de Londre; farewell to the ſchools, and welcome the theatres; preſidents, proctors, ſhort commons with long graces, muſt now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern bills with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah, bravo! bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you muſt give me the chart du pays. This town is a new world to me: my provident papa, you know, would never ſuffer me near the ſmoke of London; and what can be his motive

Digitized by Google

tive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I ſhall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raiſon.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? Direct my road: where muſt I begin? But the debate is, I ſuppoſe, of conſequence?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progreſs in Engliſh.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'eſt vrai.

Y. Wild. No ſtranger to faſhionable places.

Pap. Au fait!

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the faſhionable figures of both ſexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well, then, open your lecture:—and, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us diſcard all diſtance between us. See me ready to ſlake my thirſt at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here, then, I diſcloſe my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion?

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. What is this? Why, you ſpeak Engliſh!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But, like a native!

Pap. To be ſure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this?

Pap. Logically thus, Sir: whoever ſpeaks pure Engliſh is an Engliſhman. I ſpeak pure Engliſh; ergo, I am an Engliſhman. There's a categorical ſyllogiſm for you, major, minor, and conſequence. What! do you think, Sir, that, whilſt you was buſy at Oxford, I was idle? No, no, no.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, but, notwithſtanding your pleaſantry, I muſt have this matter explain'd.

Pap. So you ſhall, my good Sir; but don't be in ſuch a hurry. You can't ſuppoſe I would give you the key, unleſs I meant you ſhould open the door.

Y. Wild. Why, then, prythee unlock it.

Pap. Immediately. But, by way of entering upon my poſt as preceptor, ſuffer me firſt to give you a hint. You muſt not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters: every body there, Sir, knows that Dr. Muſſy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a ſtudent of Chriſt-church; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the perſons, are feign'd.

Y. Wild. A uſeful obſervation.

Pap. Why now, Sir, at the firſt coffee-houſe I ſhall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man, from whoſe decent ſable dreſs, placid

Digitized by Google

cid countenance, inſinuating behaviour, ſhort ſword, with the waiter's civil addition of *A diſh of coffee for Dr. Julap*, you would ſuppoſe him to be a phyſician.

Y. Wild. Well?

Pap. Does not know diaſcordium from diachylon. An abſolute French ſpy, concealed under the ſhelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

Y. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. A martial figure, too, it is odds but you will encounter, from whoſe ſcars, title, dreſs, and addreſs, you would ſuppoſe to have had a ſhare in every action ſince the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming table, and bully to a bawdy houſe. Battles, to be ſure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a priſoner, too, in the round-houſe.

Y. Wild. Amazing!

Pap. In ſhort, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practiſe ſmuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounſlow-heath; reverend atheiſts, right honourable ſharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

Y. Wild. In the laſt liſt I preſume you roll.

Pap. Juſt my ſituation.

Y. Wild. And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimſical transformation?

Pap. A very harmleſs one, I promiſe you. I would only avail myſelf at the expence of folly and prejudice.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, Sir——But, to be better underſtood, I believe it will be neceſſary to give you a ſhort ſketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. Prythee do.

Pap. Why then, you are to know, Sir, that my former ſituation has been rather above my preſent condition, having once ſuſtained the dignity of ſub-preceptor to one of thoſe cheap rural academies with which our county of York is ſo plentifully ſtock'd.

Y. Wild. But to the point: Why this diſguiſe? why renounce your country?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little miſtake; it was my country that renounced me.

Y. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an inſtant: upon quitting the ſchool, and firſt coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild. What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inſpection; phyſic, divinity, and the mathematics, my miſtreſs managed herſelf. There, Sir, like another Ariſtarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleaſure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my maſter, I have condemn'd books I never read; and applauded the fidelity of a tranſlation, without underſtanding one ſyllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah! why, I thought acuteneſs of diſcernment and depth of knowledge were neceſſary to accompliſh a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir; but not a monthly one. Our method was very conciſe. We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further. If we are ordered to praiſe it, we have at hand about ten words, which, ſcatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the

Digitized by Google

the buſineſs; as, "laudable deſign, happy ar-"rangement, ſpirited language, nervous ſen-"timent, elevation of thought, concluſive ar-"gument." If we are to decry, then we have, "unconnected, flat, falſe, illiberal, ſtricture, "reprehenſible, unnatural." And thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and ſoon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild. A ſhort recipe!

Pap And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are neceſſary? Theſe are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all ſubjects are equal; plays or ſermons, poetry or politics, muſic or midwifery, it is the ſame thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to reſign this eaſy employment?

Pap. It would not anſwer. Notwithſtanding what we ſay, people will judge for themſelves: our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the Publiſher was four ſhillings a-week and my ſmall beer. Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh, half ſtarved me.

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to chooſe. Some would have me turn player, and others methodiſt preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could anſwer; and as to player,——whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a diſgrace upon my family; and ſo I reſolved to turn footman.

Y. Wild. Wiſely reſolved.

Pap. Yes, Sir, but not ſo eaſily executed.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. No!

Pap. Oh no, Sir. Many a weary ſtep have I taken after a place. Here I was too old, there I was too young; here the laſt livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was aukward, there I was knowing: Madam diſliked me at this houſe, her ladyſhip's woman at the next: ſo that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philoſopher to diſcover a man. In ſhort I was quite in a ſtate of deſpair, when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

Y. Wild. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiſs genius, who had been French uſher with me at the ſame ſchool in the country. I open'd my melancholy ſtory to him over threepenny-worth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend purſed up his lanthorn jaws, and, with a ſhrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no fineſſe: to thrive here, you muſt ſtudy the folly of your own country." "How, Monſieur?" "Taiſez vous: keep a your tongue. Autrefois I teach you ſpeak French, now I teach-a you to forget Engliſh. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper dreſs: den go preſent yourſelf to de ſame hotels, de very ſame houſe; you will find all de doors dat was ſhut in your face as footman Anglois, vil fly open demſelves to a French valet de chambre."

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honeſt artifice, ſo I determined to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. Did it ſucceed?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queu, and broken Engliſh, was a paſſe-partout. Beſides, when I am out of place, this diſguiſe procures me many reſources.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friſeur, a dentiſt, or a dancing-maſter: theſe, Sir, are hereditary profeſſions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: As you were pleaſed to be ſo candid with me, I was determined to have no reſerve with you. You have ſtudied books, I have ſtudied men; you want advice, and I have ſome at your ſervice.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your cuſtomer.

Pap. But guard my ſecret. If I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to loſe your place, don't ſhut me out from every other.

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I ſhall be in a condition to retire from buſineſs; but whether I ſhall ſettle at my family-ſeat, or paſs over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchaſe a marquiſate near Paris, and ſpend the money I have got by their means generouſly amongſt them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us ſally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us ſee—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Allons.

Pap. But don't ſtare, Sir: ſurvey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap.

Digitized by Google

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a ſubject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my preſumption; but you have, my good maſter, one little foible that I could wiſh you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it ſo very well.

Y. Wild. Prythee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a moſt happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurried, by a flow of ſpirits, to border upon the improbable; a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild. I underſtand you: what, I am ſomewhat ſubject to lying?

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't ſay that; no, no: only a little apt to embelliſh; that's all. To be ſure it is a fine gift; that there is no diſputing: but men in general are ſo ſtupid, ſo rigorouſly attach'd to matter of fact—And yet this talent of yours is the very ſoul and ſpirit of poetry; and why it ſhould not be the ſame in proſe, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would adviſe me, then, not to be quite ſo poetical in my proſe?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would deſcend a little to the grovelling comprehenſion of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Beſides, Sir, in this town, people are more ſmoky and ſuſpicious. Oxford, you know, is the ſeat of the muſes; and a man is naturally

Digitized by Google

naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his converſation than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we ſhall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice ſhan't be thrown away.

[*Exit.*

Pap. I wiſh it mayn't; but the diſeaſe is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have ſweat for him! yet he is as unembarraſſed, eaſy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he ſaid. Well, to be ſure, he is a great maſter: it is a thouſand pities his genius could not be converted to ſome public ſervice. I think the government ſhould employ him to anſwer the Moniteur. I'll be hang'd if he is not too many for Monſieur Talleyrand, at his own weapons. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*The Park.*

Enter Miſs Grantham, Miſs Godfrey, and Servant.

M. Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens; for your miſtreſs and I ſhall call at Lady Bab's, Miſs Arabella Allnight's, the Counteſs of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miſs Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! Why, child, you are as tedious as a long morning.—Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park?—forty thouſand million of times preferable to the play houſe! Don't you think ſo, my dear?

M. God. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why, the purpoſe of both is the

Digitized by Google

the ſame; to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees?—ha, ha!—well, that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons; you are a prude, and have no reliſh for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herſelf in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr. Yes, child; ſuch as encoring a ſong at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical ſcene of diſtreſs, hallooing to a pretty fellow 'croſs the Mall as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, now, my dear, that by a lucky ſtroke in dreſs, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I was the Turkiſh ambaſſador?

M. God. The good fortune, Ma'am! Surely the wiſh of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phraſe have you found out for a woman of faſhion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for thoſe who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you muſt enlarge your ideas. You are a fine girl, and we muſt not have you loſt: I'll undertake you myſelf. But, as I was ſaying —Pray, my dear, what was I ſaying?

M. God. I profeſs I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey!——Oh, ah! the Park. One great reaſon for my loving the Park is, that one has ſo many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God.

Digitized by Google

M. God. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendſhips are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd ſpot: but you muſt pardon me if I doubt the poſſibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here ſeems to be coming a good ſmart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's ſake!

M. Gr. I am determined, child: that is—

M. God. You will excuſe my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, pleaſe yourſelf, my dear.

[*Exit Miſs Godfrey.*

Enter Young Wilding with Papillion.

Y. Wild. Your Ladyſhip's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble—

Y. Wild. A moſt happy incident for me, Madam; as chance has given me an honour, in one lucky minute, that the moſt diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom elſe, Madam? Surely, you muſt have mark'd my reſpectful aſſiduity, my uninterrupted attendance: to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have purſued you like your ſhadow; I have beſieged your door for a glimpſe of your exit and entrance, like a diſtreſſed creditor, who has no arms againſt privilege but perſeverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; ſtop him who can.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. In ſhort, Madam, ever ſince I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night your ladyſhip's portal, as a centinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have ſerved in America, then?

Y. Wild. Full four years, Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a ſingle action of conſequence but I had an opportunity to ſignalize myſelf; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miſs the occaſion.—You have heard of Quebec, I preſume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to ſurpriſe that place was thought a happy expedient, and the firſt mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me juſtice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conqueſt attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: ſieges, now-a-days, are reduced to certainties. It is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the buſineſs, are at calculation. For inſtance, now, we will ſuppoſe the commander in chief, addreſſing himſelf to me, was to ſay, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortreſs; what will be the expence?"—"Why, pleaſe your highneſs, the reduction of that fortreſs will coſt you one thouſand and two lives, ſixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourſcore fractures, with about twenty dozen of fleſh wounds."

M. Gr. And you ſhould be near the mark?

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But,

Digitized by Google

Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confined: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off!—Nor am I leſs adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendſhip of the Five Nations; and I had the firſt honour of ſmoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And ſo young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whoſe priſoner he had been for nine years. He gives a moſt entertaining account of their laws and cuſtoms: he ſhall preſent you with the wampum belt and a ſcalping-knife. Will you permit him, Madam, juſt to give you a taſte of the military-dance, with a ſhort ſpecimen of their war-hoop?

Pap. For Heaven's ſake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In ſhort, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garniſh a Gothic cathedral at Chriſtmas, I return'd to reap the harveſt of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you. Then was the victor vanquiſhed: what the enemy could never accompliſh, your eyes in an inſtant atchieved; prouder to ſerve here than command in chief elſewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquiſh'd world.

M. Gr. I have got here a moſt heroical lover. But I ſee Sir James Elliot coming, and muſt

Digitized by Google

muſt diſmiſs him.——[*Aſide.*]——Well, Sir, I accept the tendre of your paſſion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at preſent it is neceſſary we ſhould ſeparate.

Y. Wild. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But, may I be indulged with the knowledge of your reſidence?

M. Gr. Sir?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year ſtood centinel at my ladyſhip's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I——.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your ſervant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught? ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a moſt intrepid aſſurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Pap. That laſt was an unlucky queſtion, Sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I muſt confeſs.

Pap. A man ſhould have a good memory who deals much in this poetical profe.

Y. Wild. Poh! I'll ſoon re-eſtabliſh my credit. But I muſt know who this girl is. Hark ye, Papillion; could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I ſee there he ſtands—the name of his miſtreſs?

Pap. I will try. [*Exit.*

[*Wilding retires to the back of the ſtage.*

Enter Sir James Elliot and Servant.

Sir Ja. Muſic and an entertainment?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Laſt night, upon the water!

Ser. Upon the water, laſt night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it?

Ser. That, Sir, I can't ſay.

To

Digitized by Google

To them Wilding.

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your moſt devoted.

Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you ſeem'd upon an intereſting ſubject?

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind?

Sir Ja. A young lady regaled laſt night by her lover on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how?

Sir Ja. A band of muſic in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers?

Sir Ja. The beſt. Then conducted to Marblehall, where ſhe found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After ſupper a ball; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild. Was the laſt well deſign'd?

Sir Ja Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir Ja. Not a ſingle faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir Ja. I can't even gueſs.

Y. Wild. Ha ha, ha!

Sir Ja. Why do you laugh?

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi——me.

Pap. So, ſo, ſo; he's enter'd again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate to find a miſtreſs in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London theſe ſix weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir——

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy.

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Y. Wild. I ſhall curb your impertinence—— But ſince the ſtory is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir Ja. I ſhall hear it with pleaſure—— This is a lucky adventure: but he muſt not know he is my rival. [*Aſide.*

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, between ſix and ſeven my goddeſs embarked at Somerſet-ſtairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damaſk, expreſsly for the occaſion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door ſhe was accoſted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her ſome compliments in verſe of my own compoſing. The conceits were pretty; alluſions to Venus and the ſea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well timed, and, what was better, well taken.

Sir Ja. Doubtleſs.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As ſoon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats, full of trumpets, French-horns, and other martial muſic, ſtruck up their ſprightly ſtrains from the Surry ſide, which were echoed by a ſuitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys, from the oppoſite ſhore.

Digitized by Google

ſhore. In this ſtate, the oars keeping time, we majeſtically ſail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pauſe, and an opportunity for an elegant deſſert in Dreſden China, by Robinſon. Here the repaſt cloſed with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Oppoſite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boſcawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a ſingle incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will ſink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour. I ſhan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thouſand little incidental amuſements that chance or deſign produced: it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the ſenſes, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in a laviſh abundance.

Sir Ja. The ſacrifice was, I preſume, grateful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that ſubject you muſt pardon my ſilence.

Pap. Modeſt creature!

Sir Ja. I wiſh you joy of your ſucceſs—For the preſent you will excuſe me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but ſtay and hear the concluſion.

Sir Ja. For that I ſhall ſeize another occaſion. [*Exit.*

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one queſtion?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often viſited with theſe waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams! what doſt mean by dreams?

Pap. Thoſe ornamental reveries, thoſe frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd abſolute flams.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumſcribed genius.

Pap. I muſt own, Sir, I have not ſublimity ſufficient to reliſh the full fire of your Pindaric muſe.

Y. Wild. No; a plebeian ſoul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my ſteps, and in time thou may'ſt rival thy maſter.

Pap. Never, never, Sir; I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feaſts that don't coſt me a farthing—Beſides, Sir, to what purpoſe are all theſe embelliſhments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and conſequently the ſtrength, of my paſſion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a ſoldier?

Y. Wild. How little thou know'ſt of the ſex! What, I ſuppoſe thou would'ſt have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic claſſical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the ſchools. What, do'ſt think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, Sir——

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. No, no; the ſçavoir vivre is the ſcience for them; the man of war is their man: they muſt be taken, like towns, by lines of approach, counter-ſcarps, angles, trenches, coehorns, and covert-ways; then enter ſword-in-hand, pell-mell! Oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swapinback, Count Rouſomouſky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marſhal Fuſtenburg! Men may ſay what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller; but I'll undertake to do more buſineſs by the ſingle aid of the London Gazette, than by all the ſighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, Sir; this is all very lively: but remember the travelling pitcher. If you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourſelf into ſome confounded ſcrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think ſo, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myſelf out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucified. And ſo, along after the lady—[*Stops ſhort, going out.*] Zounds, here comes my father! I muſt fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to Cardigan.

[*Exeunt ſeparately.*

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Room in a Tavern.*

Young Wilding and Papillion riſing from table.

Young Wilding.

GAD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the ſame thing, for I ſaw him join Sir James Elliot: ſo your arrival is no longer a ſecret.

Y. Wild. Why then I muſt loſe my pleaſure, and you your preferment: I muſt ſubmit to the dull decency of a ſober family, and you to the cuſtomary duties of bruſhing and powdering. But I was ſo flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair: prythee, who is ſhe?

Pap. There were two.

Y. Wild. That I ſaw.

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y. Wild. And her fortune?

Pap. Immenſe.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Y. Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What! whether ſhe will or no?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y. Wild. By making it impoſſible for her to marry any one elſe.

Pap. I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. Oh! I ſhall only have recourſe to that talent you ſo mightily admire. You will ſee, by the calculation of a few anecdotes, how ſoon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir?

Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Y. Wild. I will reſtore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker, and mend it my ſelf.

Pap. Which way?

Y. Wild. The old way; ſolder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern ſalve for every ſore.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me! what ſort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

Y. Wild. Ay; how is he dreſs'd?

Wait. In a tye-wig and ſnuff-colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Show him up. [*Exit Waiter.*

Pap. And what muſt I do?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken Engliſh, but preſerve your rank; I have a reaſon for it.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Your ſervant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You have juſt prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O. Wild.

Digitized by Google

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you ſhould, I think, have ſooner diſcharged it.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Was it quite ſo decent, Jack, to be ſix weeks in town, and conceal yourſelf only from me?

Y. Wild. Six weeks! I have ſcarce been ſix hours.

O. Wild. Come, come; I am better informed.

Y. Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (whom firſt give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the Marquis de Chatteau Brilliant, of an ancient houſe in Brittany; who, travelling through England, choſe to make Oxford for ſome time the place of his reſidence, where I had the happineſs of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he ſpeak Engliſh?

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but underſtands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir——

O. Wild. Any ſervices, Sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. Beaucoup d'honneur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I ſay, Sir, whoſe quality and country are ſufficient ſecurities for his veracity, will aſſure you, that yeſterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'eſt vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing. I was at the ſame time inform'd of another circumſtance too, that, I confeſs, made me a little uneaſy, as

Digitized by Google

as it interfered with a favourite ſcheme of my own.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O. Wild. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expenſive proofs of your paſſion.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir!

O. Wild. Particularly laſt night; muſic, collations, balls, and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Monſieur le Marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours.

Y. Wild. His name, if you pleaſe?

O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes; I thought he was the man.

O. Wild. Your reaſon.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is upon the whole a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be?

Y. Wild. Why you can't, Sir, be a ſtranger to his prodigious ſkill in the traveller's talent?

O. Wild. How!

Y. Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloſs over his foible, by calling him an agreeable noveliſt; and ſo he is with a vengeance. Why, he will tell ye more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries put together will publiſh in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at

Digitized by Google

at Oxford: he was always diſtinguiſhed by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild. Lord, Sir, he is ſo well underſtood in his own country, that, at the laſt Hereford aſſize, a cauſe, as clear as the ſun, was abſolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witneſs.

O. Wild. A ſtrange turn!

Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences, there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reaſon for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little ſuſpected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be; but can there be a ſtronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you of fireworks, and the Lord-knows-what? And I dare ſwear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his deſcription.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is juſt his way; and not a ſyllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, Marquis!

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction, upon mine honour.

Y. Wild. You ſee, Sir, Sir——

O. Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of conſtitutional lyars.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. Your obſervation is juſt; that is exactly his caſe.

Pap. I'm ſure it is yours. [*Aſide.*

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I ſuppoſe we ſhall ſee you this evening.

Y. Wild. The Marquis has an appointment with ſome of his countrymen, which I have promiſed to attend: beſides, Sir, as he is an entire ſtranger in town, he may want my little ſervices.

O. Wild. Where can I ſee you in about an hour? I have a ſhort viſit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I ſhall attend your commands; but where?

O. Wild. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient ſervant.

Pap. Votre ſerviteur tres humble.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Y. Wild. So, Papillion, that difficulty is diſpatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Moſt ingeniouſly managed:—but are not you afraid of the conſequence?

Y. Wild. I don't comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild. That may embarraſs: but the day is diſtant. I warrant I will bring myſelf off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to adviſe.

Y. Wild. Why, to ſay truth, I do begin to find my ſyſtem attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y. Wild. I poſitively will. Why, this practice may in time deſtroy my credit.

Pap.

Digitized by Google

Pap. That is pretty well done already. [*Aſide.*] —Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the meereſt dull matter-of-fact fellow—But, Papillion, I muſt ſcribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is——

Pap. Godfrey; her father, an India governor ſhut up in the ſtrong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: ſhe lives near Miſs Grantham, by Groſvenor ſquare.

Y. Wild. A governor!—Oh ho!—Buſhels of rupees and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will ſoon return: I will haſten to finiſh my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a viſit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't gueſs.

Y. Wild. I ſhall know preſently. To Miſs Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now reſiding in Groſvenor-ſquare. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, Sir?

Y. Wild. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and ſincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the firſt time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in Miſs Grantham's Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Grantham and Miſs Godfrey.

M. God. And you really like this gallant ſpark?

M. Gr. Prodigiouſly! Oh, I'm quite in love with his aſſurance! I wonder who he is: he can't

Digitized by Google

can't have been long in town. A young fellow of his eaſy impudence muſt have ſoon made his way into the beſt of company.

M. God. By way of amuſement he may prove no diſagreeable acquaintance; but you can't ſurely have any ſerious deſigns upon him?

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be diſcarded at once?

M. Gr. Oh, no!

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M. Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a ſtrange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverſe! a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me leſs careful of my perſon than my purſe?

M. God. My dear?

M. Gr. Why, I ſay, child, my fortune being in money, I have ſome in India-bonds, ſome in the bank, ſome on this loan, ſome on the other! ſo that if one fund fails, I have a ſure reſource in the reſt.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, juſt ſo I manage my love affairs: if I ſhould not like this man—if he ſhould not like me—if we ſhould quarrel—if, if—or in ſhort, if any of the ifs ſhould happen which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means I ſhall be never at a loſs.

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on

Digitized by Google

on how many different ſecurities have you at preſent plac'd out your love?

M. Gr. Three: the ſober Sir James Elliot; the new America-man; and this morning I expect a formal propoſal from an old friend of my father.

M. God. Mr. Wilding?

M. Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an aukward, raw, college cub! Though upon ſecond thoughts, that mayn't be too bad neither; for as I muſt have the faſhioning of him, he may be eaſily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. Wilding, Madam.

M. Gr. Show him in. [*Exit Servant.*]—You need not go, my dear; we have no particular buſineſs.

M. God. I wonder, now, what ſhe calls particular buſineſs.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Ladies, your ſervant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a requeſt from my ſon, that he may be permitted the honour of kiſſing your hand.

M. Gr. Your ſon is in town then?

O. Wild. He came laſt night, Ma'am; and though but juſt from the univerſity, I think I may venture to affirm with as little the air of a pedant as——

M. Gr. I don't, Mr. Wilding, queſtion the accompliſhments of your ſon; and ſhall own too, that his being deſcended from the old friend

friend of my father is to me the ſtrongeſt recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, Madam.

M. Gr. But, Sir, I have ſomething to ſay—

O. Wild. Pray, Madam, ſpeak out; it is impoſſible to be too explicit on theſe important occaſions.

M. Gr. Why then, Sir, to a man of your wiſdom and experience, I need not obſerve, that the loſs of a parent to counſel and direct at this ſolemn criſis, has made a greater degree of perſonal prudence neceſſary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.

M. Gr. We live, Sir, in a very cenſorious world; a young woman can't be too much on her guard; nor ſhould I chooſe to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at leaſt a ſtrong probability——

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the diſadvantage of my ſon.

M. Gr. Not a ſyllable: but you know, Sir, there are ſuch things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, averſions, that we take at firſt ſight. I ſhould be glad there could be no danger of that.

O. Wild. I underſtand you, Madam: you ſhall have all the ſatisfaction imaginable: Jack is to meet me immediately; I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to diſpleaſe, I will take care his addreſſes ſhall never offend you. Your moſt obedient ſervant. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Now, there is a polite, ſenſible, old father for you.

M. God. Yes; and a very diſcreet, prudent daughter

Digitized by Google

daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A letter for you, Madam. [*To Miſs Godfrey.*] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyſhip. [*To Miſs Grantham.*]

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he won't ſtay long here. He comes, and ſeems entirely wrapt up in the diſmals: what can be the matter now?

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir Ja. In paſſing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health.

M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold laſt night.

M. Gr. Cold! why, Sir, I hope I didn't ſleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to ſtay ſo late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amuſements, it muſt be owned, were a ſufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now?

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of young Wilding? Is not he a gay, agreeable, ſprightly—

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M. Gr. No.

Sir Ja.

Digitized by Google

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M. Gr. Moſt likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however. But for the ſon, you never——

M. Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really!

M. Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely ſupported! Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is juſt going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the leaſt doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour: but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occaſion, however.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder!—what, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I ſuppoſe?

Sir Ja. Admirably rallied! But I ſhall daſh the ſpirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Know then, and bluſh, if you are not all loſt to ſhame as dead to decency, that I am no ſtranger to laſt night's tranſactions.

M. Gr. Indeed!

Sir Ja. From your firſt entering the barge at Somerſet-houſe, to your laſt landing at Whitehall.

M. Gr. Surpriſing!

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feaſts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

M. r. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer?

Sir Ja.

Digitized by Google

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual ſpark to whoſe folly you were indebted for this gallant profuſion.

M. Gr. But his name?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this ſtory from him?

Sir Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding!—That is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho! what, you are confounded at laſt; and no evaſion, no ſubterfuge, no—

M. Gr. Look ye, Sir James; what you can mean by this ſtrange ſtory, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impoſſible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, leſs pains would have anſwer'd your purpoſe.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

M. Gr. Matchleſs inſolence! As you can't expect that I ſhould be prodigiouſly pleaſed with the ſubject of this viſit, you won't be ſurpris'd at my wiſhing it as ſhort as poſſible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my preſence; but you may reſt ſecure you will have no interruption for me; and I really think it would be a pity to part two people ſo exactly formed for each other. Your Ladyſhip's ſervant. [*Going*]—But, Madam, though your ſex ſecures you from any farther reſentment, yet the preſent object of your favour may have ſomething to fear. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I muſt have been reduced, if my hopes had reſted upon one lover alone!

M. God.

Digitized by Google

M. God. But are you ſure that your method to multiply may not be the means to reduce the number of your ſlaves?

M. Gr. Impoſſible!—Why, can't you diſcern that this ſlam of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat?

M. God. And you never ſaw Wilding!

M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is ſome myſtery in this. I have, too, here in my hand, another mortification that you muſt endure.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

M. God. A little allied to the laſt: it is from the military ſpark you met this morning.

M. Gr. What are the contents?

M. God. Only a formal declaration of love.

M. Gr. Why, you did not ſee him.

M. God. But it ſeems he did me.

M. Gr. Might I peruſe it?——"Battles—no wounds ſo fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—ſpring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterſcarp—eyes—artillery—death—the ſtranger." It is addreſs'd to you.

M. God. I told you ſo.

M. Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really can't compliment you upon the ſuppoſition of a conqueſt at my expence.

M. God. That would be enough to make me vain. But why do you think it was ſo impoſſible?

M. Gr. And do you poſitively want a reaſon?

M. God. Poſitively.

M. Gr. Why, then, I ſhall refer you for an anſwer to a faithful counſellor and moſt accompliſh'd critic.

M. God. Who may that be?

M. Gr.

Digitized by Google

M. Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M. God. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

M. Gr. Why, can glaſſes flatter?

M. God. I can't ſay I think that neceſſary.

M. Gr. Saucy enough!—But come, child, don't let us quarrel upon ſo whimſical an occaſion: time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding at my window.

M. God. I attend you.

M. Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to ſerve you; for indeed, child, there is no quality ſo inſufferable in a young woman as ſelf-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are moſt prodigiouſly obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you, Miſs. [*Exit Miſs Godfrey.*] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly. I always thought her aukward, but ſhe is now an abſolute fright.

M. God. (within.) ſs, Miſs Grantham, your ... at hand ... come ... As ... very individual ... Lord, let me have ... eunt. ... The S... You ... nd Pa... pill... ...uſt pardon ... P... ompact, yet ... ſurely ...

Digitized by Google

ſurely London covers a much great quantity—Oh, Jack, look at that corner houſe: how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well; but I don't ſee any thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wiſh, though, you were the maſter of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O. Wild. The miſtreſs, you rogue you: a fine girl, and an immenſe fortune; ay, and a prudent ſenſible wench into the bargain.

Y. Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O. Wild. I don't ſee that: you are, lad, the laſt of our race, and I ſhould be glad to ſee ſome probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild. Suppoſe, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my conſent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you diſapprove of yourſelf?

O. Wild. Why, ſirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to diſcharge your debt.

Y. Wild. In the college cant, I ſhall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why, then, to be ſerious, ſon, this is the very buſineſs I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wiſh you married; and, by providing the lady of that manſion for the purpoſe, I have proved myſelf both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to queſtion your

Digitized by Google

your care; yet ſome preparation for ſo important a change——

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may ſtudy at leiſure.

Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my deſign was to ſerve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as uſeful to it by recruiting her ſubjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then reſolved?

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Poſitively?

O. Wild. Peremptorily.

Y. Wild. No prayers——

O. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce ſhall I get out of this toil? [*Aſide.*]—But ſuppoſe, Sir, there ſhould be an unſurmountable objection?

O. Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me: I am an excellent caſuiſt.

Y. Wild. But I ſay, Sir, if it ſhould be impoſſible to obey your commands?

O. Wild. Impoſſible!—I don't underſtand you.

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir!—But on my knees firſt let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon! for what?

Y. Wild. I fear I have loſt all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way?

Y. Wild. I have done a deed——

O. Wild. Let's hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks.

O. Wild. Well?

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. I am——

O. Wild. What?

Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Y. Wild. Married.

O. Wild. And without my conſent?

Y. Wild. Compell'd; fatally forced. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumſtances of my ſad, ſad ſtory, your rage would ſoon convert itſelf to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event!—But riſe, and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The ſhame and confuſion I now feel renders that taſk at preſent impoſſible; I muſt therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sir! I never heard one word of the matter.

O. Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has ſo ſhock me, dat I am almoſt as incapable to tell de tale as your ſon.—[*To Young Wilding.*]—Dry-a your tears. What can I ſay, Sir?

Y. Wild. Any thing.—Oh!——[*Seems to weep.*]

Pap. You ſee, Sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the moſt grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortune, ſans doute.

O. Wild. But if you, a ſtranger, are thus affected, what muſt a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup; a great deal more.

O. Wild. But ſince the evil is without a remedy,

Digitized by Google

medy, let us know the worſt at once. Well, Sir, at Abingdon?

Pap. Yes, at Abingdon.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks?

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Y. Wild. Oh, oh!

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes then—Though I dread to aſk, yet it muſt be known; who is the girl, pray, Sir?

Pap. De girl, Sir—[*Aſide to Young Wilding.*]——Who ſhall I ſay?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't ſay, upon my vard.

O. Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be ſure. But dere is no help—[*Aſide to Young Wilding.*]—Sir, I am quite a-ground.

O. Wild. Yes, I read my ſhame in his reſerve: ſome artful huſſey.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call huſſey?

O. Wild. Or perhaps ſome common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worſt.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

Y. Wild. I'll ſtep to your relief, Sir.

Pap. O Lord, a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almoſt death for me to ſpeak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady ſuffer by my ſilence. She is, Sir, of an ancient houſe and unblemiſh'd character.

O. Wild. That is ſomething.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wiſhes of a fond father, yet—

O. Wild. He. name?

Y. Wild. Miſs Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild.

Digitized by Google

O. Wild. Sybthorp—I never heard of the name.—But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of laſt long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to paſs a few days at a new purchaſe of his near Abingdon. There, at an aſſembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is ſhe handſome?

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful——

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Y. Wild. But to her beauty ſhe adds politeneſs, affability, and diſcretion; unleſs ſhe forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wild. Modeſtly obſerved.

Y. Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my paſſion, dreading the ſcantineſs of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews ſhe permitted.

O. Wild. Was that ſo decent?—But love and prudence, madneſs and reaſon.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I miſtake not, we were in a retired room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to ſup abroad, came ſuddenly upon us. I had juſt time to conceal myſelf in a cloſet.

O. Wild. What, unobſerved by him?

Y. Wild. Entirely. But, as my ill ſtars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vaſtly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the ſame place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which ſo provoked the implacable mother, that ſhe flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

O. Wild.

Digitized by Google

O. Wild. I have obſerved thoſe creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I ſhall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noiſe rouſed the old gentleman's attention: he open'd the door, and there diſcovered your ſon.

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I ruſh'd to the door; but fatally my foot ſlipt at the top of the ſtairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The piſtol in my hand went off by accident: this alarmed her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their ſervants, ruſh'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And ſo ſurprized you!

Y. Wild. No, Sir; with my ſword I for ſome time made a gallant defence, and ſhould have inevitably eſcaped; but a raw-boned, over-grown clumſy cook-wench ſtruck at my ſword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to ſurrender at diſcretion; the conſequence of which is obvious enough.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combined to make marriage an unavoidable meaſure.

Y. Wild. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O. Wild. Why, your ſituation is a ſufficient excuſe: all I blame you for is, your keeping it a ſecret from me. With Miſs Grantham I ſhall make an aukward figure; but the beſt apology is the truth: I'll haſten and explain it to her all——Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying buſineſs!

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. Moſt melancholy.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Pap. I am amazed, Sir, that you have ſo carefully conceal'd this tranſaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the ſtory of the marriage true?

Y. Wild. Not a ſyllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the piſtol, and the poker?

Y. Wild. All invention.—And were you really taken in!

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it poſſible to avoid it?—Mercy on us! what a collection of circumſtances have you crowded together!

Y. Wild. Genius; the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who ſo thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not juſt give your humble ſervant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing? Beſides, Sir, if you recollect your fixt reſolution to reform——

Y. Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere ſport and frolic of invention: but in caſe of neceſſity——why, Miſs Godfrey was at ſtake, and I was forced to uſe all my fineſſe.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Two letters, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pap. There are two things in my conſcience my maſter will never want;—a prompt lie, and a ready excuſe for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum! buſineſs begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and

Digitized by Google

and a rendezvous from the pretty Miſs Godfrey They ſhall both be obſerved, but in their order; therefore the lady firſt. Let me ſee—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a miſtreſs, and a wife: now, if I can get engaged in a chancery ſuit, I ſhall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Miſs Godfrey's Houſe.*

Miſs Grantham and Miſs Godfrey.

Miſs Godfrey.

UPON my word, Miſs Grantham, this is but an idle piece of curioſity: you know the man is already diſpoſed of, and therefore——

M. Gr. That is true, my dear; but there is in this affair ſome myſtery that I muſt and will have explain'd.

M. God. Come, come, I know the grievance.—You can't brook that this ſpark, though even a married man, ſhould throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my ſervice.

M. Gr. And ſo you take the fact for granted?

M. God. Have I not his letter?

M. Gr. Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miſs, by your vaſt affection for this letter, it is the firſt of the kind you have ever received.

M. God.

Digitized by Google

M. God. Nay, my dear, why ſhould you be piqued at me? the fault is none of mine. I dropt no handkerchief; I threw out no lure: the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

M. Gr. Metaphorical too! What, you are ſetting up for a wit as well as a belle! Why, really, Madam, to do you juſtice, you have full as fine pretenſions to one as the other.

M. God. I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a diſappointed rival.

M. Gr. Rival!—admirably rallied! But let me tell you, Madam, this ſort of behaviour, Madam, at your own houſe, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

M. God. As to that, Ma'am, I hope I ſhall always ſhow a proper reſentment to any inſult that is offer'd me, let it be in whoſe houſe it will. The aſſignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

M. Gr. Mighty well, Ma'am!

M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

M. Gr. It is, Madam!—then let it wait.—Oh, what that was your ſcheme! but it won't take, Miſs: the contrivance is a little too ſhallow.

M. God. I don't underſtand you.

M. Gr. Cunning creature! So all this inſolence was concerted, it ſeems; a plot to drive me out of the houſe, that you might have the fellow all to yourſelf: but I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it.—

Fie,

Digitized by Google

Fie, Miſs; a paſſion for a married man! I really bluſh for you.

M. God. And I moſt ſincerely pity you.—But curb your choler a little: the inquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler diſpoſition of mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

M. Gr. Mighty well; I am prepared. But, Miſs Godfrey, if you really wiſh to be acquitted of all artificial underhand dealings in this affair, ſuffer me in your name to manage the interview.

M. God. Moſt willingly: but he will recollect your voice.

M. Gr. Oh, that is eaſily alter'd. [*Enter a maid, who whiſpers Miſs Grantham, and exit.*]—It is he; but hide yourſelf, Miſs, if you pleaſe.

M. God. Your hood a little forwarder, Miſs; you may be known, and then we ſhall have the language of politeneſs inflam'd to proofs of a violent paſſion.

M. Gr. You are prodigiouſly cautious.

SCENE—*The Street.*

Enter Young Wilding.

Y. Wild. This rendezvous is ſomething in the Spaniſh taſte, imported, I ſuppoſe, with the guitar. At preſent, I preſume the cuſtom is confined to the great: but it will deſcend; and in a couple of months I ſhall not be ſurprized to hear an attorney's hackney clerk rouſing at midnight a milliner's prentice, with an *Ally, Ally Croker.* But that, if I miſtake not, is the temple; and ſee my goddeſs herſelf. Miſs Godfrey!

[*Miſs Grantham appears at the balcony.*

M. Gr.

Digitized by Google

M. Gr. Huſh!

Y. Wild. Am I right, Miſs?

M. Gr. Softly. You received my letter I ſee, Sir.

Y. Wild. And flew to the appointment with more—

M. Gr. No raptures, I beg. But you muſt not ſuppoſe this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

Y. Wild. How, Madam?

M. Gr. Oh, by no means, Sir, for though I own your figure is pleaſing, and your converſation——

M. God. Hold, Miſs; when did I ever converſe with him? [*from within.*]

M. Gr. Why, did not you ſee him in the park?

M. God. True, Madam; but the converſation was with you.

M. Gr. Bleſs me! you are very difficult. I ſay, Sir, though your perſon may be unexceptionable, yet your character—

Y. Wild. My character!

M. Gr. Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

Y. Wild. I hope not.

M. Gr. Your name is Wilding.

Y. Wild. How the deuce came ſhe by that! —True, Madam.

M. Gr. Pray, have you never heard of a Miſs Grantham?

Y. Wild. Frequently.

M. Gr. You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady? Now mind, Miſs.

Y. Wild. If you mean as a lover, never.

The

Digitized by Google

The lady did me the honour to have a ſmall deſign upon me.

M. God. I hear every word, Miſs.

M. Gr. But you need not lean ſo heavy upon me; he ſpeaks loud enough to be heard. —I have been told, Sir, that—

Y. Wild. Yes, Ma'am, and very likely by the lady herſelf.

M. Gr. Sir!

Y. Wild. Oh, Madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miſs Grantham, which muſt be diſcharg'd in the morning.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

Y. Wild. Why, the lady, finding an old humble ſervant of hers a little lethargic, has thought fit to adminiſter me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his paſſion.

M. Gr. Sir, let me tell you——

M. God. Have a care; you will betray yourſelf.

Y. Wild. Oh, the whole ſtory will afford you infinite diverſion; ſuch a farrago of fights and feaſts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.

M. God. So! what, that ſtory was yours; was it?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, don't I hear another voice?

M. Gr. A diſtant relation of mine.—Every ſyllable falſe.—But, Sir, we have another charge againſt you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abingdon?

Y. Wild. Miſs Grantham again. Yes, Madam, I have ſome knowledge of that lady.

M. Gr. You have? Well, Sir, and that being the caſe, how could you have the aſſurance—

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. A moment's patie
That lady, that Berkſhire lady
ſure you, prove no bar to my h
M. Gr. How, Sir; no bar!
Y. Wild. Not in the leaſt, M
lady exiſts in idea only.
M. Gr. No ſuch perſon!
Y. Wild. A mere creature of t
M. Gr. Indeed!
Y. Wild. The attacks of M
were ſo powerfully enforced, t
authority, that I had no meth
the blow, but by the ſhelterin
the conjugal ſhield.
M. Gr. You are not marri
what credit can I give to the
man, who in an article of ſuch i
to a perſon of ſuch reſpect——
Y. Wild. Nay, Madam, ſurel
ſhould not accuſe me of a c
charms have occaſion'd. Coul
tive, but the fear of loſing he
to trifle with a father; or co
fringe thoſe laws which I have
violably obſerved?
M. Gr. What laws, Sir?
Y. Wild. The ſacred laws of
M. Gr. There, indeed, you
infinite violence. But, when
the affair is diſcover'd, will it b
rid of Miſs Grantham? Th
her paſſion, and the old gen
nacy——
Y. Wild. Are nothing to a n
M. Gr. Poor Miſs Granthan
Y. Wild. Do you know her,

Digitized by Google

M. Gr. I have heard of her; but you, Sir, I ſuppoſe, have been long on an intimate footing?

Y. Wild. Bred up together from children.

M. Gr. Brave!—Is ſhe handſome?

Y. Wild. Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artiſt.

M. Gr. Very well!—Her ſhape?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, is not Curzon eſteemed the beſt ſtay-maker for people inclined to be crooked?

M. Gr. But as to the qualities of her mind; for inſtance, her underſtanding?

Y. Wild. Uncultivated.

M. Gr. Her wit?

Y. Wild. Borrowed.

M. Gr. Her taſte?

Y. Wild. Trifling.

M. Gr. And her temper?

Y. Wild. Intolerable.

M. Gr. A finiſh'd picture. But come, theſe are not your real thoughts: this is a ſacrifice you think due to the vanity of our ſex.

Y. Wild. My honeſt ſentiments: and, to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as ſoon take a wife from the Grand Signior's ſeraglio.—Now, Madam, I hope you are ſatisfied.

M. Gr. And you would not ſcruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face?

Y. Wild. The firſt opportunity.

M. Gr. That I will take care to provide you. Dare you meet me at her houſe?

Y. Wild. When?

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. But won't a declaration of this ſort appear odd at—a—

M. Gr. Come, no evaſion; your conduct and character ſeem to me a little equivocal and I muſt inſiſt on this proof at leaſt of——

Y. Wild. You ſhall have it.

M. Gr. In half an hour?

Y. Wild. This inſtant.

M. Gr. Be punctual.

Y. Wild. Or may I forfeit your favour.

M. Gr. Very well; till then, Sir, adieu.—Now I think I have my ſpark in the toil; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him ſmart for every article——Come, my dear, I ſhall ſtand in need of your aid. [*Exit.*

Y. Wild. So I am now, I think, arrived at a critical period. If I can but weather this point——But why ſhould I doubt it? it is in the day of diſtreſs only that a great man diſplays his abilities. But I ſhall want Papillion? where can the puppy be?

Enter Papillion.

Y. Wild. So, Sir, where have you been rambling?

Pap. I did not ſuppoſe you would want——

Y. Wild. Want!——you are always out of the way. Here have I been forced to tell forty lies upon my own credit, and not a ſingle ſoul to vouch for the truth of them.

Pap. Lord, Sir, you know——

Y. Wild. Don't plague me with your apologies; but it is lucky for you that I want your aſſiſtance. Come with me to Miſs Grantham's.

Pap. On what occaſion?

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. An important one: but I'll prepare you as we walk.

Pap. Sir, I am really—I could wiſh you would be ſo good as to——

Y. Wild. What, deſert your friend in the heat of battle! Oh, you poltroon!

Pap. Sir, I would do any thing, but you know I have not talents.

Y. Wild. I do; and for my own ſake ſhall not taſk them too high.

Pap. Now I ſuppoſe the hour is come when we ſhall pay for all.

Y. Wild. Why, what a daſtardly, henhearted—But come, Papillion, this ſhall be your laſt campaign. Don't droop, man; confide in your leader, and remember, *Sub auſpice Teucro nil deſperandum.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in Miſs Grantham's Houſe.*

Enter a Servant, conducting in Old Wilding.

Ser. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately: Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honeſt friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him? [*Exit Ser.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpoſe of my life has been to plan this ſcheme for his happineſs, and in one heedleſs hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir, I aſk your pardon; but upon ſo intereſting a ſubject, I know you will excuſe my intruſion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorps in Berkſhire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild.

Digitized by Google

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not ſo ſolicitous about; but as to their character: Do they live in reputation? Are they reſpected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorps!

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorps.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, Sir.

O. Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja. No; it is the very firſt time I ever heard of the name.

O. Wild. How ſteadily he denies it! Well done, Baronet! I find Jack's account was a juſt one. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourſelf.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpoſe.

O. Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous but unneceſſary proof of your friendſhip for my ſon: but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O. Wild. My ſon Jack.

Sir Ja. Is he married?

O. Wild. Is he married! why, you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but to remove all your ſcruples at once, he has own'd it himſelf.

Sir Ja. He has!

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumſtance: going to your new purchaſe at Abingdon—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the aſſembly—their private interviews—ſurpriſed by the father—piſtol—poker—and marriage; in ſhort, every particular. *Sir Ja.*

Digitized by Google

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your ſon?

O. Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wiſh you joy, Sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, Sir, does the marriage diſpleaſe you?

O. Wild. Doubtleſs.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourſelf eaſy.

O. Wild. Why ſo?

Sir Ja. You have got, Sir, the moſt prudent daughter-in-law in the Britiſh dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir Ja. For tho' ſhe mayn't have brought you much, I'm ſure ſhe'll not coſt you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be eaſily jointured.

O. Wild. Juſtice ſhall be done her.

Sir Ja. No proviſion neceſſary for younger children.

O. Wild. No, Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if ſhe anſwers your account, not the daughter of a duke——

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

O. Wild. You are merry, Sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow!

O. Wild. Sir!

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage——

O. Wild. Well, Sir!

Sir Ja. I take the whole hiſtory to be neither more nor leſs than an abſolute fable.

O. Wild. How, Sir?

Sir Ja. Even ſo.

O. Wild. Why, Sir, do you think my ſon would dare to impoſe upon me? *Sir Ja.*

Digitized by Google

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impoſe upon any body. Don't I know him?

O. Wild. What do you know?

Sir Ja. I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applauſe than credit; and that, whether from conſtitution or habit, there is no believing a ſyllable he ſays.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, Sir!—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do; you are foreſtall'd; your novels won't paſs upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my ſon to be blaſted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja. What is this?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr. Wilding, but that I am ſure this extravagant behaviour owes its riſe to ſome impudent impoſitions of your ſon, your age would ſcarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, ſhould he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miſs Grantham.

M. Gr. Bleſs me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more at preſent, Sir: I have another demand upon your ſon; we'll ſettle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am ſure he will do you juſtice.

M. Cr. How, Sir James Elliot! I flatter'd myſelf that you had finiſh'd your viſits here, Sir.

Digitized by Google

Sir. Muſt I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only inſulted in my own perſon, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right—

O. Wild. Madam, I aſk your pardon; a diſagreeable occaſion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my ſon unfortunately being married already.

M. Gr. Married!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds: and becauſe I have refuſed to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconſiſtent with his uſual politeneſs.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reſerved for another occaſion; but you, it ſeems——

M. Gr. Oh, is that the buſineſs!—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam!

M. Gr. Your ſon has juſt confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miſs Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it poſſible?

M. Gr. Moſt true; and aſſign'd two moſt whimſical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be?

M. Gr. An averſion for me, whom he has ſeen but once; and an affection for Miſs Godfrey, whom I am almoſt ſure he never ſaw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your ſon is a moſt extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd

Digitized by Google

plex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a ſmall obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I ſhall take care to acknowledge the firſt opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my conſent. An abandon'd profligate! Was his father a proper ſubject for his——But I diſcard him.

M. Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding had-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity.—

O. Wild. How, Madam, a levity!

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you ſubmit his puniſhment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to ſatisfy your reſentments, and accompliſh his cure into the bargain.

Sir Ja. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James muſt cement the general peace.

O. Wild. Madam, I ſubmit to any——

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. Wilding to wait upon you, Madam. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your ſon, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon buſineſs. You muſt likewiſe ſeemingly conſent to his marriage with Miſs Godfrey, whom I ſhrewdly ſuſpect he has, by ſome odd accident, miſtaken for me; the lady herſelf ſhall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will

Digitized by Google

will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little inſtruction. ——Kitty?

Enter Kitty.

Let John ſhow Mr. Wilding in to his father; then come to my dreſſing-room: I have a ſhort ſcene to give you in ſtudy. [*Exit Kitty.*]—— The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character juſtice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we muſt be as busy as bees.

[*Exit Miſs Grantham and Sir James.*

O. Wild. This ſtrange boy!—But I muſt command my temper.

Y. Wild. (ſpeaking as he enters.)—People to ſpeak with me! See what they want, Papillion.—My father here!——that's unlucky enough.

O. Wild. Ha, Jack, what brings you here?

Y. Wild. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miſs Grantham, in order to make her ſome apology for the late unfortunate——

O. Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Y. Wild. I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

O. Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Would it not be right to ſend for her home?

Y. Wild. Doubtleſs, Sir.

O. Wild. I think ſo. Why, then, to-morrow my chariot ſhall fetch her.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. The devil it ſhall! [*Aſide.*]—Not quite ſo ſoon, if you pleaſe, Sir.

O. Wild. No! Why not?

Y. Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her preſent condition.

O. Wild. What's the matter with her?

Y. Wild. She is big with child, Sir.

O. Wild. An audacious——Big with child! —that is fortunate. But, however, an eaſy carriage and ſhort ſtages can't hurt her.

Y. Wild. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not truſt her: ſhe is ſix months gone.

O. Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But ſhould not I write to her father, juſt to let him know that you have diſcover'd the ſecret?

Y. Wild. By all means, Sir; it will make him extremely happy.

O. Wild. Why, then, I will inſtantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Y. Wild. Abingdon, Berkſhire.

O. Wild. True; but his addreſs?

Y. Wild. You need not trouble yourſelf, Sir: I ſhall write by this poſt to my wife, and will ſend your letter incloſed.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. [*Going.*

Y. Wild. So, I have parried that thruſt.

O. Wild. Though, upon ſecond thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And theſe country gentlemen are full of punctilios——No, I'll ſend him a letter apart; ſo give me his direction.

Y. Wild. You have it, Sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been ſo hurried that I have entirely forgot it.

Y. Wild.

Digitized by Google

Y. Wild. I am ſure ſo have I. [*Aſide.*]—His name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins!

Y. Wild. Yes, Sir.

O. Wild. That is not the ſame name that you gave me before: that, if I recollect, was either Sypthorp or Sybthorp.

Y. Wild. You are right, Sir; that is his paternal appellation: but the name of Hopkins he took for an eſtate of his mother's: ſo he is indiſcriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorp: and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he ſigns himſelf Sybthorp Hopkins.

O Wild. There is no end of this: I muſt ſtop him at once. Hark ye, Sir; I think you are call'd my ſon?

Y. Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reaſon to doubt it.

O. Wild. And look upon yourſelf as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honour of deſcending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a ſufficient pretenſion?

Y. Wild. Sir—pray, Sir——

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your anceſtors obtain'd that diſtinguiſhing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I ſuppoſe.

Y. Wild. Doubtleſs, Sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occurr'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be loſt by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redreſs even the imputation of a lie demands; and that

that nothing leſs than the life of the adverſary can extinguiſh the affront?

Y. Wild. Doubtleſs, Sir.

O. Wild. Then, how dare you call yourſelf a gentleman? you, whoſe life has been one continued ſcene of fraud and falſity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? Not ſatisfied with violating that great band of ſociety, mutual confidence, the moſt ſacred rights of nature muſt be invaded, and your father made the innocent inſtrument to circulate your abominable impoſitions.

Y. Wild. But, Sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was nearly ſacrificed in defence of your fame: but perhaps that was your intention; and the ſtory of your marriage merely calculated to ſend me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild. For heaven's ſake, Sir!

O. Wild. What other motive?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O. Wild. To be again impoſed on! No, Jack; my eyes are open'd at laſt.

Y. Wild. By all that's ſacred, Sir—

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your deluſions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, Sir. I own the Abingdon buſineſs—

O. Wild. An abſolute fiction.

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you——

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

Y. Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady, whoſe charms—— *O. Wild.*

Digitized by Google

O. Wild. So!—what, here's another marriage trump'd out? but that is a ſtale device. And, pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, reſiding, I ſuppoſe, *in nubibus*——

Y. Wild. No, Sir; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Nay, more, and at this inſtant in his houſe.

O. Wild. And her name—

Y. Wild. Godfrey.

O. Wild. The friend of Miſs Grantham?

Y. Wild. The very ſame, Sir.

O. Wild. Have you ſpoke to her?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has ſhe favoured your addreſs?

Y. Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

O. Wild. Look ye, Sir, as there is ſome little probability in this ſtory, I ſhall think it worth farther inquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miſs Godfrey; am intimate with her family: and though you deſerve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if, in the progreſs of this affair, you practiſe any of your uſual arts; if I diſcover the leaſt falſehood, the leaſt duplicity, remember you have loſt a father.

Y. Wild. I ſhall ſubmit without a murmur.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Enter Papillion.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap.

Digitized by Google

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y. Wild. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, muſicians, waiters, and watermen.

Y. Wild. What do they want?

Pap. You, Sir.

Y. Wild. Me!

Pap. Yes, Sir; they have brought in their bills.

Y. Wild. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave laſt night upon the water.

Y. Wild. That I gave?

Pap. Yes, Sir; you remember the bill of fare: I am ſure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

Y. Wild. Prythee, are you mad? There muſt be ſome miſtake; you know that I—

Pap. They have been vaſtly puzzled to find out your lodgings; but Mr. Robinſon meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you lived. Here are the bills: Almack's, twelve dozen of Claret, ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, Sweetmeats, Pine-apples: the whole amount is 372*l.* 9*s.* beſides muſic and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

Pap. Nay, Sir, they ſay they have gone full as low as they can afford; and they were in hopes, from the great ſatisfaction you expreſſed to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

Y. Wild. Hark ye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't

Digitized by Google

don't ceaſe your impertinence, I ſhall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuſe.

Pap. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at invention; though this incident, I can't help thinking, is the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y. Wild. But are you ſerious? is this poſſible?

Pap. Moſt certain. It was with difficulty I reſtrain'd their impatience; but, however, I have diſpatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promiſe that you ſhall immediately meet them.

Y. Wild. Oh, there we ſhall ſoon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abingdon buſineſs.

Pap. The deuce!

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a ſcene!

Pap. And what was the iſſue?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promiſe to plead my cauſe with the fair.

Pap. With Miſs Godfrey!

Y. Wild. Who elſe?—He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you underſtand me—in all this?

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fixt.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter Old Wilding.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this laſt article you have condeſcended to tell me the truth: the

Digitized by Google

the young lady is not averſe to your union; but, in order to fix ſo mutable a mind, I have drawn up a ſlight contract, which you are both to ſign.

Y. Wild. With tranſport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miſs Godfrey. [*Exit*

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed!

Y. Wild. Am not I a happy fortunate?—— But they come.

Enter Old Wilding and Miſs Godfrey.

O. Wild. If, Madam, he has not the higheſt ſenſe of the great honour you do him, I ſhall ceaſe to regard him.——There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour teſtify your gratitude.

Y. Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O. Wild. What, is the puppy petrified!—Why don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up to the lady!—That lady?

O. Wild. That lady!—To be ſure. What other lady?—To Miſs Godfrey.

Y. Wild. That lady Miſs Godfrey?

O. Wild. What is all this?—Hark ye, Sir; I ſee what you are at: but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double deteſtable—Recollect my laſt reſolution: This inſtant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the conſequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I—to be ſure——

O. Wild. No further evaſions! There, Sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho! [*Signs it.*]

O. Wild.

Digitized by Google

O. Wild. Very well. Now, Madam, your name if you pleaſe.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who ſhe is?

Pap. That's a queſtion indeed! Don't you, Sir?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be ſaved.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A young lady begs to ſpeak with Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me?

M. God. A young lady with Mr. Wilding!

Ser. Seems diſtreſt, Madam, and extremely preſſing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed! There may be ſomething in this. You muſt permit me, Sir, to pauſe a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent——

O. Wild. How, Sir, who is this lady?

Y. Wild. It is impoſſible for me to divine, Sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y. Wild. How ſhould I?

O. Wild. You hear, Madam.

M. God. I preſume your ſon can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the leaſt, Madam.

M. God. Show her in, John. [*Exit Ser.*

O. Wild. No, Madam, I don't think there is the leaſt room for ſuſpecting him: he can't be ſo abandon'd as to——But ſhe is here. Upon my word, a ſightly woman.

Enter Kitty as Miſs Sybthorp.

Kit. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—my life—my——

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kit.

Digitized by Google

Kit. And could you leave me? and for ſo long a ſpace? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam!

Kit. But we are met at laſt, and now will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kit. What, not one kind look! no tender word to hail our ſecond meeting!

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this?

Kit. Are all your oaths, your proteſtations, come to this? Have I deſerved ſuch treatment? Quitted my father's houſe, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in ſearch of thee, thou firſt, laſt, only object of my love!

O. Wild. To what can all this tend? Hark ye, Sir; unriddle this myſtery.

Y. Wild. Davus, non Edipus ſum. It is beyond me, I confeſs. Some lunatic eſcaped from her keeper, I ſuppoſe.

Kit. Am I diſown'd then, contemn'd, ſlighted?

O. Wild. Hold!—let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam——You ſeem to be pretty familiar here.—Do you know this gentleman?

Kit. Too well.

O. Wild. His name?

Kit. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far ſhe is right. Now yours, if you pleaſe.

Kit. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding!

O. Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kit. Moſt lawfully, Sir: by the ſacred band, the holy tie that made us one. *O. Wild.*

Digitized by Google

O. Wild. What, married to him?

Kit. Moſt true.

Omres. How!

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never——

O. Wild. Peace, monſter!—One queſtion more: your maiden name?

Kit. Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

Kit. The ſame.

O. Wild. As I ſuſpected. So then the whole ſtory is true, and the monſter is married at laſt.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir! By all that's—

O. Wild. Eternal dumbneſs ſeize thee, meaſureleſs lyar!

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman—Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your ſcrapes: it is a pit of your own digging; and ſo get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll ſhift for myſelf. [*Exit.*

O. Wild. What evaſion now, monſter?

M. God. Deceiver!

O. Wild. Lyar!

M. God. Impoſtor!

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to diſtract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are groſsly impoſed upon: the low contriver of this woman's ſhallow artifice I ſhall ſoon find means to diſcover; and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been ſuddenly ſurpriſed into a contract, I moſt ſolemnly declare this is the firſt time I ever ſet eyes on you.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your own requeſt?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God.

Digitized by Google

M. God. Is not this your own letter?

Y. Wild. No.

Kit. Am not I your wife?

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Y. Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kit. Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Anſwer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I—

Y. Wild. No, no, no. Zounds! you are all mad; and if I ſtay, I ſhall catch the infection.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir James Elliot and Miſs Grantham.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

M. Gr. Finely perform'd.

O. Wild. You have kept your promiſe, and I thank you, Madam.

M. Gr. My medicine was ſomewhat rough, Sir; but in deſperate caſes, you know—

O. Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cauſe; if not, the puniſhment comes far ſhort of his crimes. It is needleſs to pay you any compliments, Sir James; with that lady you can't fail to be happy. I ſhan't venture to hint a ſcheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the ſucceſs of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is ſo dangerous as that of a lyar:

They in the faireſt frames can fix a flaw,
And vanquiſh females whom they never ſaw.

FINIS.

Knight and Compton, Printers, Middle-ſtreet, Cloth Fair.

Digitized by Google

THE

PATRON:

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET;

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, No. 76, FLEET STREET.
1794.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER,

EARL GOWER,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold.

MY LORD,

THE following little Comedy, founded on a ſtory of M. Marmontell's, and calculated to expoſe the frivolity and ignorance of the pretenders to learning, with the inſolence and vanity of their ſuperficial, illiberal protectors, can be addreſſed to no nobleman with more propriety than to Lord Gower; whoſe judgment, though elegant, is void of affectation; and whoſe patronage, though powerful, is deſtitute of all faſtidious parade. It is with pleaſure, my Lord, that the Public ſees your Lordſhip placed at the head of that department which is to decide, without

Digitized by Google

without appeal, on the moſt popular domain in the whole republic of letters; a ſpot that has always been diſtinguiſhed with affection, and cultivated with care, by every ruler the leaſt attentive to either chaſtiſing the morals, poliſhing the manners, or, what is of equal importance, rationally amuſing the leiſure of the people.

The Patron, my Lord, who now begs your protection, has had the good fortune to be well received by the public; and, indeed, of all the pieces that I have had the honour to offer them, this ſeems to me to have the faireſt claim to their favour.

But the play, ſtripp'd of thoſe theatrical ornaments for which it is indebted to your Lordſhip's indulgence, muſt now plead it's own cauſe; nor will I, my Lord, with an affected humility, echo the trite, coarſe, though claſſical compliment, of *Optimus patronus, peſſimus poeta:* for if this be really true of the laſt, the firſt can have but ſmall pretenſions to praiſe; patronizing bad poets being, in my poor opinion, full as pernicious to the progreſs of letters, as neglecting the good.

In humble hopes, then, my Lord, of not being thought the meaneſt in the Muſes train, I have taken the liberty to prefix your name to this dedication, and publicly to acknowledge my obligations to your Lordſhip; which, let me boaſt too, I have had the happineſs to receive, untainted by the inſolence of domeſtics, the delays

Digitized by Google

lays of office, or the chilling ſuperiority of rank; mortifications which have been too often experienced by much greater writers than myſelf, from much leſs men than your Lordſhip.

My Lord, I have the honour to be, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt devoted,

humble ſervant.,

West-End,
June 20, 1764.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Dramatis

Digitized by Google



Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir THOMAS LOFTY, Sir PETER PEPPERPOT,	*Mr. Foote.*
DICK BEVER,	*Mr. Death.*
FRANK YOUNGER,	*Mr. Davis*
Sir ROGER DOWLAS,	*Mr. Palmer.*
Mr. RUST,	*Mr. Weſton.*
Mr. DACTYL,	*Mr. Granger.*
Mr. PUFF,	*Mr. Hayes.*
Mr. STAYTAPE,	*Mr. Brown.*
ROBIN,	*Mr. Parſons.*
JOHN,	*Mr Lewis.*
Two Blacks.	
Miſs JULIET,	*Mrs. Granger.*

Digitized by Google

THE

PATRON.

ACT I.

SCENE THE STREET.

Enter Bever and Younger.

YOUNGER.

NO, Dick, you muſt pardon me.

BEVER.

Nay, but to ſatisfy your curioſity.

YOUNGER.

I tell you, I have not a jot.

BEVER.

Why then to gratify me.

YOUNGER.

At rather too great an expence.

BEVER.

To a fellow of your obſervation and turn, I ſhould think, now, ſuch a ſcene a moſt delicate treat.

YOUNGER.

Delicate! Palling, nauſeous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulſome formality.

BEVER.

The uncle! ay, but then you know he is only one of the group.

YOUNGER.

Digitized by Google

YOUNGER.

That's true; but the figures are all finiſh'd alike:—a *maniere*, a tireſome ſameneſs throughout.

BEVER.

There you will excuſe me; I am ſure there is no want of variety.

YOUNGER.

No! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

BEVER.

Firſt, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

YOUNGER.

What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell you) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider on merit, chief juſtice of taſte, and ſworn appraiſer to Apollo and the tuneful Nine. Ha, ha.—Oh, the tedious, inſipid, inſufferable coxcomb!

BEVER.

Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is univerſally allow'd to have taſte; ſharp-judging Adriel, and the muſe's friend, himſelf a muſe.

YOUNGER.

Taſte! by who? underling bards, that he feeds; and broken bookſellers, that he bribes. Look ye, Dick, what raptures you pleaſe, when Miſs Lofty is your theme; but expect no quarter for the reſt of the family. I tell thee, once for all, Lofty is a rank impoſtor, the buſo of an illiberal, mercenary tribe; he has neither genius to create, judgment to diſtinguiſh, or generoſity to reward; his wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent

Digitized by Google

digent, and the haughty inſolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voilà le portrait de votre oncle.* Now on to the next.

BEVER.

The ingenious and erudite Mr. Ruſt.

YOUNGER.

What, old Martin, the medal-monger?

BEVER.

The ſame, and my rival in Juliet.

YOUNGER.

Rival! what, Ruſt? why ſhe's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin! why he likes no heads but upon coins. Married! the mummy! Why 'tis not above a fortnight ago that I ſaw him making love to the figure without a noſe in Somerſet-Gardens: I caught him ſtroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and aſked him if he was not aſhamed to take ſuch liberties with ladies in public.

BEVER.

What an inconſtant old ſcoundrel it is!

YOUNGER.

Oh, a Dorimant. But how came this about? what could occaſion the change? was it in the power of fleſh and blood to ſeduce this adorer of virtù from his marble and porphyry?

BEVER.

Juliet has done it; and, what will ſurprize you, his taſte was a bawd to the buſineſs.

YOUNGER.

Pr'ythee explain.

BEVER.

Juliet met him laſt week at her uncle's: he was a little pleaſed with the Greek of her profile; but, on

Digitized by Google

on a cloſer enquiry, he found the turn-up of her noſe to exactly reſemble the buſt of the princeſs Popæa.

YOUNGER.

The chaſte moiety of the amiable Nero.

BEVER.

The ſame.

YOUNGER.

Oh, the deuce! then your buſineſs was done in an inſtant.

BEVER.

Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered *carte blanche* for the reſt of the figure, which (as you may ſuppoſe) was inſtantly caught at.

YOUNGER.

Doubtleſs. But who have we here?

BEVER.

This is one of Lofty's companions, a Weſt-Indian of an over-grown fortune. He ſaves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.

Enter Sir Peter Pepperpot and two blacks.

Sir PETER.

Careleſs ſcoundrels! harkee, raſcals! I'll baniſh you home, you dogs! you ſhall back, and broil in the ſun. Mr. Bever, your humble; Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

BEVER.

You ſeem moved; what has been the matter, Sir Peter?

Sir PETER.

Matter! why, I am invited to dinner on a barbicu, and the villains have forgot my bottle of cayenne.

YOUNGER.

Digitized by Google

YOUNGER.

Unpardonable.

Sir PETER.

Ay, this country has ſpoil'd them; this ſame chriſtening will ruin the colonies.——Well, dear Bever, rare news, boy; our fleet is arrived from the Weſt.

BEVER.

It is?

Sir PETER.

Ay, lad; and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brighthelmſtone; I nicked the time to a hair; thin as a lath, and a ſtomach as ſharp as a ſhark's: never was in finer condition for feeding.

BEVER.

Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

Sir PETER.

Nine; but ſeven in excellent order: the captain aſſures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage.

BEVER.

How do you diſpoſe of them?

Sir PETER.

Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the two ſickly ones I ſhall ſend to my borough in Yorkſhire.

YOUNGER.

Ay! what, have the provincials a reliſh for turtle?

Sir PETER.

Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (gives me leave to ſay) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why, formerly, Sir, a brace of bucks on the mayor's annual day was thought a pretty moderate bleſſing. But we, Sir, have poliſh'd

Digitized by Google

their palates. Why, Sir, not the meaneſt member of my corporation but can diſtinguiſh the paſh from the pee.

YOUNGER.

Indeed!

Sir PETER.

Ay, and ſever the green from the ſhell with the ſkill of the ableſt anatomiſt.

YOUNGER.

And they are ſond of it?

Sir PETER.

Oh, that the conſumption will tell you. The ſtated allowance is ſix pounds to an alderman, and five to each of their wives.

BEVER.

A plentiful proviſion.

Sir PETER.

But there was never known any waſte: the mayor, recorder, and rector, are permitted to eat as much as they pleaſe.

YOUNGER.

The entertainment is pretty expenſive.

Sir PETER.

Land-carriage and all. But I contrived to ſmuggle the laſt that I ſent them.

BEVER.

Smuggle! I don't underſtand you.

Sir PETER.

Why, Sir, the raſcally coachman had always charged me five pounds for the carriage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook going at the ſame time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty ſhillings put him an inſide paſſenger in the Doncaſter Fly.

YOUNGER.

A happy expedient.

BEVER.

Digitized by Google

BEVER.

Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

Sir PETER.

Yes, but the frolick had like to have proved fatal.

YOUNGER.

How ſo?

Sir PETER.

The maid at the Rummer, at Hatfield, popp'd her head into the coach, to know if the company would have any breakfaſt: Ecod, the turtle, Sir, laid hold of her noſe, and flapp'd her face with his fins till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha.

YOUNGER.

Oh, an abſolute Rabelais.

BEVER.

What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the Square?

Sir PETER.

Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas. You know this is his day of aſſembly; I ſuppoſe you will be there: I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

BEVER.

Am I?

Sir PETER.

He ſays, your natural genius is fine; and when poliſh'd by his cultivation, will ſurprize and aſtoniſh the world.

BEVER.

I hope, Sir, I ſhall have your voice with the public.

Sir PETER.

Mine! O fie, Mr. Bever.

BEVER.

Come, come, you are no inconſiderable patron.

Sir PETER,

Digitized by Google

Sir PETER.

He, he, he. Can't ſay but I love to encourage the arts.

BEVER.

And have contributed largely yourſelf.

YOUNGER.

What, is Sir Peter an author?

Sir PETER.

O fie! what me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true:—ſome ſonnets, that have not been thought wanting in ſalt.

BEVER.

And your epigrams.

Sir PETER.

Not entirely without point.

BEVER.

But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the ſole cauſe of your viſits to the houſe you are going to.

Sir PETER.

I don't underſtand you.

BEVER.

Miſs Juliet, the niece.

Sir PETER.

O fie! what chance have I there? Indeed, if Lady Pepperpot ſhould happen to pop off—

BEVER.

I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man; and, were I a father, or uncle, I ſhould not be a little ſhy of your viſits.

Sir PETER.

Pſha! dear Bever, you banter.

BEVER.

And (unleſs I am extremely out in my gueſs) that lady—

Sir PETER.

Digitized by Google

Sir PETER.

Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

BEVER.

But if you ſhould betray me—

Sir PETER,

May I never eat a bit of green fat, if I do!

BEVER.

Hints have been dropp'd.

Sir PETER.

The devil! come a little this way.

BEVER.

Well made; not robuſt and gigantic, 'tis true, but extremely genteel.

Sir PETER.

Indeed!

BEVER.

Features, not entirely regular; but marking, with an air now, ſuperior; greatly above the—you underſtand me?

Sir PETER.

Perfectly. Something noble; expreſſive of—faſhion.

BEVER.

Right.

Sir PETER.

Yes, I have been frequently told ſo.

BEVER.

Not an abſolute wit; but ſomething infinitely better: an *enjouement*, a ſpirit, a—

Sir PETER.

Gaiety. I was ever ſo, from a child.

BEVER.

In ſhort, your dreſs, addreſs, with a thouſand other particulars that at preſent I can't recollect.

Sir PETER.

Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admired Miſs Juliet, and a delicate creature

Digitized by Google

creature ſhe is: ſweet as a ſugar-cane, ſtrait as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

BEVER.

Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, ſuch a plantation of perfections to be devoured by that caterpillar Ruſt.

Sir PETER.

A liquoriſh grub! Are pine-apples for ſuch muckworms as he? I'll ſend him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poiſon the pipkin.

BEVER.

No, no.

Sir PETER.

Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

BEVER.

Not ſo precipitate; I think we may defeat him without any danger.

Sir PETER.

How, how?

BEVER.

I have a thought—but we muſt ſettle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint, that I ſhould be glad to ſee her a moment.

Sir PETER.

I'll do it directly.

BEVER.

But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

Sir PETER.

Never fear. You'll follow?

BEVER.

The inſtant I have ſettled matters with her; but fix the old fellow ſo that ſhe may not be miſs'd.

Sir PETER.

Digitized by Google

Sir PETER.

I'll nail him, I warrant; I have his opinion to beg on this manuſcript.

BEVER.

Your own?

Sir PETER.

No.

BEVER.

Oh ho! what ſomething new from the doctor, your chaplain?

Sir PETER.

He! no, no. O Lord, he's eloped.

BEVER.

How?

Sir PETER.

Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me: ſo I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engraved, to prefix (by way of print) to the frontiſpiece; and, O grief of griefs! the doctor has moved off with the money. I'll ſend you Miſs Juliet. [*Exit.*

BEVER.

There, now, is a ſpecial protector! The arts, I think, can't but flouriſh under ſuch a Mecænas.

YOUNGER.

Heaven viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool.

BEVER.

True; but then, to juſtify the diſpenſation,

From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed.
Fortunes to bookſellers, to authors bread.

YOUNGER.

The diſtribution is, I own, a little unequal: and here comes a moſt melancholy inſtance; poor Dick Dactyl, and his publiſher Puff.

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Dactyl and Puff.

PUFF.

Why, then, Mr. Dactyl, carry them to ſomebody elſe; there are people enough in the trade: but I wonder you would meddle with poetry; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

DACTYL.

And how can one help it, Mr. Puff? Genius impels, and when a man is once liſted in the ſervice of the Muſes—

PUFF.

Why let him give them warning as ſoon as he can. A pretty ſort of ſervice, indeed! where there are neither wages nor vails. The Muſes! And what, I ſuppoſe, this is the livery they give. Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

BEVER.

The poet and publiſher at variance! What is the matter, Mr. Dactyl?

DACTYL.

As Gad ſhall judge me, Mr. Bever, as pretty a poem, and ſo polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all full of panegyric and praiſe.

PUFF.

A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greateſt in the world, Mr. Dactyl. Panegyric and praiſe! and what will that do with the public? Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiſer or better man than himſelf? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good ſouſing ſatire, now, well powder'd with perſonal pepper, and ſeaſoned with the ſpirit of party; that demoliſhes a conſpicuous character, and ſinks him below our

Digitized by Google

our own level; there, there, we are pleaſed; there we chuckle, and grin, and toſs the half-crowns on the counter.

DACTYL.

Yes, and ſo get cropp'd for a libel.

PUFF.

Cropp'd! ay, and the luckieſt thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give two pence for an author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing is, (as I may ſay,) Mr. Dactyl, a ſort of warfare, where none can be victor that is the leaſt afraid of a ſcar. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got ſalt to my potridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange.

BEVER.

Indeed!

PUFF.

No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noiſe in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon! romantic and fabulous ſtuff. The true Caſtalian ſtream is a ſhower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnaſſus.

DACTYL.

Ay, to you indeed it may anſwer; but what do we get for our pains?

PUFF.

Why, what the deuce would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monſter, a prodigy! No, no; ſpare diet is a ſpur to the fancy; high feeding would but founder your Pegaſus.

DACTYL.

Why, you impudent, illiterate raſcal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

PUFF.

Digitized by Google

PUFF.

Heyday! what is the matter now?

DACTYL.

And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me? But no matter? the world, the world ſhall know what you are, and how you have uſed me.

PUFF.

Do your worſt; I deſpiſe you.

DACTYL.

They ſhall be told from what a dunghill you ſprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a ſinner, that fellow owes every ſhilling to me.

PUFF.

To thee!

DACTYL.

Ay, Sirrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you? then where and what was your ſtate? Gentlemen, his ſhop was a ſhed in Moorfields; his kitchen a broken pipkin of charcoal; and his bed-chamber, under the counter.

PUFF.

I never was fond of expence; I ever minded my trade.

DACTYL.

Your trade! and pray with what ſtock did you trade? I can give you the catalogue; I believe it won't overburthen my memory. Two odd volumes of Swift; the Life of Moll Flanders, with cuts; the Five Senſes, printed and coloured by Overton; a few claſſics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charterhouſe; with the Trial of Dr. Sacheverel.

PUFF.

Malice!

DACTYL.

Digitized by Google

DACTYL.

Then, Sirrah, I gave you my Canning: it was ſhe firſt ſet you afloat.

PUFF.

A grub.

DACTYL.

And it is not only my writings: you know, Sirrah, what you owe to my phyſic.

BEVER.

How! a phyſician?

DACTYL.

Yes, Mr. Bever; phyſic and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both: *Opiferque per orbem dicor.*

PUFF.

His phyſic!

DACTYL.

My phyſic! ay, my phyſic: why, dare you deny it, you raſcal! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities?

PUFF,

No.

DACTYL.

My coſmetic lozenge, and ſugar plumbs?

PUFF.

No.

DACTYL.

My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy drops, with my paſte for ſuperfluous hairs?

PUFF.

No, no; have you done?

DACTYL.

No, no, no; but I believe this will ſuffice for for the preſent.

PUFF.

Digitized by Google

PUFF.

Now would not any mortal believe that I owed my all to this fellow.

BEVER.

Why, indeed, Mr. Puff, the balance does ſeem in his favour.

PUFF.

In his favour! why you don't give any credit to him: a reptile, a bug, that owes his very being to me.

DACTYL.

I, I, I!

PUFF.

You, you! What, I ſuppoſe, you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you furniſh'd paragraphs for the Farthing-poſt at twelve-pence a dozen.

DACTYL.

Fiction.

PUFF.

Then, did not I get you made collector of caſualties to the Whitehall and St. James's? but that poſt your lazineſs loſt you. Gentlemen, he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going to be hang'd; a birth till the chriſtening was over; nor a death till the hatchment was up.

DACTYL.

Mighty well!

PUFF.

And now, becauſe the fellow has got a little in fleſh, by being puff to the play-houſe this winter, (to which, by the bye, I got him appointed,) he is as proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I ſhall ſoon have him under; the vacation will come.

DACTYL.

Let it.

PUFF.

Digitized by Google

PUFF.

Then I ſhall have him ſneaking and cringing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of tranſlation.

DACTYL.

I beg, I, for tranſlation!

PUFF.

No, no, not a line; not if you would do it for two-pence a ſheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my ſhop.

DACTYL.

Your ſhop! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

BEVER.

O fie, Mr. Dactyl!

PUFF.

Let him alone.

DACTYL.

Pray, gentlemen, let me do myſelf juſtice.

BEVER.

Younger, reſtrain the publiſher's fire.

YOUNGER.

Fie, gentlemen, ſuch an illiberal combat—it is a ſcandal to the republic of letters.

BEVER.

Mr. Dactyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

DACTYL.

Sir, I am calm; that thought has reſtored me. To your inſignificancy you are indebted for ſafety. But what my generoſity has ſaved, my pen ſhall deſtroy.

PUFF.

Then you muſt get ſomebody to mend it.

DACTYL.

Adieu!

PUFF.

Digitized by Google

PUFF.

Farewel!

[*Dactyl and Puff exeunt ſeverally.*

BEVER.

Ha, ha, ha! come, let us along to the ſquare.

Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

SCENE CONTINUES.

Enter Bever and Younger.

YOUNGER.

POOR Dactyl! and dwells ſuch mighty rage in little men? I hope there is no danger of bloodſhed.

BEVER.

Oh, not in the leaſt: the *gens vatum*, the nation of poets, though an irritable, are yet a placable people. Their mutual intereſts will ſoon bring them together again.

YOUNGER.

But ſhall not we be late? The critical ſenate is by this time aſſembled.

BEVER.

I warrant you, frequent and full; where

> Stately Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill,
> Sits, like Apollo, on his forked hill.

But you know I muſt wait for Miſs Lofty; I am now totally directed by her. She gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and preſcribes the moſt proper method to feed them; but what good purpoſe that will produce—

YOUNGER.

Digitized by Google

YOUNGER.

Is ſhe clever, adroit?

BEVER.

Doubtleſs. I like your aſking the queſtion of me.

YOUNGER.

Then pay an implicit obedience: the ladies, in theſe caſes, generally know what they are about. The door opens.

BEVER.

It is Juliet, and with her old Ruſt. Enter, Frank: you know the knight, ſo no intruduction is wanted. [*Exit Younger.*] I ſhould be glad to hear this reverend piece of lumber make love; the courtſhip muſt certainly be curious. Good-manners, ſtand by; by your leave I will liſten a little. [*Bever retires.*]

Enter Juliet and Ruſt.

JULIET.

And your collection is large?

RUST.

Moſt curious and capital. When, Madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to my catalogue?

JULIET.

O dear! Mr. Ruſt, I ſhall but diſgrace it. Beſides, Sir, when I marry, I am reſolv'd to have my huſband all to myſelf: now, for the poſſeſſion of your heart I ſhall have too many competitors.

RUST,

How, Madam! were Prometheus alive, and would animate the Helen that ſtands in my hall, ſhe ſhould not coſt me a ſigh.

JULIET.

Digitized by Google

JULIET.

Ay, Sir, there lies my greateſt misfortune. Had I only thoſe who are alive to contend with, by aſſiduity, affection, cares, and careſſes, I might ſecure my conqueſt: though that would be difficult; for I am convinced, were you, Mr. Ruſt, put up by Chriſtie to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

RUST.

Would that were the caſe, Madam, ſo I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.

JULIET.

The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeneſs. But my fears are not confined to the living; for every nation and age, even painters and ſtatuaries, conſpire againſt me. Nay, when the Pantheon itſelf, the very goddeſſes riſe up as my rivals, what chance has a mortal like me.——I ſhall certainly laugh in his face. [*Aſide.*]

RUST.

She is a delicate ſubject.——Goddeſſes, Madam! zooks, had you been on Mount Ida when Paris decided the conteſt, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

JULIET.

Extravagant gallantry.

RUST.

In you, Madam, are concentered all the beauties of the Heathen mythology: the open front of Diana; the luſtre of Pallas's eyes,—

JULIET,

Digitized by Google

JULIET.

Oh, Sir!

RUST.

The chromatic muſic of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebè, the empereal port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

JULIET.

I ſee, Sir, antiquity has not engroſs'd all your attention: you are no novice in the nature of women. Incenſe, I own, is grateful to moſt of my ſex; but there are times when adoration may be diſpenſed with.

RUST.

Ma'am!

JULIET.

I ſay, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the ſkies, and wiſh to be treated as mortals.

RUST.

Doubtleſs, Madam: and are you wanting in materials for that? No, Madam; as in dignity you ſurpaſs the Heathen divinities, ſo in the charms of attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed it's ſeveral beauties to form you.

JULIET.

The deuce it has! [*Aſide.*]

RUST.

See, there, the ripe Aſiatic perfection, join'd to the delicate ſoftneſs of Europe! In you, Madam, I burn to poſſeſs Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemneſtra, the Roman noſe of the empreſs Popæa—

JULIET.

Digitized by Google

JULIET.

With the majeſtic march of queen Beſs. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I!

RUST

In ſhort, Madam, not a feature you have, but recals to my mind ſome trait in a medal or buſt.

JULIET.

Indeed! Why, by your account, I muſt be an abſolute olio, a perfect ſalamongundy of charms.

RUST.

Oh, Madam, how can you demean, as I may ſay, undervalue—

JULIET.

Value! there is the thing; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Ruſt, in that word Value lies my greateſt objection.

RUST.

I don't underſtand you.

JULIET.

Why then I will explain myſelf. It has been ſaid, and I believe with ſome ſhadow of truth, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre:* now, I am afraid, when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I ſuppoſe muſt be the caſe if you proceed on your plan, you will be horribly diſappointed in your high expectations, and ſoon diſcover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princeſs Popæa, to be as arrant a mortal as madam your mother.

RUST.

Madam, I, I, I—

Digitized by Google

JULIET.

Your patience a moment. Being therefore deſirous to preſerve your devotion, I beg, for the future, you would pleaſe to adore at a diſtance.

RUST.

To Endymion, Madam, Luna once liſtened.

JULIET.

Ay, but he was another kind of a mortal: you may do very well as a votary; but for a huſband —mercy upon me!

RUST.

Madam, you are not in earneſt, not ſerious!

JULIET.

Not ſerious! Why have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddeſs?

RUST.

I ſhould hope—

JULIET.

And what ſhould you hope? I find your devotion reſembles that of the world: when the power of ſinning is over, and the ſprightly firſt-runnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no; you may, if you pleaſe, turn monk in my ſervice. One vow, I believe, you will obſerve better than moſt of them, chaſtity.

RUST.

Permit me—

JULIET.

Or, if you muſt marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your Fum-fam from China, or your Egyptian Oſiris. You have long paid your addreſſes to them.

RUST.

Digitized by Google

RUST.

Marry! what, marble?

JULIET.

The propereſt wives in the world; you can't chooſe amiſs; they will ſupply you with all that you want.

RUST.

Your uncle has, Madam, conſented.

JULIET.

That is more than ever his niece will. Conſented! and to what? to be ſwath'd to a mouldering mummy; or be lock'd up, like your medals, to canker and ruſt in a cabinet! No, no; I was made for the world, and the world ſhall not be robb'd of it's right.

BEVER. [*Aſide.*

Bravo, Juliet! Gad, ſhe's a fine ſpirited girl.

JULIET.

My profile, indeed! No, Sir, when I marry, I muſt have a man that will meet my full face.

RUST.

Might I be heard for a moment?

JULIET.

To what end? You ſay, you have Sir Thomas Lofty's conſent; I tell you, you can never have mine. You may ſcreen me from, or expoſe me to, my uncle's reſentment; the choice is your own: if you lay the fault at my door, you will, doubtleſs, greatly diſtreſs me; but take the blame on yourſelf, and I ſhall own myſelf extremely obliged to you.

RUST.

Digitized by Google

RUST.

How! confeſs myſelf in the fault?

JULIET.

Ay; for the beſt thing that a man can do, when he finds he can't be beloved, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

RUST.

Madam, I ſha'n't break my word with Sir Thomas.

JULIET.

Nor I with myſelf. So there's an end of our conference. Sir, your very obedient.

RUST.

Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—But no matter. Your ſervant. [*Exit.*

JULIET.

Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Bever from behind.

BEVER.

Ha, ha, ha! Incomparable Juliet! How the old dotard trembled and tottered; he could not have been more inflam'd, had he been robb'd of his Otho.

JULIET.

Ay; was ever goddeſs ſo familiarly uſed? In my conſcience, I began to be afraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities; whenever they are deaf to their prayers, they beat and abuſe them.

BEVER.

But, after all, we are in an aukward ſituation.

JULIET.

Digitized by Google

JULIET.

How ſo?

BEVER.

I have my fears.

JULIET.

So have not I.

BEVER.

Your uncle has reſolved that you ſhould be married to Ruſt.

JULIET.

Ay, he may decree; but it is I that muſt execute.

BEVER.

But ſuppoſe he has given his word.

JULIET.

Why then let him recal it again.

BEVER.

But are you ſure you ſhall have courage enough—

JULIET.

To ſay No? That requires much reſolution, indeed.

BEVER.

Then I am at the height of my hopes.

JULIET.

Your hopes! Your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

BEVER.

Why, you are determined not to be his.

JULIET.

Well, and what then?

BEVER.

What then! why then you will be mine.

JULIET.

Indeed! and is that the natural conſequence? Whoever won't be his, muſt be your's. Is that the logic of Oxford?

BEVER.

Madam, I did flatter myſelf—

Digitized by Google

JULIET.

Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr. Bever: you ſhould ever guard againſt flattering yourſelf; for of all dangerous paraſites, ſelf is the worſt.

BEVER.

I am aſtoniſh'd!

JULIET.

Aſtoniſh'd! your are mad, I believe! Why, I have not known you a month. It is true, my uncle ſays your father is his friend; your fortune, in time, will be eaſy; your figure is not remarkably faulty; and as to your underſtanding, paſſable enough for a young fellow who has not ſeen much of the world: but when one talks of a huſband—Lord, it's quite another ſort of a—Ha, ha, ha! Poor Bever, how he ſtares! he ſtands like a ſtatue!

BEVER.

Statue, indeed, Madam; I am very near petrified.

JULIET.

Even then you will make as good a huſband as Ruſt. But go, run, and join the aſſembly within: be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle's; be dumb when he ſpeaks, admire all he ſays, laugh when he ſmirks, bow when he ſneezes; in ſhort, fawn, flatter, and cringe; don't be afraid of over-loading his ſtomach, for the knight has a noble digeſtion, and you will find ſome there who will keep you in countenance.

BEVER.

I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try—

JULIET.

Don't plague me with impertinent queſtions: march! obey my directions. We muſt leave the iſſue

Digitized by Google

iſſue to Chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new ſhould occur, you may come into the drawing room for further inſtructions. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE,

A ROOM IN SIR THOMAS LOFTY's HOUSE.

Sir Thomas, Ruſt, Puff, Dactyl, and others, diſcovered ſitting.

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing new to-day from Parnaſſus?

DACTYL.

Not that I hear.

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing critical, philoſophical, or political?

PUFF.

Nothing.

Sir THOMAS.

Then in this *diſette*, this dearth of invention, give me leave, gentlemen, to diſtribute my ſtores. I have here in my hand a little, ſmart, ſatyrical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: in ſhort, a production that Martial himſelf would not have bluſh'd to acknowledge.

RUST.

Your own, Sir Thomas?

Sir THOMAS.

O fie! no; ſent me this morning, anonymous

DACTYL.

Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

ALL.

By all means; by all means.

Sir THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

To Phillis.

Think'ſt thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee true,
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
Another ſtory all the town will tell;
Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

ALL.

Fine! fine! very fine!

DACTYL.

Such an eaſe and ſimplicity.

PUFF.

The turn ſo unexpected and quick.

RUST.

The ſatire ſo poignant.

Sir THOMAS.

Yes; I think it poſſeſſes, in an eminent degree, the three great epigrammatical requiſites; brevity, familiarity, and ſeverity.

Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

DACTYL.

Happy! Is the Phillis, the ſubject, a ſecret?

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, dear me! nothing perſonal; no; an impromptu; a mere *jeu d'eſprit*.

PUFF.

Then, Sir Thomas, the ſecret is out; it is your own.

DACTYL.

That was obvious enough.

PUFF.

Who is there elſe could have written it?

RUST.

True, true.

Sir THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

The name of the author is needleſs. So it is an acquiſition to the republic of letters, any gentleman may claim the merit that will.

PUFF.

What a noble contempt!

DACTYL.

What greatneſs of mind!

RUST.

Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Loftys. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the authors in town: he is, as I may ſay, the greateſt manufacturer; the other poets are but pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha! well obſerv'd, Mr. Ruſt.

Sir THOMAS.

Ha, ha, ha! *Molle atque facetum.* Why, to purſue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the Muſe's Gazette.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

Sir THOMAS.

But, *à propos*, gentlemen; with regard to the eclipſe: you found my calculation exact?

DACTYL.

To a digit.

Sir THOMAS.

Total darkneſs, indeed! and birds going to rooſt! Thoſe philomaths, thoſe almanack-makers, are the moſt ignorant raſcals—

PUFF.

Digitized by Google

PUFF.

It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty ſtores all his knowledge.

DACTYL.

It is wonderful how the mind of man can contain it.

Sir THOMAS.

Why, to tell you the truth, that circumſtance has a good deal engaged my attention; and I believe you will admit my method of ſolving the phenomenon philoſophical and ingenious enough.

PUFF.

Without queſtion.

ALL.

Doubtleſs.

Sir THOMAS.

I ſuppoſe, gentlemen, my memory, or mind, to be a cheſt of drawers, a kind of bureau; where, in ſeparate cellules, my different knowledge on different ſubjects is ſtored.

RUST.

A prodigious diſcovery!

ALL.

Amazing!

Sir THOMAS.

To this cabinet volition, or will, has a key; ſo, when an arduous ſubject occurs, I unlock my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am ſupply'd with what I want in an inſtant.

DACTYL.

A Malebranch!

PUFF.

A Boyle!

ALL.

A Locke!

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Bever. [*Exit.*

Sir THOMAS.

A young gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The univerſity has given him a good ſolid Doric foundation; and when he has received from you a few Tuſcan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a compoſite pillar to the republic of letters. [*Enter Bever.*] This, Sir, is the ſchool from whence ſo many capital maſters have iſſued; the river that enriches the regions of ſcience.

DACTYL.

Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the ſource: here we quaff; *et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.*

Sir THOMAS.

Purpureo! Delicate, indeed! Mr. Dactyl. Do you hear, Mr. Bever? *Bibimus ore nectar.* You, young gentleman, muſt be inſtructed to quote; nothing gives a period more ſpirit than a happy Latin quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of an eſſay. Poor Dick Steel! I have obliged him with many a motto for his fugitive pieces.

PUFF.

Ay, and with the contents too; or Sir Richard is foully belied.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Sir Roger Dowlas.

Sir THOMAS.

Pray deſire him to enter. [*Exit Servant.*] Sir Roger, Gentlemen, is a conſiderable Eaſt-India pro-

Digitized by Google

proprietor; and ſeems deſirous of collecting from this learned aſſembly ſome rhetorical flowers, which he hopes to ſtrew, with honour to himſelf, and advantage to the company, in Leadenhall Street. [*Enter Sir Roger Dowlas.*] Sir Roger, be ſeated. This gentleman has, in common with the greateſt orator the world ever ſaw, a ſmall natural infirmity; he ſlutters a little: but I have preſcrib'd the ſame remedy that Demoſthenes uſed, and don't deſpair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digeſted thoſe general rules?

Sir ROGER.

Pr—ett—y well, I am obli—g'd to you, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Have you been regular in taking your tincture of ſage, to give you confidence for ſpeaking in public?

Sir ROGER.

Y—es, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Did you open at the laſt general court?

Sir ROGER.

I attem—p—ted fo—ur or fi—ve times.

Sir THOMAS.

What hindered your progreſs?

Sir ROGER.

The pe—b—bles.

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, the pebbles in his mouth But they are only put in to practiſe in private; you ſhould take them out when you are addreſſing the public.

Sir ROGER.

Yes; I will for the fu—ture.

Sir THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

Well, Mr. Ruſt, you had a *tête-à-tête* with my niece. A propos, Mr. Bever, here offers a fine occaſion for you; we ſhall take the liberty to trouble your Muſe on their nuptials. O Love! O Hymen! here prune thy purple wings; trim thy bright torch. Hey, Mr. Bever?

BEVER.

My talents are at Sir Thomas Loſty's direction; tho' I muſt deſpair of producing any performance worthy the attention of ſo complete a judge of the elegant arts.

Sir THOMAS.

Too modeſt, good Mr. Bever. Well, Mr. Ruſt, any new acquiſition, ſince our laſt meeting, to your matchleſs collection?

RUST.

Why, Sir Thomas, I have both loſt and gained ſince I ſaw you.

Sir THOMAS.

Loſt! I am ſorry for that.

RUST.

The curious ſarcophagus, that was ſent me from Naples by Signior Belloni—

Sir THOMAS.

You mean the urn that was ſuppoſed to contain the duſt of Agrippa!

RUST.

Suppoſed! no doubt but it did.

Sir THOMAS.

I hope no ſiniſter accident to that ineſtimable relic of Rome.

RUST.

It's gone.

Sir THOMAS.

Gone! oh, illiberal! What, ſtolen, I ſuppoſe, by ſome connoiſſeur?

RUST.

Digitized by Google

RUST.

Worſe, worſe! a prey, a martyr to ignorance: a houſemaid, that I hired laſt week, miſtook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and ſent it away in the duſt-cart.

Sir THOMAS.

She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

DACTYL.

The Vandal!

ALL.

The Viſigoth!

RUST.

But I have this day acquired a treaſure that will in ſome meaſure make me amends.

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed! what can that be?

PUFF.

That muſt be ſomething curious, indeed.

RUST.

It has coſt me infinite trouble to get it.

DACTYL.

Great rarities are not had without pains.

RUST.

It is three months ago ſince I got the firſt ſcent of it, and I have been ever ſince on the hunt; but all to no purpoſe.

Sir THOMAS.

I am quite upon thorns till I ſee it.

RUST.

And yeſterday, when I had given it over, when all my hopes were grown deſperate, it fell into my hands, by the moſt unexpected and wonderful accident.

Sir THOMAS.

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.

Mr. Bever, you remark my quotation?

BEVER.

Digitized by Google

BEVER.

Moſt happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you ſay can be loſt.

RUST.

I have brought it here in my pocket; I am no churl; I love to pleaſure my friends.

Sir THOMAS.

You are, Mr. Ruſt, extremely obliging.

ALL.

Very kind, very obliging, indeed.

RUST.

It was not much hurt by the fire.

Sir THOMAS.

Very fortunate.

RUST.

The edges are ſoil'd by the link; but many of the letters are exceedingly legible.

Sir ROGER.

A li—ttle roo—m, if you p—leaſe.

RUST.

Here it is; the precious remains of the very North-Britain that was burnt at the Royal-Exchange.

Sir THOMAS.

Number forty-five?

RUST.

The ſame.

BEVER.

You are a lucky man, Mr. Ruſt.

RUST.

I think ſo. But, Gentlemen, I hope I need not give you a caution: huſh—ſilence—no words on this matter.

DACTYL.

You may depend upon us.

RUST.

For as the paper has not ſuffered the law, I don't know whether they may not ſeize it again.

Sir THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

With us you are ſafe Mr. Ruſt. Well, young gentleman, you ſee we cultivate all branches of ſcience.

BEVER.

Amazing, indeed! But when we conſider you, Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our wonder ſubſides in an inſtant. Science firſt ſaw the day with Socrates in the Attic portico; her early years were ſpent with Tully in the Tuſculan ſhade; but her ripe, maturer hours, ſhe enjoys with Sir Thomas Lofty, near Cavendiſh-Square.

Sir THOMAS.

The moſt claſſical compliment I ever received. Gentlemen, a philoſophical repaſt attends your acceptance within. Sir Roger, you'll lead the way. [*Exeunt all but Sir Thomas and Bever.*] Mr. Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment? Mr. Bever. the friendſhip I have for your father, ſecured you at firſt a gracious reception from me; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

BEVER.

I am happy, Sir Thomas, if—

Sir THOMAS.

Your patience. There is in you, Mr. Bever, a fire of imagination, a quickneſs of apprehenſion, a ſolidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of diſcretion, that I never yet met with in any ſubject at your time of life.

BEVER.

I hope I ſhall never forfeit—

Sir THOMAS.

I am ſure you never will; and to give you a convincing proof that I think ſo, I am now going to truſt you with the moſt important ſecret of my whole life.

BEVER.

Digitized by Google

BEVER.

Your confidence does me great honour.

Sir THOMAS.

But this muſt be on a certain condition.

BEVER.

Name it.

Sir THOMAS.

That you give me your ſolemn promiſe to comply with one requeſt I ſhall make you.

BEVER.

There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can aſk, that I ſhall not chearfully grant.

Sir THOMAS.

Nay, in fact, it will be ſerving yourſelf.

BEVER.

I want no ſuch inducement.

Sir THOMAS.

Enough. But we can't be too private. [*Shuts the door.*] Sit you down. Your Chriſtian name, I think, is—

BEVER.

Richard.

Sir THOMAS.

True; the ſame as your father's. Come, let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledged, that the Engliſh have reached the higheſt pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one—the dramatic.

BEVER.

Why the French critics are a little ſevere.

Sir THOMAS.

And with reaſon. Now, to reſcue our credit, and at the ſame time give my country a model, [*ſhews a manuſcript*] ſee here.

BEVER.

A play?

Sir THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

A *chef d'oeuvre*.

BEVER.

Your own?

Sir THOMAS.

Speak lower. I am the author.

BEVER.

Nay, then there can be no doubt of it's merit.

Sir THOMAS.

I think not. You will be charm'd with the ſubject.

BEVER.

What is it, Sir Thomas?

Sir THOMAS.

I ſhall ſurprize you. The ſtory of Robinſon Cruſoe. Are not you ſtruck?

BEVER.

Moſt prodigiouſly.

Sir THOMAS.

Yes; I knew the very title would hit you. You will find the whole fable is finely conducted, and the character of Friday, *qualis ab incepto*, nobly ſupported throughout.

BEVER.

A pretty difficult taſk.

Sir THOMAS.

True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearſal at Drury-lane play-houſe, this night is to make its appearance.

BEVER.

To-night?

Sir THOMAS.

This night.

BEVER.

I will attend, and engage all my friends to ſupport it.

Sir THOMAS.

That is not my purpoſe; the piece will want no ſuch aſſiſtance.

BEVER.

Digitized by Google

BEVER.

I beg pardon.

Sir THOMAS.

The manager of that houſe (who you know is a writer himſelf), finding all the anonymous things he produced (indeed ſome of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him) placed to his account by the public, is determined to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

BEVER.

A reaſonable caution.

Sir THOMAS.

Now, upon my promiſe (for I appear to patronize the play) to announce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinſon Cruſoe is advertiſed for this evening.

BEVER.

Oh, then, you will acknowledge the piece to be your's?

Sir THOMAS.

No.

BEVER.

How then?

Sir THOMAS.

My deſign is to give it to you.

BEVER.

To me!

Sir THOMAS.

To you.

BEVER.

What, me the author of Robinſon Cruſoe!

Sir THOMAS.

Ay.

BEVER.

Lord, Sir Thomas, it will never gain credit: ſo compleat a production the work of a ſtripling! Beſides, Sir, as the merit is your's, why rob yourſelf of the glory?

Sir THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

I am entirely indifferent to that.

BEVER.

Then why take the trouble?

Sir THOMAS.

My fondneſs for letters, and love of my country. Beſides, dear Dick, though the *pauci & ſelecti*, the choſen few, know the full value of a performance like this, yet the ignorant, the profane, (by much the majority,) will be apt to think it an occupation ill-ſuited to my time of life.

BEVER.

Their cenſure is praiſe.

Sir THOMAS.

Doubtleſs. But, indeed, my principal motive is my friendſhip for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd to fix your fame on an immoveable baſis.

BEVER.

You are moſt exceſſively kind; but there is ſomething ſo diſingenuous in ſtealing reputation from another man—

Sir THOMAS.

Idle punctilio!

BEVER.

It puts me ſo in mind of the daw in the fable—

Sir THOMAS.

Come, come, dear Dick, I won't ſuffer your modeſty to murder your fame. But the company will ſuſpect ſomething; we will join them, and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy; to you I conſign it for ever; it ſhall be a ſecret to lateſt poſterity. You will be ſmother'd with praiſe by our friends; they ſhall all in their bark to the playhouſe, and there

Attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE CONTINUES.

Enter Bever Reading.

SO ends the firſt act. Come, now for the ſecond. "Act the ſecond, ſhewing"—the coxcomb has prefaced every act with an argument too, in humble imitation, I warrant, of Monſ. Diderot—"ſhewing the fatal effects of diſobedience to parents;" with, I ſuppoſe, the diverting ſcene of a gibbet; an entertaining ſubject for comedy. And the blockhead is as prolix—every ſcene as long as a homily. Let's ſee; how does this end? "Exit Cruſoe, and enter ſome ſavages, dancing a ſaraband." There's no bearing this abominable traſh. [*Enter Juliet.*] So, Madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine ſituation.

JULIET.

What is the matter now, Mr Bever?

BEVER.

The Robinſon Cruſoe.

JULIET.

Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night. How ſecret you were? Who in the world would have gueſs'd you was the author?

BEVER.

Me, Madam!

JULIET.

Your title is odd; but to a genius every ſubject is good.

BEVER.

You are inclined to be pleaſant.

JULIET.

Within they have been all prodigious loud in the praiſe of your piece; but I think my uncle rather more eager than any.

BEVER.

Digitized by Google

BEVER.

He has reaſon; for fatherly fondneſs goes far.

JULIET.

I don't underſtand you.

BEVER.

You don't!

JULIET.

No.

BEVER.

Nay, Juliet, this is too much; you know it is none of my play.

JULIET.

Whoſe then?

BEVER.

Your uncle's.

JULIET.

My uncle's! then how, in the name of wonder, came you to adopt it?

BEVER.

At his earneſt requeſt. I may be a fool; but remember, Madam, you are the cauſe.

JULIET.

This is ſtrange; but I can't conceive what his motive could be.

BEVER.

His motive is obvious enough; to ſcreen himſelf from the infamy of being the author.

JULIET.

What, is it bad, then?

BEVER.

Bad! moſt infernal!

JULIET.

And you have conſented to own it?

BEVER.

Why, what could I do? he in a manner compell'd me.

JULIET.

I am extremely glad of it.

BEVER.

Digitized by Google

BEVER.

Glad of it! why, I tell you, 'tis the moſt dull, tedious, melancholy—

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

The moſt flat piece of frippery that ever Grub-ſtreet produced.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

It will be damn'd before the third act.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

And I ſhall be hooted and pointed at where-ever I go.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

So much the better! zounds! ſo, I ſuppoſe, you would ſay if I was going to be hang'd. Do you call this a mark of you friendſhip?

JULIET.

Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miſerable poli-tician. Do you know, now, that this is the luckieſt incident that ever occurr'd?

BEVER.

Indeed!

JULIET.

It could not have been better laid, had we planned it ourſelves.

BEVER.

You will pardon my want of conception: but theſe are riddles—

JULIET.

That at preſent I have not time to explain. But what makes you loit'ring here? Paſt ſix o'clock, as I live! Why, your play is begun; run, run,

Digitized by Google

run, to the houſe. Was ever author ſo little anxious for the fate of his piece?

BEVER.

My piece!

JULIET.

Sir Thomas! I know by his walk. Fly, and pray all the way for the fall of your play. And, do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclined to be milky, rather than fail, ſqueeze in a little acid yourſelf. Oh, Mr. Bever, at your return let me ſee you, before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have the good luck to be damn'd.

BEVER.

You need not doubt that. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Thomas Lofty.

Sir THOMAS.

So, Juliet; was not that Mr. Bever?

JULIET.

Yes, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

He is rather tardy; by this time his cauſe is come on. And how is the young gentleman affected? for this is a trying occaſion.

JULIET.

He ſeems pretty certain, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed, I think he has very little reaſon to fear: I confeſs I admire the piece; and feel as much for it's fate as if the work was my own.

JULIET.

That I moſt ſincerely believe. I wonder, Sir, you did not chooſe to be preſent.

Sir THOMAS.

Better not. My affections are ſtrong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly ſtrung; however, intelligent people are planted, who will bring me every act a faithful account of the proceſs.

JULIET.

Digitized by Google

JULIET.

That will anſwer your purpoſe as well.

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed, I am paſſionately fond of the arts, and therefore can't help—did not ſomebody knock? no. My good girl, will you ſtep, and take care that when any body comes the ſervants may not be out of the way. [*Exit Juliet.*] Five and thirty minutes paſt ſix; by this time the firſt act muſt be over: John will be preſently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is ſo much whim and caprice in the public opinion, that—This young man is unknown; they'll give him no credit. I had better have own'd it myſelf: Reputation goes a great way in theſe matters: people are afraid to find fault; they are cautious in cenſuring the works of a man who—huſh! that's he: no; 'tis only the ſhutters. After all, I think I have choſe the beſt way: for, if it ſucceeds to the degree I expect, it will be eaſy to circulate the real name of the author; if it falls, I am concealed, my fame ſuffers no—There he is. [*Loud knocking.*] I can't conceive what kept him ſo long. [*Enter John.*] So, John; well; and—but you have been a monſtrous while.

JOHN.

Sir, I was wedged ſo cloſe in the pit that I could ſcarcely get out.

Sir THOMAS.

The houſe was full then?

JOHN.

As an egg, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

That's right. Well John, and did matters go ſwimmingly? hey?

JOHN.

Exceedingly well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Exceedingly well. I don't doubt it. What, vaſt clapping and roars of applauſe, I ſuppoſe.

JOHN.

Digitized by Google

JOHN.

Very well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Very well, Sir! You are damn'd coſtive, I think. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again?

JOHN.

I can't ſay there was over much thunder.

Sir THOMAS.

No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention! that is the true, ſolid, ſubſtantial applauſe. All elſe may be purchaſed; hands move as they are bid: but when the audience is huſhed ſtill, afraid of loſing a word, then—

JOHN.

Yes, they were very quiet indeed, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

I like them the better, John; a ſtrong mark of their great ſenſibility. Did you ſee Robin?

JOHN.

Yes, Sir; he'll be here in a trice; I left him liſt'ning at the back of the boxes, and charged him to make all the haſte home that he could.

Sir THOMAS.

That's right, John; very well; your account pleaſes me much, honeſt John. [*Exit John.*] No, I did not expect the firſt act would produce any prodigious effect. And, after all, the firſt act is but a mere introduction; juſt opens the buſineſs, the plot, and gives a little inſight into the characters: ſo that if you but engage and intereſt the houſe, it is as much as the beſt writer can flatt--- [*knocking without*] Gadſo! what, Robin already! why the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. [*Enter Robin.*] Well, Robin, and what news do you bring?

ROBIN.

Sir, I, I, I,——

Sir THOMAS.

Stop, Robin, and recover your breath. Now, Robin.

ROBIN.

Digitized by Google

ROBIN.

There has been a woundy uproar below.

Sir THOMAS.

An uproar! what, at the playhouſe?

ROBIN.

Ay.

Sir THOMAS.

At what?

ROBIN.

I don't know: belike at the words the play-folk were talking.

Sir THOMAS.

At the players! how can that be? Oh, now I begin to conceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays. What, Robin, I ſuppoſe, hallowing, and clapping, and knocking of ſticks?

ROBIN.

Hallowing! ay, and hooting too.

Sir THOMAS.

And hooting!

ROBIN.

Ay, and hiſſing to boot.

Sir THOMAS.

Hiſſing! you muſt be miſtaken.

ROBIN.

By the maſs, but I am not.

Sir THOMAS.

Impoſſible! Oh, moſt likely ſome drunken, diſorderly fellows, that were diſturbing the houſe and interrupting the play; too common a caſe; the people were right: they deſerv'd a rebuke. Did not you hear them cry, Out, out, out?

ROBIN.

Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas Off, off, off!

Sir THOMAS.

That was a whimſical noiſe. Zounds! that muſt be the players. Did you obſerve nothing elſe?

ROBIN.

Digitized by Google

ROBIN.

Belike the quarrel firſt began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

Sir THOMAS.

With Friday! The public taſte is debauched; honeſt nature is too plain and ſimple for their vitiated palates! [*Enter Juliet.*] Juliet, Robin brings me the ſtrangeſt account; ſome little diſturbance; but I ſuppoſe it was ſoon ſettled again. Oh, but here comes Mr. Staytape, my taylor; he is a rational being; we ſhall be able to make ſomething of him. [*Enter Staytape.*] So, Staytape; what, is the third act over already?

STAYTAPE.

Over, Sir! no; nor never will be.

Sir THOMAS.

What do you mean?

STAYTAPE.

Cut ſhort.

Sir THOMAS.

I don't comprehend you.

STAYTAPE.

Why, Sir, the poet has made a miſtake in meaſuring the taſte of the town; the goods, it ſeems, did not fit; ſo they returned them upon the gentleman's hands.

Sir THOMAS.

Rot your affectation and quaintneſs, you puppy! ſpeak plain.

STAYTAPE.

Why, then, Sir, Robinſon Cruſoe is dead.

Sir THOMAS.

Dead!

STAYTAPE.

Ay; and, what is worſe, will never riſe any more. You will ſoon have all the particulars; for there were four or five of your friends cloſe at my heels.

Sir THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

Staytape, Juliet, run and ſtop them; ſay I am gone out; I am ſick; I am engaged: but, whatever you do, be ſure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr—

STAYTAPE.

Sir, they are here.

Sir THOMAS.

Confound—

Enter Puff, Dactyl, and Ruſt.

RUST.

A, truly, Mr. Puff, this is but a bitter beginning; then the young man muſt turn himſelf to ſome other trade.

PUFF.

Servant, Sir Thomas; I ſuppoſe you have heard the news of—

Sir THOMAS.

Yes, yes; I have been told it before.

DACTYL.

I confeſs, I did not ſuſpect it; but there is no knowing what effect theſe things will have till they come on the ſtage.

RUST.

For my part, I don't know much of theſe matters; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who ſeem'd ſagacious enough too, declared that it was the vileſt ſtuff they ever had heard, and wondered the players would act it.

DACTYL.

Yes; I don't remember to have ſeen a more general diſlike.

PUFF.

I was thinking to aſk you, Sir Thomas, for your intereſt with Mr. Bever about buying the copy: but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and print.

RUST.

Digitized by Google

RUST.

I remember Kennet, in his Roman Antiquities, mentions a play of Terence's, Mr. Dactyl, that was terribly treated; but that he attributes to the people's fondneſs for certain funambuli, or rope-dancers; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town: Sir Thomas, have you?

Sir THOMAS.

How ſhould I; do you ſuppoſe I trouble my head about tumblers?

RUST.

Nay, I did not—

BEVER, *ſpeaking without.*

Not to be ſpoke with! Don't tell me, Sir; he muſt, he ſhall.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever's voice. If he is admitted in his preſent diſpoſition, the whole ſecret will certainly out. Gentlemen, ſome affairs of a moſt intereſting nature makes it impoſſible for me to have the honour of your company to-night; therefore I beg you would be ſo good as to—

RUST.

Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miſs Julè is well.

Sir THOMAS.

Very well; but I am moſt exceedingly—

RUST.

I ſhall only juſt ſtay to ſee Mr. Bever. Poor lad! he will be moſt horribly down in the mouth: a little comfort won't come amiſs.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever, Sir! you won't ſee him here.

RUST.

Not here! why I thought I heard his voice but juſt now.

Sir THOMAS.

You are miſtaken Mr. Ruſt; but—

RUST.

Digitized by Google

RUST.

May be ſo; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolence, if you pleaſe, to the poet.

Sir THOMAS.

Ay, ay.

DACTYL.

And mine; for I ſuppoſe we ſha'n't ſee him ſoon.

PUFF.

Poor gentleman! I warrant he won't ſhew his head for theſe ſix months.

RUST.

Ay, ay: indeed, I am very ſorry for him; ſo tell him, Sir.

DACTYL *and* PUFF.

So are we.

RUST.

Sir Thomas, your ſervant. Come, Gentlemen. By all this confuſion in Sir Thomas, there muſt be ſomething more in the wind than I know; but I will watch, I am reſolved. *Exeunt.*

BEVER, *without.*

Raſcals, ſtand by! I muſt, I will ſee him.

Enter BEVER.

So, Sir; this is delicate treatment, after all I have ſuffered.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever, I hope you don't—that is—

BEVER.

Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinſon Cruſoe? a pretty performance!

Sir THOMAS.

Think, Mr. Bever! I think the public are blockheads; a taſteleſs, a ſtupid, ignorant tribe; and a man of genious deſerves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick! the principals will give you what the people

Digitized by Google

ple refuſe; the cloſet will do you that juſtice the ſtage has denied: print your play.

BEVER.

My play! zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

Sir THOMAS.

Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!

BEVER.

Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be eaſy enough; you are ſafe and ſecure, removed far from that precipice that has daſhed me to pieces.

Sir THOMAS.

Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you. The critics, the real judges, will diſcover in that piece ſuch excellent talents—

BEVER.

No, Sir Thomas, no. I ſhall neither flatter you nor myſelf; I have acquired a right to ſpeak what I think. Your play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind are united.

Sir THOMAS.

May be not.

BEVER.

If your piece had been greatly received, I would have declared Sir Thomas Lofty the author; if coldly, I would have owned it myſelf: but ſuch diſgraceful, ſuch contemptible treatment! I own, the burthen is too heavy for me: ſo, Sir, you muſt bear it yourſelf.

Sir THOMAS.

Me, dear Dick! what to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to deſtroy in one hour the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the ſupport of my age! Can you be cruel enough to deſire it?

BEVER.

Zounds! Sir, and why muſt I be your crutch? Would you have me become a volun-

tary

Digitized by Google

tary victim? No, Sir, this cauſe does not merit a martyrdom.

Sir THOMAS.

I own myſelf greatly oblig'd; but perſevere, dear Dick, perſevere; you have time to recover your fame: I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another play will—

BEVER.

No, Sir Thomas; I have done with the ſtage: the Muſes and I meet no more.

Sir THOMAS.

Nay, there are various roads open in life.

BEVER.

Not one, where your piece won't purſue me. If I go to the bar, the ghoſt of this curſed comedy will follow, and hunt me in Weſtminſter-hall: nay, when I die, it will ſtick to my memory, and I ſhall be handed down to poſterity with the author of Love in a Hollow Tree.

Sir THOMAS.

Then marry: you are a pretty ſmart figure; and your poetical talents—

BEVER.

And what fair would admit of my ſuit, or family wiſh to receive me? Make the caſe your own, Sir Thomas; would you?

Sir THOMAS.

With infinite pleaſure.

BEVER.

Then give me your niece; her hand ſhall ſeal up my lips.

Sir THOMAS.

What, Juliet? willingly But are you ſerious, do you really admire the girl?

BEVER.

Beyond what words can expreſs. It was by her advice I conſented to father your play.

Sir THOMAS,

Digitized by Google

Sir THOMAS.

What, is Juliet appriz'd? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an inſtant.

BEVER.

You are miſtaken; ſhe is wiſer than you are aware of.

Enter Juliet.

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, Juliet! you know what has happen'd.

JULIET.

I do, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Have you reveal'd this unfortunate ſecret.

JULIET.

To no mortal, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Come, give me your hand. Mr. Bever, child, for my ſake, has renounced the ſtage, and the whole republic of letters; in return I owe him your hand.

JULIET.

My hand! what, to a poet hooted, hiſſed, and exploded! You muſt pardon me, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Juliet, a trifle: the moſt they can ſay of him, is, that he is a little wanting in wit; and he has ſo many brother writers to keep him in countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.

JULIET.

Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr. Ruſt.

Sir THOMAS.

I have found out the raſcal; he has been more impertinently ſevere on my play, than all the reſt put together; ſo that I am determined he ſhall be none of the man.

Enter

Digitized by Google

Enter Ruſt.

RUST.

Are you ſo, Sir? what, then, I am to be ſacrificed, in order to preſerve the ſecret that you are a blockhead? But you are out in your politics; before night it ſhall be known in all the coffee-houſes in town.

Sir THOMAS.

For Heaven's ſake, Mr. Ruſt!

RUST.

And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every news-paper; you ſhall no longer impoſe on the world; I will unmaſk you; the lion's ſkin ſhall hide you no longer.

Sir THOMAS.

Juliet! Mr. Bever! what can I do?

BEVER.

Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Harkee, old gentleman, a word in your ear: you remember what you have in your pocket?

RUST.

Hey! how! what?

BEVER.

The curioſity that has coſt you ſo much pains.

RUST.

What, my Æneas! my precious relict of Troy!

BEVER.

You muſt give up that, or the lady.

JULIET.

How, Mr. Bever!

BEVER.

Never fear; I am ſure of my man.

RUST.

Let me conſider—As to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry whenever I will: but my paper, my phœnix, that ſprings freſh from the flames, that can never be match'd.—Take her.

BEVER.

Digitized by Google

BEVER.

And, as you love your own ſecret, be careful of ours.

RUST.

I am dumb.

Sir THOMAS.

Now, Juliet.

JULIET.

You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate bard; but, to procure your peace—

Sir THOMAS.

You oblige me for ever. Now the ſecret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much:

Be it your care to ſhew it;
And bleſs the man, tho' I have damn'd the poet.

Exeunt Omnes.

Digitized by Google


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

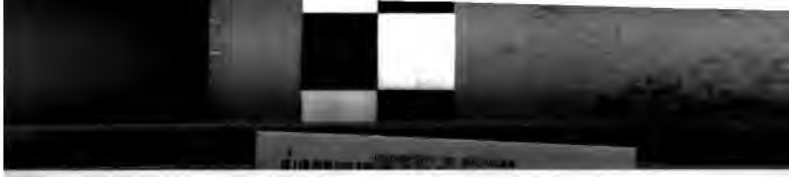
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google